ON THE

# BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES

OF

# NATURE.

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OF

# NATURE;

WITH

**Notes, Commentaries, and Illustrations;**

AND

OCCASIONAL REMARKS ON THE LAWS, CUSTOMS, HABITS, AND MANNERS, OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

———— The sounding Cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall Rock,
The Mountain and the deep and gloomy Wood,
Their colours and their forms, have been to me
An appetite. WORDSWORTH.

BY CHARLES BUCKE.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF HUMAN CHARACTER," &c.

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## THE RUINS OF ROME.

"WHEN we enter into magnificent palaces," says Tully,—whose oratory never relapsed into a thrifty and sanguinary eloquence, as Tacitus[a] strongly expresses it,—"we are at first struck with the gilded roofs, the marble columns, the costly pavements, and all the other decorations of art. But when we have beheld them often, we are no longer charmed with them; and they make no impression of pleasure on the mind. Whereas, the aspects of the country never satiate us; they are, as it were, ever new; and every day puts on some fresh form to entertain and delight us." Who, that takes pleasure in the cultivation of his shrubberies, has not an innate love of order and harmony, though opportunity, perhaps, has never been allowed for their cultivation? Who, that will stand for hours upon a precipice, and drink in rapture from the un-

[a] Lucrosæ hujus et sanguinantis eloquentiæ.—*De Oratore.*

touched scenes of Nature, has not the seeds of poesy implanted in his mind? Who, that treads, with secret satisfaction, the spots, which the wise and the good have sanctified by their preference; and who, that delights to stand where the battles of former ages have been fought, would not,—were fortune to present the opportunity,—be the admiration of the world for their patriotism or inflexible constancy?

In those, who are alive to interesting associations, and who are travelling in a picturesque country, how glowing are the emotions, produced by those reflections, which, in such scenes, naturally arise! When Dr. Moore beheld the rocks of Meillerie, he seemed to discover the very spot, on which St. Preux looked through his telescope, to catch a glimpse of the house, which contained his idolized Julia. In imagination he traced the route, where he sprung from rock to rock, after one of her letters, which the wind had snatched from his hands. With the same delight, he observed the point, where they embarked to return to Clarens; when St. Preux, in a fit of distraction, was tempted to seize the lovely Julia (then the wife of another), and precipitate both her and himself into the midst of the lake!

Numerous are the resemblances, we mentally draw, between those spots, which fascinate us, as we travel on, and those that we have heard described, or seen delineated. In a tour, which La Rochefort made in the summer of ****, among the most delightful scenes, of which this island can boast, many were the ideal resemblances, he fancied. This river reminded him of the Arno, or the Brenta; this mountain appeared to exhibit all the beauties of the Pyrenees, or the Apennines; that wood recalled to his memory the groves, which decorate the classic shores of the Po and the Mincio; this hamlet resembled that, of which Pliny gives so beautiful a description; and that villa Scipio's seat on the banks of the Tiber.

These associations are peculiarly awakened on those spots, which have been the theatres of great events, or the abodes of

eminent men. Something analogous to this, Milton has embodied in the language of Adam; when the angel informs him, that the leaving the garden of Eden shall be the penalty of his disobedience. Adam, with melancholy feeling, anticipates the pleasure he should have enjoyed, in pointing out to his children the places, which had been sanctified by the presence of their great Creator.

How far more delightful is it to contemplate the beneficence, than the cruelty of man! How much more interesting are those scenes, on the banks of the Dee and the Clyde, on the plains of Devon, and on the Grampian mountains; now, that they are the abodes of the shepherd and the husbandman, than when the horn of the huntsman, and the trumpet of the warrior, were equal heralds of a bloody battle!

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
  The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad heroes ride
  Along thy wild and willowed shore:
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All!—all is peaceful—all is still.

When the French first beheld Moscow, they were delighted, beyond measure, at the beauty of the prospect it presented to them[a]. From the summit of the hill they saw a thousand gilded spires and steeples, which, reflecting the brilliancy of the sun, appeared like so many globes of fire. Moscow, standing in the midst of a fertile plain, through which winds the Moskwa; palaces, without number, surrounded with terraces; obelisks; gilt cupolas; the Kremlin and the towers of Iwan rising above the whole, seemed like enchantment. The French soldiers, enraptured at the view, shouted "*Moscou! Moscou!*" with extravagant delight. But when they found that the Russians had set fire to their own city; when they saw even women applying firebrands to their own houses, and then hurrying away, as if alarmed at what they done;—when

[a] Labaume, Campagne de Russie, p. 198. Bourgois, Campagne de Moscou, p. 52.

they saw, that street after street presented nothing but disjointed columns, porticos, and cupolas illumined by the blaze; and the flames rising in a thousand places at once, and every street thronged with women and children, or desolated with the dying and the dead, nothing could exceed their rage and disappointment! And yet, had the ruins, which every where presented themselves, existed for many ages, and been the result of the enterprises of their ancestors, those very soldiers would have beheld the scene with awe and admiration. So different are the associations, when men see, than from those that arise, when they both see and suffer.

The effects of association, awakened by external objects, are well described by Gibbon. "At the distance of five-and-twenty years," said he, "I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions, which agitated my breast, as I first approached the ETERNAL CITY. After a sleepless night, I trod, with lofty step, the ruins of the forum; each spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, was present to my sight." Poggio Bracciolini, amid the same ruins, took pleasure in revolving the various occurrences, each ruin had seen, or given birth to:—and such was his proficiency, that he could trace the history of every palace and of every temple. Among the ruins of the Tarpeian rock, he contrasted the state of Rome,—proud and imperious Rome!—when Tully graced the bar, and Cato the senate[a], with those ruins, which, at the moment he viewed the city, lay scattered on every side around him[b]. Ruins, which,

[a] Thus Cicero de Finibus:—"Often when I enter the Senate House, the shades of Scipio, of Cato, and of Lælius, and, in particular, of my venerable grandfather, rise to my imagination. In short, such is the effect of local situation in recalling associated ideas to the mind, that it is not without reason some philosophers have founded on this principle a species of artificial memory."

[b] Should the reader desire to form some idea of the ancient splendour of Rome, the Campus Martius, and its environs, he may consult with advantage Piranesi's Ichnography, in Il Campo Marzio dell' Antica Roma, tab. iv. fol., and De Fortunæ Varietate Urbis Romæ, &c. It seems probable, that Gibbon, and perhaps Montesquieu, undertook their respective works from having read, while at Rome, "Grandezze dell' Imperio Romano, conate de Giusto Lipsio e

by their associations, recalled the memory of a thousand illustrious actions. "Even the water of Rome," said Angelica Kauffman, "elicits all the nobler faculties of the soul!"

The melancholy appearance of these ruins was the remote cause of Rienzi's attempt to re-establish the commonwealth: and with what genuine feeling did Petrarch lament, that the marble columns and fragments of antiquity, which had formed the glory of that once mighty city, should be transported from their native soil to adorn the palaces of Naples! Alas, how much more fallen now has become the City of the World, once the "delight and beauty of the universe;" raising its melancholy ruins among fields, which appear, by their abandoned state, to have suffered from a conflagration, a famine, or a pestilence!

Pope Alexander the Sixth destroyed the pyramid of Scipio, to pave the streets with its materials:—and not a few of the noblest structures were defaced and destroyed by Gregory the Great, that pilgrims and devotees might not lose their enthusiasm in their admiration of antiquity. Robbed, insulted, and ruined by the modern Vandals;—men, who derived an exquisite pleasure in treading on all, that was great, illustrious, and magnificent, and who, in the fury and ignorance of barbaric pride, would have disfigured even an angel of Albano,—how many an awful event transformed Italy into barbarism, and left the finest country in the world desolate and weeping! Violence and rapine stalked upon her mountains; fire and slaughter depopulated her valleys; her palaces were despoiled of their treasures; and the masterpieces of Caracci, Raphael, and Guido, of Titian, Angelo, and Correggio, doomed to adorn the galleries of an exotic soil. Had the Colosseum[a] and St. Peter's been capable of removal,

da altri Autori;" bound up with "Ristretto, delle Historie del Mondo del P. Torsellino."—Roma, 1634.

[a] These ruins cover about five acres of ground; and the space has, in the course of ages, become, as it were, a natural botanic garden: so numerous and so various are the plants, which grow there. Dr. Sebastiani, of Rome, has

those eternal monuments, also, had contributed to the embellishment of a foreign capital[a].

It is impossible to contemplate Rome without sentiments of profound awe and admiration. For so transcendent is its power of exciting associations[b], that were St. Peter's, and all the remains of ancient and modern industry and art pulverised, as it were, into atoms small as the sands of the desert; yet will that portion of the Tiber, near which they stood, be sacred to the poet, the pilgrim, the philosopher, and the statesman, till a new order of intellect has impressed upon mankind a new order of sensation, and a new method of employing the faculties of memory and perception.

Immortalized by three hundred and twenty triumphs: so magnificent, that a prince of Persia[c] could not refrain from congratulating himself, that men died there, as well as elsewhere: and now exhibiting, in one single monument, a structure so admirable, that the Abbé Barthelemy recognised in it all the grandeur of "*l'ancienne Egypte, l'ancienne Athènes, l'ancienne Rome:*" impossible is it to stand at the feet of antique columns; to see the numerous mutilated statues and imperfect vases; the fragments, and the half-defaced inscriptions; to walk upon the remains of tessellated pavements; and to read their history in coins and medals; without feeling the mind assume all the faculties of a poet. For the heart melts, as if it were awakened from the contemplation of a

drawn up a list of them; and it is a remarkable fact, that out of 261, no fewer than 148 are natives of the British Islands.—*Williams' Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands*, vol. i. p. 389. The Flora is peculiarly interesting, not only to the botanist, but to the antiquary.

[a] These works were restored to their respective cities at the Peace.

[b] When Ariosto first saw *Florence* and its environs, he exclaimed, "If all these palaces were assembled together, two Romes would scarcely equal the grandeur of Florence." But when Napoleon invited Canova to take up his permanent abode at Paris, Canova replied, "Sans son atelier, sans ses amis, sans son beau ciel, sans sa Rome?" So well did the sculptor feel the power and influence of that city.

[c] Ammianus Marcellinus.

melancholy, yet delightful dream: while a hallowed sensibility,—stamped in the moulds of delicacy and taste,—adds purity to the grandeur and sublimity of the soul.

Meditating on the rise of republics, and the revolutions of empires; the changes of manners, customs, laws, and opinions; a progression of ages is exhibited to the mind, in characters and pictures, which gives an enlarged view of human actions, and speaks a language, promising immortality; though every fragment bears for its own inscription, "*I die daily.*"

——————— In the midst
Divided by a river, on whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples, proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies and triumphal arcs.
*Par. Reg.* iv. 31.

In viewing these fragments, the mind seems as if it were born for high purposes: and it contemplates them, in consequence, with awe and solemnity. Towers, arches, and battlements seem to survive the lapse of ages, merely for the purpose of exciting to actions, worthy some mighty intellectual power. Fame seems to mantle every turret, for the purpose of throwing into remote perspective the comparative littleness of all other men's attainments and pursuits: and, as the fall of Corinth and Carthage increased the wealth and influence of Marseilles, in the expiring fragments of former ages we read the rudiments of a glory, that shall never perish. But in the contemplation of the Colosseum, the agony of debasing passions acquires redoubled strength, if not a new existence: no tears of generous enthusiasm are shed; reflection knows no graceful pause; dazzled by riches, variety, power, and magnificence,—not splendid and imaginative, but sullen and expansive,—the soul seems to brood, as it were,

over ruin and desolation, on which the glory of chivalry has never shone [a].

PARIS.

NEXT to the associations of Rome, are those of Paris. Entering that city, what melancholy reflections mingle with sentiments of awe and admiration; since more important events have occurred within its walls, than in any other city, if we except Rome, Babylon, and Jerusalem [b]. So many instances of magnanimity; so many crimes; a successive theatre for the best and worst of men; so many massacres. Brissot; Roland; Robespierre and Danton; the virtues of Malesherbes: the crimes of Mirabeau; the spot where Louis was beheaded; the massacre of September; Napoleon. And what examples of eloquence! how many sublime instances of affection, and all the nobler passions! how many of treason, insurrection, rebellion, and murder! So many monuments, attesting the spirit of the age; so many of the proudest institutions disorganised: how many a specimen of art destroyed; and replaced by those of other nations and of other ages. Every feeling of the human heart in exercise; man in his noblest and in his meanest attitudes! Science, ignorance, virtue, crime, occupying the same page: the

[a] "As a whole, ancient or modern Rome beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing, at least, that I have ever seen. But I cannot describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory selects and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct."—LORD BYRON, *Rome, May* 9, 1817.

Dr. Clarke seems to have thought otherwise:—"Rome is almost as insignificant in comparison with Athens as London with Rome; and one regrets the consciousness that no probable union of circumstances will ever again carry the effects of human labour to the degree of perfection they have attained here."

[b] There is said to be only one Roman ruin in all Paris; viz. Le Palais des Thermes, situate in la Rue de la Harpe. There is not more than one in London, and that in St. Swithin's Lane.

mother, the wife, the sister; the lover, the son, the father; the husband, and the friend:—frivolity; wisdom; rapacity; honesty; wealth; penury; all ranks levelled, and again restored: the successive theatre of the noblest and the meanest of motives; an arena for wild beasts, in the forms of men; an Atheneum for the loftiest flights of human intellect. Throwing a magic mantle over every thing, the mind becomes poetical; the heart sensitive:—the Bastile; the Confederation; the Champ de Mars;—so many instances of martyrdom; fidelity; devotion; and patriotism. Here royalty, republicanism, oligarchy, democracy, and anarchy, had successive trials. Here liberty received more fatal stabs from democracy, than it had ever received from tyranny. Here the public mind was elevated; now enervated; now sublimed; now debased; now palsied; now invigorated; now irritated; now electrified; now poisoned; now barbarised; and again civilised! The greatest generals; the most intriguing statesmen; the most energetic writers! The same men philosophers to-day, and worse—far worse,—than barbarians on the morrow.

## LONDON.

This vast city,—containing a population, equal to that of the entire island, in the days of Cæsar,—with the exception of great monuments of antiquity, affords more objects for a sublime mind to contemplate, than any other on the surface of the globe. There is no where such freedom and comfort; it is the centre of trade, legislation, and the useful arts; the temple of science; and MAN is seen in the highest state of dignified cultivation and power. In one spot we see all the wonders of mineralogy[a]: in others the splendour of vegetables[b]; in another we turn from the busts of Trajan[c],

[a] British Museum. [b] The Botanic Gardens.
[c] British Museum.

Hadrian, Severus, and the older Gordian; the Theseus, the colossal head of Marcus Aurelius; and trophies, found upon the plains of Marathon; to behold the tenants of deserts and forests, quitting their recesses to dwell with man [a]; to partake of his virtues; to feel the benefit of his guardianship; and to be the objects of his admiration, care, and endearment. Here the lion plays with the spaniel, and the tiger sports, as it were, with the kid. To this spot every country seems to have sent a representative. Panthers from Buenos Ayres; tigers from Algiers, Ceylon, and Seringapatam; hyænas from Abyssinia; elephants and zebras from Africa; and lions and lionesses from the jungles of Hindostan. All sleeping, while man is active; and roving the slender circuits of their cells, when the whole of civilised life are buried in profound repose:—Presenting, in the heart and environs of the greatest of cities, the sublimest spectacle of savage nature, that the world exhibits [b].

[a] The Zoological and Surrey Gardens.

[b] England is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome. But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, and prospective improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness, on its rocky height, a mere hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.—*Anon.*

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

These reflections are produced by that power of association, which alone produces all our ideas of beauty and sublimity. The secluded Vaucluse, rich in a grand assemblage of sublime objects, becomes more endeared to the eye of taste, when we reflect, that among those woods, those rocks, upon the banks of those torrents, the elegant and accomplished Petrarch composed his celebrated Sonnets. For, enamoured of the muses, as Professor Richardson remarks, in his Observations on Shakspeare's Dramatic Characters, "we traverse the regions they frequented, explore every hill, and seek their footsteps in every valley. The groves of Mantua, the cascades of Anio, are not lovelier than other groves and cascades; yet we view them with peculiar rapture; we tread as on consecrated ground; we regard those objects with veneration, which yielded ideas to the minds of Virgil and Horace; and we seem to enjoy a sort of ineffable intercourse with those elegant and enlightened spirits." From the same source springs the satisfaction, we derive, in reading many of the ancient ballads and legends of the Scottish, Spanish, and Provençal poets. We assimilate our age with theirs; and by comparing their language and customs, their sentiments and misfortunes, with our own, we draw resemblances at our discretion; collateral emotions of pleasure are elicited from the simplicity of their manners and sentiments; and our misfortunes are tempered by the artificial magnitude of theirs.

It is this divine faculty of association, that enables those, whose natural perception of beauty has been improved by a cultivation of the imagination, to derive so much more pleasure from scenes of Nature, than the ignorant or unfeeling; the man of the world or the pedant; the soldier or the statesman. Walking in his garden, the man of taste almost fancies, he sees Vertuminus and Pomona, hiding themselves among the fruit trees. The vale he peoples with flocks and shepherds,

resembling those, which have often delighted him in the Bucolics of Virgil, the Idyllia of Theocritus, the pastorals of Drayton, or the Idylls of Gessner. If he rise to the mountain, he compares its towering summit to that of Pelion, Hymettus, or Cithæron; and if he wander among rough and misshapen rocks, his imagination renders them more wild and savage, by groups of Salvatorial images. When he descends to the glen, the dingle, or the forest, fawns, dryads [a], and hamadryads, peeping from their green vistas, appear to attend him at every step. If he rove on the banks of a river, near a fountain, or on the shores of a lake, he hears the language of the Naiads in the murmuring of waters:—if he repose on the edge of a fantastic crag, jutting over the sea, he listens to the warbling of the winds, and almost fancies he hears the music of syrens, whose forms were made, not in the figures of women and fishes, as Boccace supposes, but in those of fishes and birds; decked with various colours:—Or his illusion pictures fine-formed Nereids, in their robes of green, floating on the billows, or reclining on the rocks.

> Cæruleos habet unda Deos; Tritona canorum,
> Proteaque ambiguum, balænarumque prementem
> Ægæona suis immania terga lacertis,
> Doridaque, et natas; quarum pars nare videntur;
> Pars in mole sedens virides siccare capillos:
> Pisce vehi quædam.

Thus the imagination gives to Nature and to life a charm, which converts every thing, it touches, into vegetable gold. Nature draws the outline, and arranges the groups; but it is the imagination, which gives a richness of polish to their surfaces, and tints them with those colours, which administer, in so delightful a manner, to our perception. Nature,—always producing,—furnishes the instruments; but it is the imagination, that touches the chords, and produces the melody. Nature showers down objects for our selection, and reason,

[a] *Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas, de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.*—*P. Martyr.* Dec. i., lib. 5.

combines them; but it is the imagination, which we are justified in styling the synonym of inspiration.

And what is imagination, but the result of a refined power of association? For no objects, as we have so often observed, are elegant, beautiful, or grand, (to our eyes), in themselves; and they partake of those qualities only in proportion, as they create in the mind references and allusions to animate and sentient beings. When, therefore, objects meet the eye, which do not refer to earthly associations, they point to heavenly ones. It is impossible for Colonna ever to forget those moments, in which, near a cottage, rising half way up one of the smaller mountains in the neighbourhood of Capel Cerig, he has, for a time, lost all traces of earthly resemblances. Days had been devoted to the investigation of the admirable specimens of mountain-scenery, which present themselves along the road, leading from the picturesque bridge at Rhydland-var to the ivied arches of Pont-y-pair: from the falls of the Conway, to the tremendous cataract of Rhaiadr-y-Wenol. The grand mountain of Moelshiabod, rearing its enormous head, frowned upon all below; while rocks of every size and shape, now jutting bleak and bare from the woods, and now decorated with shrubs, here triangular, there ragged and pointed, met him at every step:—till, passing the bridge, stretching over the Lugwy, Snowdon burst forth, in something of the majesty of a Peruvian mountain.

Upon the point of a rock overlooking two lakes, Colonna had leisure to reflect on the various scenes, which had elevated his imagination in the earlier parts of the day; and to contemplate the magnificence of Nature, in one of the finest scenes in Britain. When he had reached the spot, on which he sate, the sun was shooting its last rays upon the peak of Snowdon; while, along its gigantic sides, dark grey clouds were rolling in various sombre columns. Scarcely had the sun ceased to illuminate the west, when the moon, rising from behind a long line of dark blue clouds, irradiated all the east.

Unmindful of the past—every thought was given to the future; and Colonna wished for no other description of happiness, in a state of immortal existence, than that, arising from an enlarged faculty of receiving delight, from whatever may be still more magnificent, among the labours of the Eternal Architect, in other scenes, on other summits, and on other globes.

Scenery not only inspires the poet, but his reader also; for when do we enjoy his pictures, and relish his sentiments, with such a charmed perception, as when seated beneath a bower, under a tree, or beside a rivulet? In such and in other scenes, even bad poetry and worse music are not unattended with a sensible delight.—"The flute of a shepherd," Dr. Beattie remarks, "heard at a distance in a fine summer's day, in a romantic scene, will give rapture to the ear of the wanderer, though the tune, the instrument, and the musician be such, as he could not endure in any other place." The same association governs, in regard to sculpture and painting; for we can pause before a picture in a cottage, or a statue in a wood, which, in a palace or saloon, would excite nothing but disgust. Often has Colonna experienced the truth of these observations; and he never reflects, but with pleasure, on the satisfaction, he enjoyed, in listening to a blind old man in the valley of Rhymney, about two miles from the grand towers of Caerphilly Castle. This valley is a narrow defile, winding at the feet of cultivated mountains, down which several streams occasionally murmur. It was one of the finest evenings in the month of August: every object was as tranquil, as if it had been midnight; the sun shooting along the valley, and tinting every object in the most agreeable manner. Charmed with the spot, Colonna stopped his horse, dismounted, and sate himself upon the side of a bank, to enjoy, more at his leisure, the beauties of the scene before him; heightened, as they were, by the sombre aspect of the distant ruins. As he was indulging in one of those delightful con-

templations, which scenery like this seldom fails to awaken, he was interrupted by the approach of two men; one hale, hearty, and young; the other old, blind, and decrepid. Entering into conversation with the younger, Colonna was informed, that his companion was a good singer, and "a capable maker of songs." Upon this he requested the old man to sing him one; to which he consented with little hesitation. It was a history of love; and though the lines were sometimes too long, and sometimes too short; though the air was harsh, and his voice discordant, Colonna listened with enthusiasm, and praised with rapture.

Wandering once in this valley my eye was arrested by a misletoe, growing out of an oak. This circumstance gave interest to the whole landscape: for it recalled the history of the Druids. In imagination, I beheld the Arch-druid ascend the aged branches; cut the sacred misletoe with a sickle; let it fall into his folded garment; and then show the invaluable gift of heaven to the people, who accompanied him. From this picture the mind diverged to the general subject of Druidism. Thus the imagination may begin its flight in Siberia, and with one stride compass the globe.

In those days of superstition and ignorance, priests were esteemed the only wise men in the country; and their principal symbol of divinity was a misletoe, growing on an oak. Diogenes Laertius classes the Druids with the Gymnosophists of Chaldea, the Bramins of India, and the Magi of Persia.

The power of association gives a charm to every thing. Hence particular places are adapted to the consideration of particular subjects. When leaning near the monuments of neglected genius, our thoughts naturally revert to the conspiracy of low societies against it; to the relative fates of Corregio, Camoens, Cervantes, Chatterton, and Proctor: to the reluctance, with which almost all governments reward talent; and to the sublimity resulting from antiquity.

When we behold public buildings, we revert to the application of works of art to the purposes of public benefit: when we visit ruins, we behold, as it were, the crumbling of empires: in view of palaces, we compare the virtues of Trajan, Mauritius and Tiberius II. with those of Alfred, Piastus, Stanislaus, and Washington. When sitting in a bower, our thoughts sometimes recur to the want of poetical genius in Plato, Cicero, Pliny and Burke; contrasting their oratorical qualifications with those belonging to poetry and music. We compare the relative merits of Pliny, Balzac, Melmoth, Gray and Pope as letter-writers: we trace the analogy between painting and sculpture: we associate the merits of Angelo and Salvator Rosa with those of Dante and Milton: and we mark the resemblance subsisting between the genius of Ariosto, Chaucer, and Spenser. Then we revert to the character of an agreeable melancholy; to the uses of monasteries; to the misfortunes of Rousseau; to the style of Albano; to the pleasures of the Golden Age; and the music of the golden spheres.

In spring we frequently leave beds of perfume, to dwell in imagination on the plains of Tartary, the deserts of Ethiopia, the solitudes of America, or the snows of Nova Zembla. We wage an imaginary war with glory and ease; sometimes siding with one, sometimes encouraging the other; the mind delighting to unite, into one crown of beauty, virtue, happiness, and successful endeavour.

Stand we in summer on the arches of a bridge, gazing on a cottage? The smoke curls above the copse; the voices of children swell upon the gale; the sun sinks in glory, and the whole scene is a scene of repose. Then subjects, allied to domestic enjoyments, steal upon the imagination, and soothe us into peace.

In autumn we read, in the decline of the year, the retirement of statesmen to a private life. Xenophon, Scipio, Sully,

and Bernstorff, rise before the sight; we contrast Virgil's Corycian swain with the miser of Horace; and Juvenal's Sejanus with Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

In winter we read the benefits of vicissitude; we honour, as it were, the state of virtuous poverty; we trace the prevailing causes of our errors and misfortunes; we form a true estimate of the world's opinion; we reflect on the ease, with which the mind accommodates itself to circumstances; and in the connected progress of the seasons, perceiving their analogy with the life of man, we anticipate the period, when our epitaphs will testify, "*Et Ego in Arcadia.*"

Sometimes the most simple objects will give rise to recollections, which become the causes of many interesting reflections. Thus I seldom see the fragment of Pompey's pillar, which a friend brought me from Alexandria, but I recal the history, in miniature, of that celebrated city. On the banks of the Severn, I have recalled the image of Sabrina and Comus; and while at Merthyr, (abounding in furnaces and iron mines), it were almost impossible to forbear associating it with the regions of Belial and Moloch:

> Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation, void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
> Casts pale and dreadful?

A cottage in ruins, belonging to an old French officer, who, after sharing the fortunes of Charles XII., led the life of a peasant in Finland, affected St. Pierre, more than all the palaces of St. Petersburgh. The sight of an old man, playing upon a harp, recalled to the recollection of Gray the massacre of the minstrels by Edward I.: and to this incidental circumstance are we indebted for one of the finest odes in the English language. The view of a picturesque cottage at Chénevière, also, by producing many delightful associations in the mind of Marmontel, was the origin of his writing the tale of the Shepherdess of the Alps.

Why does Emilius regard the ice-plant with delight? Because he was accustomed to see it in the hothouse of Eugenia, and to witness the pleasure with which she contemplated the icy surface of its leaves, which appeared, in the sun, like crystal; while its white, hairy, corolla challenged but little observation. The cereus grandiflorus! (introduced from Peru in 1690). This plant produces finely scented flowers in July. These flowers open between seven and eight in the evening; are full in blossom by eleven; and at four in the morning, they hang their heads, fade, and die. They shed an exquisite perfume, and scent the air to a considerable distance. The calyx, when expanded, is nearly a foot in diameter; and the whole appearance of the corolla is magnificent. Eugenia died in the blossom of her perfections: and her lover, associating her with this beautiful flower, never sees it in a hothouse, but he remembers his Eugenia, with a melancholy yet not unpleasing regret.

The plants, most interesting to this elegant scholar, are those, which he admired in the days of his boyhood;—those, which have charmed him in remote provinces, where he least expected to find them;—and those which he has beheld in the society of persons, whom he has esteemed and loved. They never fail to awaken agreeable associations of the past; and it does not depend on their beauty, or their fragrance, whether they please him or not. He has, therefore, often surprised those, with whom he has been walking, when, in the midst of an interesting conversation, he has suddenly stooped to pick up a flower, and examine it with an attention, that would indicate an expectation, that it possessed some peculiar organisation. Many of these associations he would find some difficulty to trace.—Why does the common heart's-ease, the bear's-foot, and the polyanthus, interest him more than many other flowers, much more rare and beautiful?—Because they decorated the garden of a cottage, belonging to an old woman, whom he loved in his childhood. The violet, so beautiful and

so odoriferous in itself, is still increased in interest by remembering how many a tranquil hour, he has devoted to the gathering bunches of it under the hedgerows, when a boy. For years, he was accustomed to see the purple digitalis,—so celebrated for its medicinal uses,—in all the lanes and hedges, without caring to examine its calyx or internal structure. But one day, visiting the garden of a gentleman, near Winchester, in which were assembled thirteen species of that plant; he now loves to recal the memory of them all, whenever he has seen the purple species in the fields, or along the side of a road. In this collection, they were arranged by the side of each other; and all in blossom. Besides the indigenous plant, there were the small yellow from the south of Europe; the great yellow from Switzerland; the minor, the thlapsi, the small-flowered, and willow-leaved, from Spain; the broad-lipped from Greece; the woolly from Hungary; the blushing and the iron-coloured from Italy; and the shrubby from the Madeiras. The two last were shrubs, and in pots; and had recently been taken from the greenhouse.

Why are moss, and ivy, and the vine, so agreeable to his imagination? Because moss recalls the hours, he has stolen from his studies on sand-banks, the only herbage on which were large tufts of moss:—Because ivy crept in abundance along his father's garden-wall; and because vines sheltered the first hive of bees, he ever possessed.—When he sees a wood-strawberry, why are his reflections agreeable? Because it grows abundantly in a wood, in the county of Merioneth, where he has often delighted to wander.—The wind-berry, the bog-berry, and the spider-wort? Because, growing on mountains, they have associated themselves with liberty, solitude, and large flocks of sheep.

## PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

It has been finely said of Euripides, that his imagination looked behind and before; and that his poetry is the lingering echo of joys, that are past, and of hopes that are to come. This is a happy allusion to that noble passion, that bounds a thousand miles at a step; and that gentle one, which, in the language of the poet, "glides smoothly without step."

No faculty of the mind produces more delight or more profit, than a memory, well stored and well regulated:—being the chief antidote to

> ———— Ancient men's report,
> That days are tedious; but that years are short.—*Crabbe.*

Those, who derive the most enjoyment from the exercise of this faculty, may be said to enjoy the longest lives: since, by bringing back a portion of their existence, those may, as Seneca finely observes, properly be said to have lived long, who draw all ages into one;—and those to live but a short period, who forget the past, neglect the present, and are only solicitous about the future.

How delightful it is to remember those, we esteem, and admire, during a concert:—How captivating is the thought of them, in the midst of sublime or beautiful scenery!

With what lively pleasure, too, does our imagination rest upon scenes, among which our earlier years were passed! These associations are acknowledged by all orders of men; though it follows, of necessity, that the charm of recollection must depend on circumstances, tastes, and manners. Dante, goaded and irritated in manhood, doubly felt the loss of those hours of comparative delight, spent in the society of a mother, the most accomplished woman of the age, in which she lived. Tasso,—of a milder and more gentle nature,—enjoyed the same pathetic associations. Spenser had equal advantages; and the days of satisfaction, enjoyed by Milton in his earlier years, are frequently alluded to in his poetical works; more

particularly in those, written in the language, and after the best manner, of Tibullus.

These impressions were not unknown to Diocletian;—they were still more vividly felt by Henry IV. of France[a]; and Bernadotte, on the throne of Sweden, re-enjoys the hours of infancy and boyhood every day. Madame Necker, too, remembered, in the midst of Parisian elegance and splendour, all the retired graces of her childhood; passed in a valley, in the bosom of which she imbibed the purest of instruction from the lips of her father; and qualified her mind and her heart to shed lustre over the public labours, and retired enjoyments, of the first statesman of his age.

Haydn—whose musical memory my soul loves!—Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, derived the most solid of enjoyments, when tuning those simple airs, which he had been accustomed to sing with his father and mother; when, being a child, he stood between them, and beat time with two pieces of wood: one of which served him as a violin; and the other as a bow. Rubens, in the zenith of his subsequent fame, always turned with pleasure to the time, when he studied under Van Veen; and when he laid the foundation of his eminence in the society of that painter's two beautiful daughters, Gertrude and Cornelia; both of whom arrived at distinction in their father's profession. Rousseau charmed his imagination with the airs, which, in a voice of sweetness, his aunt was accustomed to sing. "To her," says he, "I attribute that passion for music, which has always distinguished me."

Equally agreeable, and still more sublime, were the associations of the Baron de Humboldt, when crossing the Equinoctial regions. Early in life, that accomplished traveller had imbibed an ardent wish to visit those latitudes; where he might behold the constellations, ranged around the Southern Pole.

[a] The Marquis de Paulmy becoming proprietor of a palace at Paris, once belonging to Henry IV., is said to have placed his chief happiness "in living surrounded by those objects which Henry IV. and Sully had gazed on and touched." Every thing was in the state, left by that illustrious monarch.

Impatient to visit that hemisphere, he could not raise his eyes to heaven, without indulging the silent charm of meditating on the Cross. When, therefore, his favourite wish was realised, impossible is it to describe the solemn interest with which he beheld the two magnificent stars, that mark the foot and summit of the southern Cross, appear above the horizon, and become almost perpendicular at the moment, in which it passes the meridian. The remembrance of his early years instantly fascinated his imagination; and he repeated, with enthusiasm, the following fine passage from the Paradisio of Dante.

> Io mi volsi a man destra e posi mente
> All' altro polo e vidi quattro stelle
> Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.
>
> Goder parca lo ciel di lor fiammelle;
> O settentrional vedovo sito
> Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle!

Few can estimate the rapture with which ROUSSEAU wrote the first part of his Confessions at the castle of Eri. Every thing, as he acknowledges, he had to recollect, was a new source of enjoyment; the beautiful scenes, he had beheld; the mountains, he had traversed; the lakes, he had navigated; the rivers, he had crossed; and the remembrance of the finest portion of his years, left in his heart a thousand impressions, which he loved incessantly to recall to recollection. The Abbé OLIVET, too, always remembered with pleasure the sensations, with which he used, in his infancy, to wander in the gardens of Benserade, at Gentilly; where every tree and every spot possessed a relic of his genius. The recollections of MARMONTEL, also, were sources of real comfort and alleviation to him, at the period, when the demon of license passed over the horizon of France: when—

> No spot was hallowed; sacred, no retreat;
> No realm a sure asylum could afford,
> From fraud, injustice, rapine, and the sword [a].
>
> *Yriarte.—Belfour.*

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[illegible] never read ROGERS' *Pleasures of Memory* without a sensation, as it were, allied to poetry. Its variety of imagery, its harmonious versification, its

For in the hour of sickness or misfortune, memory, by that magic power, with which it is gifted, suspends, for a time, the acutest torments; while old age, if life has been well spent, receives as great a consolation from its properties, as youth enjoys from the flattering whispers of hope.—HOPE! the nepenthe of the heart, the restorer of the languid, the medicine and refuge of the miserable. Hope is always a lamp both to the young and the old; Memory an harmonica at one time, and worse than a bagpipe at another.

### ON THE TRIALS AND CAPRICES OF FORTUNE.

THE scholiasts number five methods of acquiring knowledge: observation, reading, listening, conversation, and meditation. They leave out the most important;—suffering. But mere scholars, and men, who have been rich from their birth, and continue so till the hour of their death, ought never to take so great a liberty with common sense, as to think, they have ever possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind. Felicity was deified by the Greeks and Romans; but they found

pathos, melancholy tenderness, and delicacy of sentiment, win upon the imagination, and charm us into an awakenment of every finer as well as every nobler feeling. The poem seems, indeed, to address itself to us thus:—

"*The heart, that loves me not, is rough.*"

In a blank leaf of ROGERS' *Pleasures of Memory*, at the British Museum, are the following MS. couplets:—

[illegible]

Gaudia! num memor es, dic, mendax musa, dolores?
Hunc meminisse, librum me meminisse dolet.

Pleasures of Memory, say you? pains were better!
The book were then entitled to the letter.

Pleasures of Memory; 'tis a living lie;
Such all will find BOOK, MAN, and MEMORY.

Passing, some years since, through the flower-garden belonging to Holland House, I observed the following lines over a covered seat:—

Here ROGERS sat; and here for ever dwell,
To me, those pleasures, that he sung so well.

*Vassal Holland*

her the most ungrateful of all the deities. The Scythians represented Fortune, as a woman having hands and wings, but not a foot to stand upon; yet many men think misfortune not only a disgrace, but a crime, till they come to be unfortunate themselves: and then they see, that those are superficial, who assert, that every misfortune may be prevented by courage or by prudence. They find, too, that fortune not only triumphs over folly and imprudence, but over wisdom and virtue. Many worthy persons, however, seriously fancy their good fortune to be the result of their own management; when all, they have to do, is to sit still, and keep themselves warm!

Fortune, in robbing a man of his property, is not always so cruel, as she is represented: for she frequently gives pride of heart and peace of mind as equivalents. This pride and this peace are shields, consolations, equivalents; nay more than equivalents;—they are rewards. For love and peace not unfrequently spring out of misfortune; as naturally as flowers rise out of beds of lava.

They speak profoundly, who say, that the world is like a theatre; where the best judges are obliged to sit in the worst places. But they would speak more profoundly still, if they were to add, that the best judges, notwithstanding the badness of their seats, frequently enjoy the spectacle more to the comfort of their hearts, than those, who sit on velvet cushions.

——— Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head [a].

Misfortunes never assume so difficult a character, as in their perspective: anticipation, like island crystal, making every object appear double; while faith in ultimate justice operates as a convex mirror; in which every object appears less. No man need feel ashamed of sorrow! Sophocles makes even Hercules sink beneath impressions of vicissitude. The man

[a] For the origin of this fable, vid. Plin. N. H. xxxvii. Philostratus in Vit. Apollon. iii. 8.

of virtue becomes sacred by misfortune: and every honourable mind feels almost disposed to address him, as the courtiers of Caubul address the person of their sovereign: "May your sorrow be turned upon me!"

———————— Little do they think,
E'en in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
How many, rack'd with honest passion, droop
In deep retir'd distress!

For there is a silent sorrow of the heart, which in some men, on some occasions, sap the very foundations of life. But the most juicy of fruits not unfrequently grows even among the sands of the deserts; and gold, the heaviest of metals, is so susceptible of expansion, that it can be wafted on the lightest breath of air. Bear up, then; the same decided contrast will be found in you. A masterly retreat is not less glorious than a brilliant victory: for, borrowing lustre from vicissitude, the ardent risings of an unsubdued mind will point, with confidence, to the soul's refuge: which, like the Ambrosian chant,—strong, vigorous, and loud,—shall operate as a strengthener of every noble impulse.

"He that wrestles with us," says Burke, "strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill.—Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our subject, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial." Adversity is, indeed, the quickest and most unerring of tutors; for she instructs more in weeks, than prosperity teaches us in years. Can we exempt ourselves from misfortune? We may as well attempt to weigh light in a balance; to recall the day that is past; to measure infinity; to calculate the fluxions of eternity; or to wing our flight through the firmament, perforated by planets, comets, suns, and systems.

Can we prevent the lightning from striking us? The whirlwind from overwhelming us? Or the sea from swal-

lowing a ship in the midst of a storm?—Let us yield, then, to a power, we have no force to controul. All we can do is to struggle; and the utmost malice of fortune can only oblige us to die.

> And come he soon, or come he fast;
> It is but death that comes at last.

Infancy creeps upon childhood; childhood upon youth; youth upon adolescence; adolescence upon manhood; manhood upon age. In a future state, perhaps, we may enjoy the advantages of all those states at the same time. The wisdom of age; the vigour of manhood; the grace of adolescence; the bloom of youth; the innocence of infancy.

Men should take particular care how they hope. Since misfortune sometimes assumes the colouring of that fascinating quality, as if to make the ruin, she meditates, more certain and complete. For,—for one man, that despair ruins, hope ruins ninety; an hundred; nay, even a thousand. The temple of fortune was built of a species of alabaster, so transparent, that even when the doors were closed there was sufficient light. Look up when you would aspire; look down, when you would be happy. When you would be humble, compare your virtues with those of more virtuous men; and when you would be contented with your sphere, look with attention on those, who toil for days, for months, and for years, without one atom of reward!

We deceive ourselves much oftener than others deceive us; for we are ourselves the greatest of our own flatterers. Yet we may as well look for Jerusalem in the deserts of Libya, or for Mount Helicon in the forests of Finland, as for twenty men, who will acknowledge, that they suffer more from a want of ability or honesty, than from a want of opportunity. The world, however, I must say, cheats us of many a good quality; and thrusts upon us many evil ones, we never naturally possessed.

[illegible]s never so strong, nor the operations of his mind so

effective, as when they are called into action by some great, overwhelming, and destructive occasion; and then Virtue is the best shield and bulwark of his nature. Magnanimous himself, a truism does the maxim appear, which asserts, that magnanimity is the sum and perfection of every earthly virtue. Throwing a grace over every mental energy, it gives beauty to grandeur and tranquillity to passion. As to envy! who is there worthy of envy? The fortunate have their imaginary evils; the unfortunate their real ones. And whether real or imaginary are the easier to be borne, requires little skill in mental algebra to determine. As to the Great! If you would know, without the trouble of experiment, what their extravagance and insensibility are, and what their wedded attachments to life, it is only to read the "Tyrant" of Lucian. Those, whom we style "great" are only men, placed upon high pedestals; and seen from which, they are, Heaven knows, little enough! In our early years we approach them with awe, and with an assured expectation, that they possess something intrinsically eminent. When we view them closer—Gracious Powers! how narrow are their views; how frivolous their conversation; how violent their passions! How reluctant are they to forgive; how sensitive are they to neglect; and how eagerly do they look for homage and respect:—how do they burn for favours, which beggars ought only to sue for; and how impatient,—how fantastically impatient,—are they at honours, conferred upon an equal! Rank ought to have much to give, in order to compensate for the trouble and the misery it occasions.

The landscapes of Claude are in the first class of excellence; —serene, lovely, and romantic. In gazing, we desire to become inhabitants of his regions; to recline beneath his arches; to bathe in his rivers; to dance with his groups; and to listen to the music of his shepherds. A similar feeling pervades us, when we read the "Aminta" of Tasso, the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, and other productions of celebrated poets.

In life how few enjoyments are commensurate with these! Old men frequently complain how few pleasures, they have been able to enjoy: but they would make fewer complaints, if they had been susceptible of simpler enjoyments. Fine feelings produce a multitude of fine enjoyments; yet it must be confessed, that a man of exquisite sensibility undergoes many martyrdoms.

Wisdom, however, is tranquil. The best inheritances, a man can possess, are heartfelt serenity and sedate fortitude: as, in the cold solace of society, a constant and legitimate sense of inward worth is the first of earthly consolations. The most beautiful object, that can engage the imagination, is that of a man, living serenely in the midst of privations and tumult; as if he considered himself as living for eternity.

When we behold age, standing with one foot in the grave, and with another placed, as it were, upon an ingot of gold;—when we reflect how soon the season of life is over;—and that no one hour of the past can ever contribute a single moment to the future:—when we behold the young and the beautiful withering in their prime, or feel ourselves the last survivor of many friends, after having seen the best of their wishes vanish in disappointment, and the last of their hopes melt into nothing, what awful views of Nature and of life are presented to the imagination! When we look around us, and behold the pride, the envy, and the malice, that oppress the general mass of mankind; when we consider how many virtues society nips in the bud; and with what industry it punishes those virtues, it is obliged in decency to commend;—when we see with what eagerness the feelings are insulted and the mind starved; and observe the delight, with which some men view the wretchedness of their fellow creatures;—there is, assuredly, sufficient justification for the profoundest melancholy. When we pause upon the ruins of a countenance melancholy and meditative, whose only dower of in-

heritance was independence of mind; when the captivating bloom of youth has faded into ugliness, penury, and age: when the electrical fibres of the heart freeze before the touches of selfish indifference; and when experience teaches, that wealth and grandeur and glory store up for old age an irritating horror of death, instead of picturing that transcendant change, which, as with a magic wand, shall convert the wrinkles of age

——————— into a blooming face,
On which youth shines celestial;

there is, indeed, sufficient justification for the profoundest melancholy.—But in that melancholy there is hope!

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Recollection, enjoyment, and anticipation are the yesterday, the to-day, and the to-morrow of life. To live in the recollection of those, we love, is a felicity of the first order:—In affliction, too, how delightful is it to recal the enjoyments of the past! "Jerusalem remembered in the days of her miseries all those pleasant things, that she had in the days of old; when her people fell into the hands of the enemy." Many of our hopes are richer than realities; and yet there are recollections even richer than our hopes. They give grace to reason.

Gibbon calls hope,—that dear prerogative of youth,—the best comfort of our imperfect condition; St. Paul styles it "an earthly immortality:" Thales said, that, of all possessions, it was the one, most universally enjoyed; for they have it, who have nothing else. Indeed, so delightful are its impressions, that Dante and Milton, when they would give the most vivid idea of the horrors, that surrounded the fallen Spirits, thought they could do so, in no manner so strongly, as by excluding them totally from the influence of hope.

Are we laid upon a bed of sickness?—Are not our groans, at intervals, interrupted by the anticipation of the enjoyment, we shall experience, when we shall rise with the lark, and imbibe the scent of the fields? Hope! yes—

> The fairest maid she is, that ever yet
> Prison'd her locks within a golden net;
> Or let them waving hang with roses round them set [a].

With what rapture does a Swiss soldier, engaged in a dangerous campaign, anticipate the comforts of his cottage, the joy of his wife, and the smiles of his children! His garden, which he left so neat; his cottage, mantled with woodbine; his friends, who lamented his departure, and who will celebrate his return;—all pass in mental review before him. He enjoys, in perspective, the hour when he shall repose under the vine, which he planted when a boy; he already clasps his children to his breast; while with all the energy of anticipated rapture he beholds his wife, lifting up her eyes to heaven in gratitude for his preservation, and exhorting him, with all the eloquence of tried affection,

> To think of nought but rural quiet,
> Rural pleasures, rural ploys;
> Far from battles, blood and riot,
> War, and all its murdering joys.

But what hope, for years, animated thy broken spirit, unfortunate GENEVIEVE!—Formed by the finger of Nature in one of her happiest moments, this elegant and accomplished creature was induced, by a long series of vicissitudes, to bury her emotions in the silent and melancholy cloister. A convent

[a] Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" is a delightful poem, and will ever be a classical one to the young, the elegant, the enthusiastic, and all those, who expect a harvest a few days after they have planted the seed. Carne says, in his Letters from the East (p. 166), that he had the pleasure of meeting with Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" at Grand Cairo. "How it came there," says he, "it is not easy to tell; but it was a most welcome and delightful stranger on the banks of the Nile. It accompanied me afterwards through Palestine; and in the wilder-[illegible]d in weary and solitary hours, what better or more inspiring consolation could a wanderer wish for?"

at Bruges was the theatre of her immolation. When monasteries and nunneries were suppressed by an order of the French legislature, in company with her adopted sisters, she sought a refuge from the fury of the Revolution, at Hengrave, in the county of Suffolk. During the peace, in the year 1801, her order returned to Bruges, and in that city she died. Secluded from all the natural sympathies of life, and knowing no greater enjoyment, than that of walking in the gardens of her convent, the principal part of her existence was lost in an uninterrupted course of involuntary prayer,—a victim to hopeless misery! Unpitied and unknown to all the world, except the few sisters of her convent, she was debarred from every earthly bliss; and the grave was the only resource, to which she looked for consolation and freedom:—There at length,

> Far, far removed from every earthly ill,
> Her woes are buried, and her bosom still.

PLEASURES DERIVED FROM THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITIES.

Scenes, however beautiful, are rendered more so by the association of ruins. Virgil was so alive to this, that he describes Æneas as enquiring and learning from Evander the history of the monuments of former ages[a]. In England there are Druidic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and Gothic remains: in Scotland, Celtic, Roman, Pictish, Danish, and Gothic. In Ireland, Druidic and Scandinavian; with castles denoting the power and skill of Brian Boru, king of Munster. In France, antiquities are found so early as the period of Grecian manners at Marseilles. Others are of Roman origin: some denote the time of Childeric; and others indicate every intermediate age from the Carlovingian to the present. In Switzerland there are a few Roman

[a] *Miratur, facilesque oculos fert omnia circum*
*Æneas, capiturque locis; et singula lætus*
*Exquiritque* AUDITQUE VIRÛM MONUMENTA PRIORUM.

remains; castles and monasteries; churches of the middle ages; and monuments, commemorating the struggles of liberty. In Germany there are a few Celtic specimens; many Roman vestiges; churches of the age of Charlemagne; and Gothic castles in abundance. In Sweden are seen circles of judgment, and erections of unhewn stone: in Denmark and Norway, Runic fragments: in Prussia, tumuli and a few Sclavonic idols. Russia, whether in Europe or Asia, has few antiquities except tumuli, and stone tombs, marked with rude sculptures.

The Netherlands contain erections of the middle ages; and Hungary has military roads, with castles, churches and monasteries. In Italy is traced every species of antiquity, from the time of Romulus and the Sabines, up to the present. In Portugal are seen Roman monuments, and a few remains of the Moors. In Spain, tumuli, Carthaginian coins, Roman aqueducts and gold coins of the Visigoths; with mosques and other splendid monuments, marking the taste and learning of the Arabian dynasty.

If we turn our eyes to Greece and European Turkey, we shall see ruins and antiquities of almost every species;—from the tumulus up to the temple. In Asiatic Turkey, antiquities are discovered, from the earth-heaps on the plains of Ilium to the columns of Heliopolis and the pillars of Palmyra. In Persia are the ruins of Persepolis; with edifices and carved caves, preceding the age of Mahomet. In the valley of Moses, in Arabia, are the ruins of Wadi-Moosa. These once constituted the city of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa, conquered by Trajan, and annexed to the province of Palestine. They consist of chambers, sepulchres, and colossal statues; an excavated amphitheatre, and, among other edifices, a number of desolated palaces. But the ruins of Jerrasch are said to exceed in "magnitude and beauty" even those of Balbec and Palmyra: and the th[redacted], the palaces, the three superb temples, and the two

marble amphitheatres, are described, as being equal to all that papal influence has spared of ancient Rome.

HINDOSTAN has numerous antiquities: some illustrative of Mahometan genius; others of an age beyond research. Those of CHINA are but imperfectly known. There are coins of ancient dynasties; towers commemorative of great events; triumphal arches; and a stupendous wall, extending up mountains, along vales and over rivers, to the length of one thousand five hundred miles[a].

In CEYLON have been discovered gigantic ruins of pagodas; and works, indicating a degree of civilization far removed from the present. The excavations of Elephanta are monuments exceeding even the pyramids of Egypt. Of the remote grandeur of JAVA many remains exist in the architectural antiquities of that island. The ruins of Boro Bodo and Brambanan exhibit great beauty in their separate parts; and great symmetry in their relative proportions[b].

In EGYPT, pyramids, lakes, ruins of cities, and fragments of temples, denote an age of very high antiquity; the histories of which are buried in the cemeteries of African and Oriental genius.

The north of Africa must once have been a miracle of human skill and industry. Count Camille Borgia, when living at Tunis, took plans of no less than two hundred and fifty half-ruined towns.

> Those ruins, which seem cursed—and frown
> As if some haunting ghosts were there;
> Where bravery scarce dares stay alone,
> O what an awful page they are
> Of Passion's desolate career!

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[a] The antiquity of this wall is a subject of reasonable doubt.—Some suppose it to be two thousand years old; others, from the silence of Marco Polo, not more than three hundred.

[b] They are admirably described and illustrated in Raffles' History of Java; and in the Batavian Literary and Philosophical Transactions.

The very winds, that whistle thro',
Seem shuddering 'midst the gloomy pile.
There spectres meet, and sigh awhile:
And as the screech-owls cry to-whoo!
The fiends of evil shriek and smile.

*Puchmayer of Bohemia.—Bowring.*

Among the tombs of the kings of Egypt at Thebes, Belzoni discovered the most beautiful remains of all antiquity; a sarcophagus of alabaster, carved both within and without with figures and hieroglyphics. In a pyramid, which he had the skill and science to open, he found bones, which, on being examined by Sir Everard Home and other surgeons, proved to be those of a cow. This may, in some measure, serve to illustrate the design and origin of the pyramids. When the traveller approaches those vast monuments of human labour, the imagination seems to burst, as it were, the bands of ages; and the mind appears as if it had lived a thousand years. When the French were at Thebes, the whole army stopped among the ruins, and clapt their hands with delight: and when Bonaparte was about to engage the Mamelukes, who were advancing with loud cries, superbly accoutred, he called out to his army, "Behold! Yonder are the pyramids; the most ancient of the works of men. From the summits of those monuments forty ages are now beholding us." The battle, which ensued, laid all Egypt at the feet of the French General.

North American antiquities have been but little attended to. On the branches of the Ohio the traveller discovers monuments of former times, consisting of earth constructions of conical and pyramidal shapes. Tumuli have, also, occasionally been witnessed; military earthworks on the Huron in Kentucky, and other districts of the Western territory; and on the banks of a river, ninety miles below Pittsburgh[a], works, too, have been found resembling, in some measure, the cairns and

[a] Voyages dans la Haute Pennsylvanie, vols. i. and iii.

cromlechs of our Celtic ancestors. In respect to all these vestiges, even the voice of tradition is silent.

Near Cincinnati are seen low circular earth-banks, mounds, and tumuli: at Marietta, on the Ohio, are, also, extensive Indian fortifications of earth; exhibiting no inconsiderable portion of skill. Similar earthworks have been found also near the Lake Papin, and on the coasts of Florida. As to the gold coins, which were dug up (1815) in Kentucky,—one of Antony, and the other of Faustina, —there is no credit to be given to them. They were either impositions in themselves; or they were buried for the sake of being dug up again. Their having been carried thither in the eleventh century by Madoc, is a supposition, as idle as the history of Madoc himself. If Madoc did ever traverse the Atlantic, it is not likely he should have fixed his residence in Kentucky; and still less probable is it, that he should have taken a coin with him, belonging to an age, previous to the Roman settlement in his own country.

In MEXICO are pyramidal tombs, symbolical paintings, and other monuments of art, civil, religious, and military; the efforts of uncertain ages. In PERU have been found barrows, the interior of which contained curious specimens of the arts; an ancient road of more than twelve hundred miles; and buildings, denoting an age of what has been descriptively called "barbaric civilisation:" some of which seemed to challenge an almost eternal duration. Such are the obelisks of Tiahuanacu; the edifices of Quito; the fortresses of Herbay and Caxahuana; the mausolea of Chahapoyas; the fragments of Pachacamac; and the ruined aqueducts of Lucanas and Condesayos.

Cicero tells us, that when he was at Athens, he could scarcely move one step without meeting some monument of art, or some record, as it were, of illustrious men. They were continually before his eyes. He seemed, as if he heard the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes, or listened to the

divine ethics of Plato. At Salamis he thought of Themistocles; and at Marathon of Miltiades: the Parthenon reminded him of Pericles; and other monuments, of Phocion the Good.

Feelings, analogous to these, may be experienced even in the British Museum of London. For with what pleasure does an accomplished mind pause over the Torso of Hercules; the Ceres; the Venus; the Barberini Fawn; the Belvidere Torso; and the Laocoon, restored to something of its primitive beauty. With what delight, too, does it dwell upon the Ilissus, or the Theseus; and the mysteries of the Portland Vase! From these masterpieces of art, we turn to the head of the younger Memnon, the Sarcophagus of Alexander, and the porphyric columns of the ancient Leptis. With what interest do we behold the base of a column, brought from the plains of Troy; a fragment from the tomb of Agamemnon; and a circular altar, taken from Delos, ornamented with the heads of animals, festooned with flowers and fruits! Then, too, we see Hyperion, rising out of the sea; the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ;—the sacred procession of the festival of Panathenæa; and associating the whole with Athenian genius, a double pleasure is elicited from the reflection, that in these fragments we have witnessed specimens of the celebrated Parthenon.

Respect for antiquity, without indulging those associations, to which we have referred so often, were an unfortunate malady of the mind; since it would appear to have its probable origin, in the desire of undervaluing all that is modern: but by virtue of that noble quality, which constitutes one of the surest indications of the sacredness of mind, even those places and ruins, which, in themselves, present little to excite admiration or sympathy, possess a power of interesting our hearts, provided any remarkable deed has been transacted in their walls, or any illustrious person been connected with their history. There is nothing in the bay of Actium,

worthy of observation. It is so small, that Lord Byron says, that two frigates can scarcely manœuvre in it; yet GERMANICUS travelled many miles to see it, because the battle between Antony and Octavius was fought in the bay below. He visited, also, the site of Antony's camp; and was, as Tacitus informs us, highly affected at the images, which there presented themselves, of the success of one ancestor, and of the misfortunes of another.

SOLYMAN, the Magnificent, dwelt with pleasure on the ruins of Troas:—LE BRUN took a voyage to Persia, solely for the purpose of seeing the ruins of Persepolis: and no one but the idle, the dissipated, and the worldly, ever visited Florence, Syracuse, or the shores of the Mediterranean [a], without veneration and delight.

Something of this kind was acknowledged even by the barbarous Totilas. Being master of Rome, he threatened to destroy that city by fire; and not to leave one stone upon another. Belisarius, hearing of this, wrote him a letter, in which he observed, "That if Totilas conquered, he ought, for his own sake, to preserve a city, which would then be his own by right of conquest; and would, at the same time, be the most beautiful city in his dominions. That it would be his own loss, if he destroyed it, and redound to his utter dishonour. For Rome, having been raised to so great a grandeur and majesty by the virtue and industry of former ages, posterity would consider him as a common enemy of mankind, in depriving them of an example and living representation of their ancestors." In consequence of this letter, Totilas permitted his resolution to be diverted. Thus respect

[a] "A man, who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all, that sets us above savages, have come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean."—Johnson to General Oglethorpe.

for national monuments prevented Rome, and all its noble buildings, not only from becoming a huge mass of ruins, but from sharing the fate of Nineveh. Where once stood Nineveh, wandering tribes slake their thirst at a solitary fountain!

### PLEASURES ARISING FROM LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.

The ruins of Dinas Bran stand upon a conic mountain. The eminence, on which they are situated, is not so high as to render every object inferior to it; nor so low as to lose any considerable portion of grandeur. If it want the sublimity of Arran Fowddy or of Carnedd Llewellyn, it more than compensates the loss, by being far more beautiful than either. More than fifty mountains rise around it; forming partial screens to each other, and exhibiting a variety of amphitheatres, all increasing in height and in width, till the more distant lose themselves in the clouds. Below, lies the celebrated vale of Llangollen. Seated on an eminence, commanding a range so varied, so beautiful, and so magnificent, the small ruins of Dinas would entirely lose their effect, did we not recall to mind, that the castle, of which they are the fragments, was once the residence of the lovely Myfanway Vechan, celebrated and beloved by Hoel ap Eynion.

A few mounds of earth, and a few solitary walls, are all that remain of the ancient city of Verulam. Who, that stands upon those earth-works, seeing but little immediately around him, but a few enclosures, and a few dry ditches, feels the slightest emotion of pleasure, or curiosity? Connect this dull and uninteresting scene with its history:— how solemn are our reflections! This city once enjoyed all the rights of Roman citizenship. Near this spot Boadicea[a] defeated a Roman army, and massacred seventy thousand inhabitants! On this mound of earth, St. Alban received the

[a] Tacitus, Ann. lib. XIV. c. 35, 36.

honours of martyrdom: to the north is seen the abbey and monastery of St. Albans, erected by Offa: and in that abbey repose the mortal remains of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. On this spot, too, we remember, that Britain has known six general dynasties:—1. British; 2. Roman; 3. Saxon; 4. Danish; 5. Saxon; 6. Norman;—and that we are, in consequence, descendants of them all. That is the abbey which Offa erected, in atonement for his sins, and which was exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction by Adrian, the only Englishman that ever sat in the chair of St. Peter: and who, when sitting there, declared, that all the misfortunes of his former life were mere amusements in comparison with the Popedom. A little farther, stands the cross, built by Edward the First, in honour of Eleonora;—on the hills, not far distant, stood the camp of Ostorius; and in the plain below, Cassibelan[a] was defeated by the irresistible Cæsar.

What sensation moves us, when we walk in the fields of the small village of KENCHESTER, in the county of Hereford? When we visit the foundations of what is supposed to have been a Roman temple; and survey the spot, on which were found a tesselated pavement, and a Roman bath; our ideas diverge from the mere circumstance of property and the nature of soil, to contrast its present comparative insignificance, with the more splendid era, when it far exceeded the city of Hereford, in the magnitude of its buildings, and in the number of its inhabitants. When we visit the city of ELY, and have surveyed its cathedral, what can recompense us for the sight of fens, rivers, and dykes, which surround us on all sides? We revert to its history, and acknowledge its importance, in the annals of our country. We pause, with melancholy, too, on the fate of Alfred, son of the *Pearl of Normandy*. He was deprived of his eyes; and, being shut in this monastery, died within a few days. His atten-

[a] Cæsar, de Bell. Gallic., lib. v. c. 17.

dants were tortured in a horrible manner [a]. Their bodies were ripped up; and one end of their bowels being tied to a post, they were wound round it with the strings of their own intestines!

In surveying the estuary of MILFORD HAVEN,—expanding into one of the finest harbours in all Europe, and wearing the appearance of an immense lake, sufficiently large to contain the entire navy of the British Crown, secure from winds and tempests, and where a large fleet might manœuvre with the greatest safety,—what ideas of power and magnificence are awakened in the mind! Then, by a magic glance, we traverse the tempestuous Channel to the Irish Coast, and call to mind the various crimes and injuries, which that ill-fated country has committed and received. Returning to the spot, whence we had travelled, beholding the creeks and bays, the woods, and various agreeable accompaniments, which embellish this majestic estuary, who is there, that does not derive the highest satisfaction, in recalling to memory the beautiful scene in Cymbeline, where Imogen, in the character of Fidele, has flowers sprinkled over her grave, and a solemn dirge performed in honour of her memory?

When we have listened to the organs in the naves of Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Bangor, Winchester, Oxford, Ely or Norwich, have we forgot to associate with the music the good deeds of the bishops, deans, and prebendaries, who repose within the walls? And when we have visited the mansions, palaces, or castles of our nobility, seldom have we neglected to investigate the causes of their elevation, and recount the deeds of their ancestors. When we arrive at the miserable village of *Cerig Druidian*, in the county of Denbigh, standing in the midst of naked and barren mountains, without one object of an agreeable character, on which the eye may repose, what a shivering idea of poverty and desolation presents itself! An idea heightened by a recollection of the magnificent

[a] Brompton, 935. Rushworth's Histor. Collect., vol. iv. p. 411.

scenery of Pont-y-Glyn; where an arch, of considerable span, bestrides a vast and horrific chasm, through which the Glyn rushes with unceasing roar. After taking a survey of the wide heaths, on every side, turn to a neighbouring farm, and view with attention the various fragments, which lie scattered around. Vaens and cromlechs are before you! From age to age, those sacred relics have remained, in this wretched village, monuments of the superstition of our druidical ancestors. This spot was once the rendezvous of the British Druids! Here they sacrificed;—to this village the sacred misletoe was brought;—from this mountain the barbarous pontiff delivered his anathemas! A little way farther on, upon the top of a hill, which commands a view of the surrounding country, bleak, extensive, and barren, are a few remains of walls and ramparts. The scene is altogether wild and desolate. In the midst of summer, the veins of youth are chilled; in the midst of winter, the nerves of age warm with pity and burn with indignation, when it is recollected, that those walls and ramparts once contained the patriot king, Caractacus:—here he made his last stand, after the fatal battle of Caer-Caradoc;—from these walls he was betrayed;—from this spot, ceasing to be a king, he was conveyed prisoner to Rome!

Does the traveller stand at the foot of Mount Stella, near Angora?—This was the spot, in which Pompey conquered Mithridates; and in which Tamerlane afterwards vanquished Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks. Is he in the village of Soguta in Bithynia? He traces the origin of the Ottoman empire on the birth-place of Othman. Near the ancient Sestos, he meditates upon the enterprise, which introduced the first Turk upon the soil of Europe. Orcan having made himself master of the shore skirting the sea, that separated Asia from Europe, his son Soliman resolved, if possible, to gain the castle of Hanni *(Sestos)*, the "key of Europe:" but the Turks had neither pilots, ships, nor boats. Solyman stood meditating on the beach, one fine moonlight night, for some

time. He had come thither with about eighty followers on a hunting expedition. Beholding the towers of Hanni rising over the opposite shore, he resolved to secure them for his father and himself. He communicated his thoughts to his followers. Wondering at his resolution, they regarded him as frantic. He persisted;—and they made three rafts, fastened on corks, and bladders of oxen. When the party had finished their task, they committed themselves to the waters; and, with poles instead of oars, succeeded in gaining the opposite shore:—the moon shining brilliantly, as they stepped off the rafts, almost immediately under the walls of Hanni. As they marched along the beach, they met a peasant going to his work; it being now morning. This man hated his prince; and being bribed with a sum of money, he told Solyman of a subterraneous passage, leading into the castle. The little band availed themselves of this information; and quietly entered the walls. There was no regular garrison; and the few inhabitants were still asleep. They fell an easy prey, therefore, to the adventurers. Having thus gained the first object of their enterprise, they assembled the pilots and vessel owners of the town; and, offering them considerable sums of money, induced them to steer their vessels to the opposite shore. Four thousand men were then embarked; and in a few hours they were wafted under the castle walls. This was the first landing of the Turks in Europe: they ever after kept possession of this castle: ninety-six years after they sacked the city of Constantinople: they now reign in the eastern metropolis of the Cæsars; and tyrannize over Athens and Corinth; the country of Philip and Alexander; the city of Epaminondas; and the plains of Platæa[a].

Near Athens there is a field, which has every delightful accompaniment. It lies in scenery, as beautiful to the imagination, as the most romantic fancy can require. Six moun-

[a] This was written before Greece was erected into (*what is called*) an independent state.

tains form an amphitheatre towards the sea; the river Charadrus flows across the plain: while ruins, columns, and tombs, give additional interest to the whole. Can the name of this plain give an interest superior to all the charms, which Nature has bestowed upon it? Read the inscription on yonder column of marble, gentle stranger, and judge for thyself. It is the PLAIN of MARATHON! And the tomb, which lies yonder, is the tomb of MILTIADES[a]!

When we visit the sepulchres of the good, or the monuments of the great, the same causes produce the same emotion. Leo Allatius[b] made a pilgrimage to Bolissus, near Chios, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of a house, which tradition had assigned the birth-place of Homer. He wept with his companions.

The Athenian dramatic writers were accustomed to recite their verses at the tomb of Æschylus: the Spartans held an annual festival in honour of Lycurgus for several centuries; Longinus honoured the memory of Plato in the same manner; and Plutarch, visiting the tombs of Plato and Socrates, celebrated their anniversaries. How much more grateful must his feelings have been, than those arising to Alexander, when performing rites at the tomb of Ajax![c] Silius Italicus, who, in his latter years, retired into the country, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and the cultivation of the muses, and who possessed several villas, one of which had belonged to Virgil, and another to Cicero, took a sensible pleasure, in annually visiting the tomb of the former[d];

[a] Dr. Clarke saw Greece, and had the soul to appreciate it. On reaching Parnassus, he bursts into an ecstasy:—"It is necessary to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—all I ever saw! Asia—Egypt—the Isles—Italy—the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins!—awful in its mountains!—captivating in its vales—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it—no pen can describe it—no pencil can portray it!"

[b] Leo Allatius de Patriâ Hom., c. xiii. Ess. on Homer, sect. i. p. 38.

[c] Diod. Sic. lib. xvii.

[d] Plin. lib. iii. ep. 21.

—that Plato of poets! as Lampridius calls him; and in performing funeral[a] rites in honour of his memory. Statius, too, performed the same annual ceremony.

At the same tomb, after the expiration of several centuries, Giovanni Boccacio resolved to quit the profession of a merchant, and dedicate himself to poetry and literature. The tomb of Virgil!—Ah! who would hesitate to climb the summit of the Apennines, or descend the deepest cavern of Calabria, to pluck a flower, or steal a little dust, from the monument of Virgil?—That monument, inscribed with the names of so many kings, so many statesmen, and so many poets.

Hélas! je n'ai point vu ce séjour enchanteur, &c. &c.

Alas! I've never roved those vales among,
Where Virgil whilom tun'd his sacred song;
But by the bard I swear, and muse sublime,
I'll go!—O'er Alps on Alps oppos'd I'll climb;
Full of his name, with all his phrenzy fir'd,
There will I read the strains, those heavenly scenes inspired.

At Kew, we neglect the palace, to pause over the tombs of Meyer, Zoffany, and Gainsborough; and, at Richmond, with what delight do we visit the monument of Thomson; and sit in the bower, in which he used to listen to the nightingales!

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

On the Tyrrhene shore of Italy stand the ruins of three large temples, nearly entire. For nine hundred years, those ruins had not once been heard of. In the middle of the last century, however, they were discovered by accident: and roses, blooming upon the walls, first suggested the truth, that those temples were the only remaining vestiges of the ancient

[a] The Greeks and Romans frequently kept the anniversary of the death of their friends.—What an affecting instance is that in the Æneid, where Andromache observes this interesting ceremony!—Æn. lib. iii. l. 301.

city of Pæstum. Polybius says, that Paulus Emilius destroyed seventy cities in Epirus: and yet the fate of all those cities combined does not excite our sympathy, so much as the fragments of this single one! With what eagerness should we trace the grove, in which Virgil wrote the first line of his Pastorals;—with what subdued melancholy should we enter the cave, in which Camöens composed the chief part of his Lusiad!—"The angel grows up in divine knowledge," says Mùlòvi Manovi; "the brute in savage ignorance; and the son of man stands hesitating between the two."

In these associations the mind approximates to the nature of superior spirits: for the soul seems to acquire a quality, beyond its general value, as the imagination lingers on the fragments of Italian temples; the glowing atmosphere of the Greek islands; the serene skies of Gascoiguy and Languedoc; the recesses of Madagascar; the glens of the Andes; the walls of Memphis, and the pyramids of Giza; the caves of Elephanta, and the prostrate columns of Palmyra.

Pompeii becomes more endeared to the memory, when the guide has pointed to the house, still standing, which once belonged to Sallust: and the time will, perhaps, one day come, when the tombs and birth-places of Scott, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Campbell, Montgomery, Bloomfield, and other British poets, will be visited with nearly an equal delight.

When Dupaty was at Frescati, the ancient Tusculum, his guide proposed to conduct him to the villas Pamphili, Ludovisi, and Mondragone.—"No!" said he, "show me the villa of Marcus Tullius Cicero." It was no longer to be seen. And when Cicero himself arrived at Syracuse, he desired to be immediately led to the tomb of Archimedes. No one knew that such a tomb existed. They conducted him, however, to the place of sepulchres; and there, after some search, he discovered a small column, bearing the figures of a sphere and a cylinder, entirely concealed by brambles. The inscrip-

tion was almost defaced.—"Thus," exclaims Tully, in his Tusculan Questions, "one of the noblest and most learned cities of Sicilian Greece, would have known nothing of the monument of its greatest ornament, had it not fortunately been discovered by a native of a small town in Italy!"

Cicero never ceased to remember the pleasure, he derived from his voyage to Greece, after his youthful education had been completed, in which he visited all those persons, remarkable for attainments, and almost every spot, celebrated in Grecian story. Milton and Addison, when in Italy, reflected with awe, delight, and admiration, on the grandeur and majesty of Virgil; on the diversity and comprehension of the elder Pliny; on the copious eloquence, the heart, and the soul, of the father of his country; as well as on the vigorous impregnations of Lucretius. Without these associations, the best landscapes were, comparatively, "sterile promontories." For scenes, unconnected with great personages, or great events, fascinate us only for a time. Hence it arises, that the forests and solitudes of America attract so few travellers to enjoy their beauties. They have no retrospects to other ages. "They stand," says an elegant writer, "vast masses, in the midst of boundless solitudes; unenlivened by industry, and unadorned by genius. But if a Plato, or a Pythagoras, had visited their recesses; if a Homer, or a Virgil, had peopled them with heroes; if a people had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses; then, indeed, they would assume a dignity and importance, and excite interest in the mind of every traveller."

These associations are some of the greatest results of education, and some of the best satisfactions of life. They shed lustre even over Hesperian land; and he, who visits a village, a town, or a city, without them, loses not only the chief, but nearly the whole, of his enjoyment. He has no poetry in his

soul; nor any richness in his sensations. When Silius Italicus stood near the lake of Trasimene, could he forget that fifteen thousand Romans had fallen upon its banks? When Ausonius plucked fragrant roses at Pæstum, could he forget to investigate the obscurity, that hung over the origin and progress of that splendid city? And when Dante beheld the triumphal arch of Trajan, formed of Parian marble, at Beneventum,—almost every part of which is adorned with sculptures, illustrating the achievements of that magnanimous prince,—could he forget the various struggles, its ancestors, under the general name of Samnites, had waged in defence of its liberties, against the aspiring genius of the Roman Republic?—Struggles, which, during the tyranny of Sylla's dictatorship, closed in the almost total annihilation of the Samnite people; the memory of whose virtues still live,—blooming,—in the annals of their inveterate enemies.

You and I, my Lelius, have visited many places, presenting little to attract the eye of the ignorant; and little to command the attention of persons, living in the neighbourhood; but which, to us, afforded infinite satisfaction. When we were at Ipswich, we recognised the fortune of the Suffolk Cardinal. The father was a butcher; yet the son enjoyed preferments, no subject but himself ever enjoyed. Rector of Lymington; Prime Minister to Henry VIII.; Bishop of Lincoln, of Durham, and of Winchester: Archbishop of York; Administrator of Tournay; Bishop of Bath and Wells; Administrator of St. Albans; Lord Chancellor; Cardinal; joint Legate; and lastly, the Pope's Legate for life.—Ruined in a day, with all his preferments! Miserable; yet, with all his vices, not unworthy of our admiration for his abilities; and not unworthy our esteem for many great and splendid qualities.—"Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye."

To the memory of this man Shakspeare has been much more faithful than historians.

With the fate of Wolsey, we associate the rise, elevation,

and fall, of Menzicoff; who, from being the son of a soldier, became the favorite of Czar Peter the First, and the conqueror of Charles the Twelfth, in defeating General Lewenhaupt. Then we behold him created field-marshal, first senator, regent!—and so rich in lands, that he could travel from Riga, in Livonia, to Derbent, on the frontiers of Persia, and sleep every night on an estate, belonging to himself. His vassals consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand families: he became chief minister to Peter the First, to Catherine the Czarina, and to Peter the Second; and so powerful, that kings courted his favour. In this meridian, he was stripped, in one night, of all his authority and influence; divested of all his honours and wealth; and from being the greatest of subjects, sunk into being one of the lowest. Banished to Beresow,—one of his daughters mended his clothes, and washed his linen; while the other,—who had been betrothed to Peter the Second,—undertook the care of his kitchen!

Nor could we pass St. Anne's Hill, without visiting the farm, which affords so remarkable an instance of hereditary possession: it having been occupied by a family of the name of Wapshote, from the time of Alfred the Great. An instance not to be paralleled in Europe; though many occur in India, China, and Japan. There are, also, in the vale of Florence, many farmers, who occupy lands, which were tilled by their ancestors, in the best days of the Florentine republic [a].

At Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was slain; and where the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland was finally quelled:—at Northampton; at Leicester; at Coventry, the walls of which were levelled by order of Charles's commissioners, because their inhabitants had signalised their zeal, in the

[a] The French family of Perci, within three leagues of Montchamp, descendants of the Perci, who came over here with William I., enjoyed their ancient property till the revolution, "undiminished and unaugmented."

cause of the parliament; and in the New Forest we lingered, where the deaths of two sons and one grandson seemed to revenge the cause of the peasant and the yeoman, for the desolation of William the Norman, who dispeopled a circumference of thirty miles to make a forest, for the habitation of those beasts, it was his pleasure to hunt. With much more satisfaction, did we behold the room, in which Edward the Sixth was born; where we reflected with admiration on the singularity of the circumstance, that one of the most ambitious of mankind, one of the most virtuous of heroes and illustrious of patriots, and one of the best of youthful monarchs, were brought into the world by the Cesarean operation [a].

When we were at Southampton, my Lelius, we saw, in imagination, Henry the Fifth embark for France, previous to the battle of Agincourt: we beheld, too, the Danish king, seating himself in a chair on the beach: "Oh Sea! thou art my domain, and the land I sit on is mine; presume not to wet the feet of thy sovereign." From this time Canute never wore his crown; but caused it to be placed upon the head of the crucifix, in the city of Winchester [b].

When at Marlborough, it was impossible not to reflect on the parliament assembled there, in the reign of Henry the Third, which erected that body of statutes, which make so so considerable a figure among the laws of England; by the name of the statutes of Marlbridge. When at Framlingham, we beheld, as it were, Mary "the cruel" first assume the title of queen. When sailing along the Dee, we saw Edgar the peaceable, reclining in his barge rowed by the king of Cumberland, the lord of the Isles, and six Cambrian princes.

At Rising, we read the history of the mother of Edward the Third. For eight and twenty years this queen mourned the

[a] Cæsar; Scipio; Edward VI.

[b] William of Huntingdon: Brompton, and Mathew of Westminster.

loss of *le gentil Mortimer:* who, after a worthless life, being hanged ignominiously at Tyburn, his being condemned *unheard* was the cause of his descendants, by the male line, mounting the throne of England.

At Chelmsford we remembered the noble struggle of Boadicea. In the night, however, we were fated to witness a scene, more horrible, than we had ever yet beheld. A fire broke out in the dead of night, and two young women perished in it. We saw them, and heard their shrieks and cries:—the blood ran cold from the head to our feet; a sublime stillness pervaded the crowd; all seemed petrified; no tongue, no pencil, no pen, can describe the horror and yet silence of the scene.

With what melancholy interest did we survey the walls of Berkeley castle; where the shrieks of Edward the Second echoed through the wood; while his execrable assassins were thrusting a red hot pipe into his body, burning his bowels, and terminating his life.—The contemptible John! At Lynn we beheld his sword; at Kidwelly, in the county of Carmarthen, we entered the castle, in which he sought refuge from his barons: and at Runnymede we almost kissed the field, in which he signed his celebrated charter.

With what pleasure did Burns visit the seites of Scottish battles. We too, my Lelius, have stood upon the theatres of national renown. We have examined the field near Glendowry in the county of Denbigh, which becoming a subject of dispute between the Lord Grey de Ruthin, and Owen Glendower, was the origin of the war between the Welch and English in the reign of Henry the Fourth.—Glendower, after many vicissitudes, retired to a remote spot, where he lived unknown, and died unrecorded.

After beholding the hills, raised by Canute, as monuments of those killed in the battle of Ashdown, in which the flower of the English nobility fell with swords in their hands, inte-sting was it to trace the retreat of Edward Ironside to the

small island of Alney, near Gloucester; now presenting a plain covered with sheep, horses, and oxen. There the two contending monarchs signed a treaty of partition, dividing the realm between them.

On Caer Caradoc, we almost fancied, that we heard Caractacus exhorting his troops to signalize, by a victory, a day and a spot, on which they were to give liberty to themselves and countrymen, or to be led into perpetual slavery. In the Isle of Wight, we meditated on the beautiful Claudia Ruffina, the British lady, so celebrated in the reign of Claudius, born in that island; and in the illustrious circles of Rome acknowledged to have been the most accomplished of women; uniting, in her own person, the honesty and simplicity of her country to the elegance of Rome, and the soul of Greece.

At Bangor, in the county of Flint, we recalled the massacre of the thousand monks by Adelfrid, king of Northumberland. At Conway, we beheld the walls, built by Llewellyn, the last monarch of Wales; and the precarious retreat of Richard the Second, previous to his surrendering himself to the Duke of Lancaster. When Richard arrived at Flint to meet the duke,—afterwards Henry the Fourth,—he said, "Cousin of Lancaster, you are welcome." "My lord, the king," returned the duke, bowing three times to the ground, "I am arrived sooner, than you appointed me; because the common report of your people reached me, that you have, for one and twenty years, governed them rigorously, and with which they are by no means satisfied. It is my desire, if God be willing, to assist you to govern them better for the future." "Fair cousin," returned the wounded monarch, assuming an air of cheerfulness! "Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me also." The king and the duke soon after made their entry into London. Richard resigned his crown; and, as a recompense, was soon after murdered in Pontefract castle.

In the vale of the White Horse we recognised one of the

most beautiful objects of antiquity, that any nation can boast:—Near Barnet we perused the inscription on a pillar, commemorating the victory, which Edward the Fourth obtained over Warwick the king-maker:—on the fields, adjoining, were buried the remains of more than ten thousand men; it being a battle fought with the most determined fury; no quarter having been given on either side. Then we stood upon the field of Tewkesbury, where, eighteen days after the battle of Barnet, Edward obtained another victory over the army of Margaret. She was taken prisoner, with her son, who was murdered the next day. These two battles were the eleventh and twelfth, that had been fought in the quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster.

At Edington, in the county of Somerset, we stood upon the spot where Alfred surprised the Danes, and obtained his memorable victory over them; and where, by a single blow, he entirely ruined his enemies, and sent all those, he had reason to fear, out of the country. With what admiration did Helvidius stand on the very ground, in which this illustrious hero sought refuge in the cottage of his neatherd!—One path only led to the cottage, which was hid in briars and bushes:—there the monarch made bows and arrows, and other warlike instruments. His actions!—more splendid were they, than those, described in the basso relievos of Trajan's column.

This feeling was much encouraged by the military statesmen of ancient Rome: and many instances are recorded of heroes travelling to view the most celebrated scites of battles:—the field of Marathon; the plain of Platæa, and the Glen of Thermopylæ: Pharsalia, and Philippi. What Swiss but delights to behold the heights of Morgarten? who would not wish to pause upon the fields of Cressy, of Agincourt, of Blenheim, and of Waterloo? Nor is there a Frenchman, who would not contemplate, with enthusiasm, Gemappe, Lodi, Hohenlinden, Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena. The imagination loves to

repose among the heroes and patriots of our country; and sighs with regret, that, among a multitude of annalists, we in vain look for a Thucydides, a Livy, or a Tacitus.

At Blenheim we call to mind the fortunes and engagements of the most celebrated of our generals. Sent into Flanders to prepare for the arrival of King William, CHURCHILL was soon after disgraced, turned out of all his posts, and committed to the Tower. Restored to favour, he was constituted general of the forces; sent ambassador extraordinary to Holland; and declared generalissimo of the allied army against France. Then we see him taken prisoner by a party of French; but, being unknown, he escapes; is raised to a dukedom; and, after many engagements, wins the battle of Blenheim. He is then presented with the manor of Woodstock, and a palace, built by Vanburgh; and, resuming the command, gains the battle of Ramillies. Then the battles, treaties, and honours that followed, melt, as it were, before a charge of corruption exhibited against him: he is dismissed from all employments: while libels and a prosecution harass him on every side! He is acquitted. Then ensues his challenge to the Earl of Paulet; setting the first example of party duels. Then we see him quitting his country in disgust, on the death of Lord Godolphin; and, returning to it again at the invitation of Lord Bolingbroke, he enters London at the time, in which Queen Anne lies dead. He is received with favour by George the First; and made captain-general of the forces. Then we behold him seized with an apoplectic fit at Blenheim, in 1716: from which he never entirely recovered, though he lived six years afterwards. Dying June 16, 1722, he deserved the glory of having broken the power of France;—of having raised his native empire from a state of depression to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune;—and of having confirmed the liberties of Europe.

At Eton, the college of which being founded by Henry the Sixth, we are presented with the picture of a king, whose

meekness of character deluged, for many years, the whole country with blood. After a life of incessant vexation, and a reign of many tragedies, he was murdered in his prison by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. His body was then carried through the streets to St. Paul's; there exposed to public view; and on the next day it was buried ignominiously at Chertsey, "without priest or clerk;" says Stowe, "torch or taper; singing or saying."

From Eton we walked to Windsor, and having once again taken a view of the castle, rambled into the Park.

"You knew Sir William Herschell, I think," said I to our learned and excellent friend, Pomponius. "As he died so near these scenes, I suppose he often rode and walked in them." "I believe he did." "Then, I shall pass through them with tenfold satisfaction. Scenes of beauty,—let them be ever so beautiful,—are beheld with redoubled interest, when we know them to be spots, in which the great and good have meditated. We become conscious of higher perfection; and our ideas of pictorial beauty heighten those of moral dignity and power."

"You are correct, in so thinking. Scenes, so sanctified, are to be preferred not only to paintings and sculptures; but even to the appendages of royalty itself."

"That remark is particularly applicable to spots like the present, sanctified as they are by the meditation of such a man as Herschell. We were, if you remember, greatly delighted, some time since, with a copy of Guido's Aurora, (on a ceiling in the Palazzo Rospigliosi at Rome); where Apollo is delineated as seated in a car, drawn by four horses; over which Cupid, with expanded wings, is flying, with a flambeau. The Hours surround the wheels of the chariot; and Aurora is gliding on a cloud before, strewing flowers; while the scene below is occupied by a castle, the sea, and mountains; all which seem gradually to awaken, as it were, from the duskiness of the twilight. This scene we regarded,—and

who would not?—as beautiful in the highest degree; but I question whether it excited a hundredth part of the delight in our minds, that the discovery of the Nebulæ, and a variety of double stars,—rolling round their respective centres of gravity, —did in the exalted mind of Herschell; who, through glasses of his own forming, saw more new stars, than human eye had ever seen before. If we could envy any one, who more worthy of envy?

"You enquired, some time since, why I thought the planet Uranus ought not to be styled the Herschell. This is my reason. Its discovery,—as well as that of the planets,—was anticipated by Galileo. "Who will venture to say," said he, "that the space, which we call too vast and useless, between Saturn and the fixed stars, is void of other bodies, belonging to the Universe? Must it be so, because we do not see them?" La Lande, also, calculated upon the existence of another planet; and Clairaut conjectured, that the Halley comet might be retarded by the action of some planet, more distant from the sun than Saturn. Flamstead saw, noted, and registered this very body as a star. Herschell perceived that it moved; and, taking it for a comet, handed it over to Dr. Maskelyne, who immediately ranked it with the planets. To Maskelyne, therefore, the chief honour seems to be due. Herschell is the

FATHER OF SIDEREAL ASTRONOMY;

and therefore far superior to the circumstance of being chiefly known as the mere notator of a movement, to which he gave a hasty and erroneous interpretation. His name is associated with the entire Sidereal Firmament. That is his claim; and that will be, in all ages, his '*exceeding great reward.*' For he has unfolded to our eyes myriads of stars; system beyond system; Nebula beyond Nebula; and opened to our imagination, at every step into the sublime regions of space, not only new forms of life; but the probability of new orders of intelli-

gence. Let his fame, therefore, rest upon the base, progression, and summit of this pyramid."

At Feversham we reflect on the fate, that attended the ashes of Stephen, king of England: a valiant, clement, generous, and magnanimous prince: who never, even when barbarism was almost characteristic of the times, executed an enemy: and who, if he had been permitted to enjoy the throne in peace, had proved a blessing to the whole kingdom. To him are we indebted for the revival of the best portion of the Saxon laws. He died at Canterbury, and was buried at Feversham abbey. When monasteries and abbeys were dissolved, his bones were taken out of the leaden coffin, in which they were deposited, for the sake of the lead; which being sold to a plumber, his bones were thrown into the neighbouring river!

What Scotsman roves among the Grampian mountains, without remembering the battle between Agricola and the Caledonians, fought at their feet? And who treads the field of Flodden, that does not bewail the loss of the king, James IV. slain in the battle? On the banks of Bannockburn he rejoices in the stratagem of his ancestors, by which the English suffered a loss, greater than they had sustained since the memorable battle of Hastings. At Dunfermline, he pauses with melancholy interest over the remains of Robert Bruce; the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, and one of the most illustrious of its kings;—while on the fields of Falkirk he pursues the history of Wallace to the period, in which he was betrayed, by Sir John Menteith, into the hands of Edward the First; who caused him to be dragged to pieces by four horses; his quarters to be sent to four of the principal Scottish towns; and his head to be placed upon the Tower of London!

What traveller visits Fingal's Cave, without a transport of admiration? The calm twilight, that reposes there, even in the brightest days; the liquid mirror that reflects the forms and tints of the basaltic and stalactitic vault above; the sound of the water, clear yet green, as it rises and falls, and undu-

lates along the columns, and echoes from the roof and walls—all these are seen and heard with a degree of transport, which only a poetical mind can imagine, and a feeling heart entirely understand. The music appears to be the music of Paradise.

At Inverness we behold Lady Macbeth, reading the letter, in one of the rooms of its castle, that first imparts to her the hope of future greatness. We witness the excitement of her husband, and the bending up of "each corporeal agent" to effect the murder. Then we listen to Macbeth's soliloquy, when he fancies that he sees a dagger in the air. Then follows the murder of the good old king; and the horror of the assassin, when he relates to his wife the issue of his horrific purpose. We hear the knocking at the castle gate; see Macduff and Lennox; and mark the horror of the former at the discovery of the king's murder. Then we transport ourselves to the palace of Forres; become a guest at the banquet; and afterwards follow Macbeth to the heath, to consult the wisdom of the weird sisters. We listen to their dubious prophecies, and mark the usurper's interpretation of them in his own favour. Then we thrill at the agony of Macduff, on learning that Macbeth had surprised his castle, murdered his wife, and all his children! Towards the conclusion of this sublime tragedy, we enter the castle of Dunsinane; where, Lady Macbeth, walking in her sleep, exhibits herself a martyr to all the horrors of conscious guilt. We then behold Macbeth and Macduff's encounter in the field; and the fulfilment of those prophecies, "kept to the ear, but broken to the hope," which, filling the soul of Macbeth with despair, enervates his arm, and causes him to fall before the sword of his adversary.

### ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH FRANCE AND ITALY.

When we visit the tomb of Fontenelle, what is the circumstance, with which he is connected, on which we pause with the greatest pleasure? It is this:—"I am now eighty years old," said he to one of his friends, "and I am a Frenchman; but never have I once treated the smallest virtue with the smallest ridicule." In the village of Domremi, in the province of Lorrain, we revert to the catastrophe, that closed the fortunes of Joan of Arc. On the plain of Poictiers we behold the Black Prince, riding through London in triumph, on a small mean-looking horse, and in the plainest attire; while his captive,—the king of France,—clad in royal apparel, was mounted on a milk white steed, remarkable for its symmetry and beauty. And is it possible, my friend, to stand upon the cliffs, near Cherburg, without remembering the fate of the unfortunate Arthur, who fell a martyr to the ambition of his uncle John?—Who, failing in the instrument he had engaged to put out his eyes, brought him from Rouen to Cherbourg. Then the scene between the young prince and Hubert, so transcendantly painted by Shakspeare, passes before our eyes: —a scene, unequalled for the exquisite pathos and simplicity of the pleading. We then listen to the heart-rending grief of the Lady Constance:—

> O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
> My life, my joy, my food, my all the world;
> My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's care!

Then we revert to Cherbourg. When John arrived in that place he mounted his horse, and desired Arthur to ride before him. After riding some little way, John distanced his attendants, and advanced to a high cliff impending over the sea. He then rode furiously up to Arthur's horse; ran the unfortunate youth through the body; pulled him from his horse;

and, dragging him on the ground, threw him over the precipice[a]!

There is a small town in France, too, which no one can enter without interest from the consideration, that Demetrius Comnene once lived there: a man boasting a pedigree that traced him from the line of Trajan[b]. His pedigree was the noblest of any man then living, or that since has lived. For he had twenty-six kings for his ancestors; and eighteen emperors. Of these, six were emperors of Constantinople; ten of Trebisond; and two of Heracleus Pontus: eighteen kings of Colchis, and eight of Lazi[c].

When our friend, Helvidius, was in Poland, with what enthusiasm did he visit the birth places of Casimir the Third, and of Piastus king of that country. To CASIMIR is Poland indebted for its principal towns, churches, and fortresses. He was the Alfred of Poland; and so equal was he in the administration of justice, that the nobles, in derision, called him "king of the peasants." PIASTUS was actually a peasant; but proved one of the best kings, that Poland has ever known. On such a spot how natural was it to revert to the instances of celebrated men, who have risen to sovereignty from a low estate. JUSTIN, the fifty-fifth emperor of Rome, was originally a herdsman's boy in Thrace, that could neither write nor read: yet he was afterwards elected emperor; and became more distinguished by his courage, wise laws, and the due administration of them, than most monarchs, born and educated expressly for the exercise of sovereignty. Pertinax was an artificer; Diocletian was the son of a scrivener; Valentinian of a ropemaker; Probus of a gardener; and Maximin of a wheelwright.

[a] D'Argentre, Hist. de Bretagne, cap. lxxxiii.

[b] Mignot's Hist. Turks, vol. i. p. 158, in notis.

[c] He died aged 64, and was buried in the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Paris, Sept. 1821. He left a brother, Count George, a niece, and a nephew. His armorial bearings consisted of the imperial eagle, surmounted by the imperial crown, under which was the motto:—

"FAMA MANET.—FORTUNA PERIT."

The celebrated Eumenes was no higher than the son of a charioteer; Arsaces, the founder of the Parthian dynasty, was the son of a herdsman; Agathocles of a potter; and Iphicrates of a cobbler. Tarquinius Priscus was the son of a foreign merchant; Servius Tullus of a female slave; and the mighty Tamerlane of a herdsman. Prismislaus, King of Bohemia, was the son of a peasant; the ancestor of the dukes of Milan was a poor labouring man; Pope Nicholas was the son of a poulterer; and Pope Sixtus the Fourth of a mariner: while the most celebrated of all the kings in the universe, (David), kept the flocks of his father.

On the three mountains, overlooking Goodesburg, a beautiful village near Bonn, a city on the west side of the Rhine, are the remains of three castles, once belonging to three brothers. These brothers, like most of the ancient German nobility, having established themselves in those castles, sallied out upon travellers; and, robbing their more industrious neighbours of what they wanted, either for immediate consumption or for future support, became the founders of three distinguished families.—They had one sister,—Adelaide; who was one of the most beautiful women in all Germany. But having had the misfortune to lose her parents, the care of her devolved upon her brothers. A young knight, whose name was Roland, and who lived in a castle on the eastern shore of the river, having occasionally seen her, at her brothers' revels, became enamoured of her; woo'd her; and won her affections. An ancient feud had unfortunately formerly subisted between the families: and though this enmity had, for many years, subsided, the remembrance of it still remained sufficiently powerful to induce the three brothers to obstruct the union. Not choosing, however, to rekindle the feud, they stipulated with the lover, that he should proceed to Palestine; join the crusading army; and, after a certain number of years' service, if he returned with honour, he might renew his suit, and become a member of their family.

The lovers took an affectionate and reluctant farewell of each other. Roland pursued his destination; and Adelaide remained at the fortress of Drachenfels, situated on one of the three mountains; and rendered still more inaccessible by towers and bastions. After a certain period had elapsed, a pilgrim arrived at the outer gate of the castle, and requested to be admitted. Being ushered into the great hall, he, with many tears, related that he had, after escaping many dangers, arrived from the Holy Land with a message and token of love from Roland, who had fallen in a battle against the Saracens. Adelaide, believing the tale, devoted herself from that hour to the memory of her deceased lover: and rejecting several suitors, introduced by her brothers, founded a convent in a small island of the Rhine; from the casements of which she could see the three castles of her brothers, on the one side, and that of Roland on the other. In this retirement, after passing several years in religious duties, she was surprised by the unexpected return of her lover! It was then, for the first time, she discovered the cruelty of her brothers' device: but the discovery came too late; her health had gradually been undermined by affliction; she lived in her convent, therefore, but a short time after her lover's return; and then died, to the great grief of all the neighbourhood. Roland, overcome with sorrow at her loss, built a small castle on an abrupt rock, that overlooked the convent; and there, absorbed in silent sorrow, died a martyr to disappointment. To these unfortunate circumstances, we are chiefly indebted, for Ariosto's poem of Orlando Furioso.

Places, too, in which remarkable customs prevail, are highly agreeable to the imagination; if those customs are illustrative of moral feelings. Thus when our friend, Captain Southcote, was in Persia, he was charmed with a festival, held every year, at Demawend, to celebrate the death of the tyrant Zôhak. The people of the town and villages meet together in the fields, some on mules, and others on horses, and white asses; when

they ride about with great shouts, and in the evening illuminate their houses. In Montpellier the magistrates caused every quack, who entered their town, to be placed upon the poorest ass, they could find; with his head towards the ass's tail. They then caused the unfortunate mountebank to be led through the streets; attended by the vilest of the populace; who loaded him with shouts and upbraidings; beat him; and pelted him with all manner of filth. In Marseilles, too, on a particular day of the year, the inhabitants were once accustomed to take the vilest of their prisoners out of their gaol; clothe him with rich garments; feast him with rich meats and wines; and, having done so, charge him with all the sins of the inhabitants; lead him to the gates; and then hiss and hoot him out of their city. By the former of these instances the physicians pretended to purge their town of ignorant practitioners; by the latter, the inhabitants imagined, that they washed the sins of the whole city away[a].

Other places excite other reflections. Among the woods and pastures of La Vendée we contemplate an opposite picture. The account, given of the natives of this province by La Marquise de Larochejaquelin is exceedingly picturesque and agreeable. The country, which is chiefly of pasturage, is a very sequestered region. It rises in small hills; is well wooded; has numerous rivulets; and a multitude of small enclosures, containing a labyrinth of paths. The chateaus, which are of considerable antiquity, stand in the neighbourhood of farms and cottages. Fashionable life is entirely unknown in them; there is no ostentation; nothing is too great; and the gentry, farmers, and peasants are so cordial with each other, that the higher orders generally go to the weddings, and christenings of the lower. The peasantry are

[a] "The Biajas of the East," says Dr. Leyden, in his remarks on the Indo-Chinese nations, "load a boat with the sins and misfortunes of the nation; send it out to sea; and the crew, which first meets with it, are supposed to bear the burthen of both."

plain, simple, honest and unsophisticated; and hunting is an amusement, partaken of by all ranks. Religion, it is true, is not a little tinctured with superstition; but the Clergy are exceedingly beloved; and cheerfulness is diffused in almost every cottage and on almost every face. Vices are seldom indulged; and crimes and lawsuits are almost entirely unknown. When the traveller is in this part of France, he dwells, with melancholy admiration, on the memory of those struggles, which the humble inhabitants long made against the spoilers and usurpers of their country.

Who can visit Venice, without reverting to the many illustrious citizens by whom it has been distinguished? Can we visit Arezzo without remembering, that it was the birth-place of Mecenas, Petrarch, Guido, and Aretino? The very walls are eloquent. In Italy—

> The very weeds are beautiful; her waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility:
> Her wreck a glory; and her ruin grac'd
> With an immaculate name, that cannot be defaced[b].

There is one circumstance, connected with Italy, exceedingly remarkable. With a celebrated German writer, we may associate the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus with the groups of Niobe and Laocoon: but at the tomb of Alfieri, we meditate without fathoming wherefore, in every age but that which gave birth to him, dramatic genius should have been denied to a country, so eminently productive in every other species of genius[b].

Few natives of Sienna visit the once pestilential district of the Maremma without remembering the melancholy fortune

[a] Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 26.

[b] I have always been animated with the mania, as it were, of seeing remarkable men. I have travelled many miles merely for a chance of catching a glimpse at one. I have, therefore, seen most of the celebrated characters of my own country and time, and some few foreign ones: amongst the rest, Alfieri. The last time he was in England chance befriended me, and I caught a sight of him;—a three-minutes' view, as he was riding on a jet-black horse with a long tail and white bridle into Hyde Park, through Grosvenor gate. To see him

of Madonna Pia. This beautiful creature was married to Nello Della Pietra, in the town of Sienna. Soon after the marriage, the husband, hearing the beauty of his wife celebrated through all Italy, became diffident of his own accomplishments, and jealous of her. This jealousy became at length so insupportable, that he resolved to destroy her. With this view he took her to the Maremma, a country at that time entirely destructive to delicate habits. Here they lived, for some time; with unavailing wonder and repinings on her

was to remember him as long as one lives: he having had one of the most remarkable countenances ever man beheld.

"Or stimandomi Achille, ed or Tersite."

Such is the character he gave of himself; yet his Tirannide and Anti-Gallican attest, that he hated both the highest and the lowest. Experience, at last, led him to acknowledge, that, though he was acquainted with the vices and follies of the high, he was ignorant of those that debased the low *.

Alfieri was continually panting for superior things and superior persons: but he does not appear to have regulated his own passions or conduct in harmony with the ideas, he had formed in respect to other persons and things. Hence, like Machiavel, he attended, in his treatise on the Prince, less to the morality of measures, than to the policy of them, their utility and expediency.

In his tragedies, he admits but one subject, and strikes but one chord. Hence his characters are so nearly assimilating, that we may exclaim, "*Ex duobus disce omnes.*" These dramas are remarkable for their shortness, precision, paucity of character, laboured conciseness, unity, and simplicity of action. They are distinguished, also, by their absence of ornament; their eloquence of thought and sentiment; their elevation of style, and intensity of feeling. In all this he was opposed, in some instances more and in others less, to his own natural character; which is said to have been loose and impatient; generous yet mean; placable and implacable; irregular, sudden, passionate and presumptuous:—a pleasurist, a politician, a philosopher, and a maniac. Now rising to sublimity, and now sounding the lowest depths of bombast. To be unlike Metastasio was, at one time, the height and width of his ambition. With a contempt, bordering on extravagance, he paid the enemy of true dramatic writing,—as he erroneously thought that writer,—the compliment of permitting him to be for ever in his thoughts. To be unlike Metastasio was, with him, the criterion of a great poet; and he succeeded beyond what might have been expected. In truth, he created tragedy in a country, which, though fertile in every other species of genius, had, from the earliest ages, been destitute of tragic writers. He deserved a monument, therefore, from the chisel of Canova, and received one.

* "*Conoscevo i grandi,*" said he, "*ma non conoscevo i piccoli.*"

part; in silent and cold brutality on his. He would neither answer her questions, nor listen to her remonstrances: he preserved a ferocious and disdainful silence. They lived alone: —she saw no friends, and he no acquaintances. Death was preferable to a life like this: and Donna Pia saw it approach with melancholy satisfaction. When her last struggles were over, Pietra continued to live; but, corroded with anguish, he doomed himself to perpetual silence[a].

ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

In Portugal, we visit with enthusiasm the grave of Camöens, and the tomb of Emanuel. The former, the most illustrious of its poets: the latter the most illustrious of its kings. In Spain, Saguntum is not less visited than Italica, the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, Theodosius, and Silius Italicus: or than Seville, the city in which were born Isidore, Geher the astronomer, Herrera, Murillo, and the three celebrated poetesses, Safia, Maria Alphaisali, and Feliciana de Guzman. Malaga was the birth-place of the Moorish botanist, El Beithar. Cordova is celebrated for having produced the two Senecas and Lucan, Aben-zover, the physician, Averrhoez, the philosopher and statesman, Paul Cespedes, the painter, and Admiral Gonzales Fernandez. The ruins of Saguntum suggest the successive authorities of the Carthaginians, Romans, Moors; the Austrian dynasty, and the Bourbon family. Thence the imagination pursues the history of the Spanish nobility, divided into blue blood, red blood, and yellow blood. Nobility of blood!—As if we were not all of one

[a] To this history Dante alludes, in a passage justly admired for its pathetic beauty:—

——— Recorditi di me; che son la Pia;
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma.
Salsi colui che inannellata pria
Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma.
*Purgator*. c. v.

and the same original family. The best nobility is that of the soul; and the best preservative of that high eminence is honest industry. Whereas in Spain,—at least so Laborde assures us,—the inhabitants have always fortitude enough to endure privations; but never courage enough to encounter work: and still less the power of surmounting the shame, they think attached to it. But the mountains of Asturias boast a soil productive in heroes and brave men. Men, who were subjects neither to the Carthaginians, the Romans, nor the Moors.

If we stand upon the birth-spot of the Emperor Theodosius, we overlook the many wars, in which he was engaged, to dwell upon his ejaculation, when he once set several prisoners at liberty:—"I would to Heaven, that I could also open the graves, and give life to the dead."

Are we at Grenada?—we behold the luxury and magnificence of the Moorish dynasty, in one of the finest prospects in all Spain. At Merida? It is a spot, where the Romans were ambitious of concentrating all their monuments. It is now full of ruins and fragments, vases, statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, vestiges of a circus, a theatre, a naumachia, aqueducts, and triumphal arches. When Musa, the Moorish chief, first entered this city, after conquering the Goths, he is said to have been absolutely terrified at its grandeur!

Are we at Cordova? The whole reign of the Ommiade Caliphs pass, in mental review, before us. Once the seat of Arabian art, gallantry, and magnificence, the southern kingdom of Spain was rich and flourishing. Agriculture was respected; the fine arts cultivated; gardens were formed; roads executed; palaces erected; and physics, geometry, and astronomy advanced. The inhabitants were active and industrious; accomplishments were held in esteem; and the whole state of society formed a striking contrast to that of every other in Europe. Every thing, indeed, seems to have

worn an air of enchantment. But these pictures wasted into air during the weak reign of a subsequent prince of the same dynasty.

### ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH HOLLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

Is the elegant traveller at Leyden, in the dull states of Holland? The first and the last impression is associated with the magnanimous Adrian de Verf. During a period of famine, the inhabitants insisted on surrendering their town to the Spaniards. "Friends!" exclaimed he, "here is my body. If you are hungry, divide it among yourselves, and satisfy your appetites; but never think, for one moment, of surrendering yourselves to the Spaniards." They took his advice; and the town was saved. With this famine is connected one of the most beautiful passages in Darwin's *Economy of Vegetation*. The plague being at its height, a young man was seized with it, and retired into a garden to die, or to recover alone. Thither he was followed by a young lady, to whom he was betrothed.

With weak unsteady step, the fainting maid
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade;
Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
On wings of love her plighted swain pursues;
Shades her from winds; and shelters her from dews;
Breathes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms;
And clasps the bright perfection in his arms.
With pale and languid smiles, the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues and rewards his care.
Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquer'd DEATH.

Switzerland is a country, so interesting for the variety and beauty of its lakes, valleys, and mountains; for the number of its illustrious writers; and for its arduous struggles for the best of all national properties, that we naturally associate it with Greece, with early Rome, and modern Britain. Who,

therefore, breathes not with renovated satisfaction, when he stands on the fields, which are immortalised by those heroic actions, which confirmed to the Swiss the liberties they enjoy? And when do we feel the full value of the human character more, than when we stand upon the heights of Morgarten, where Leopold, Duke of Austria, with an army of twenty thousand men, was totally defeated by one thousand three hundred Swiss[a], advantageously posted on the rocks and mountains? At Sempach, in the canton of Lucerne, another Austrian Duke was slain; and the liberties of the Swiss established[b]. At Nœfels, in the canton of Glarus, three hundred and fifty Glarians, and fifty Switzers, routed a large Austrian army[c]; and on the burial-ground near Basle, a battle was fought between the Swiss and the Dauphin of France, equal, in almost every respect, to that of Thermopylæ. The spot is planted with vineyards; and the natives of Basle resort every year to an inn, in its neighbourhood, to celebrate the event; and the wine of the vineyards is called the blood of the Swiss.

But the charm of this country arises, principally, out of the beauty and magnificence of its scenery. There almost every object constitutes a picture. The negligent graces of Nature are but little embellished with the nice discretion of art. But the maiden turf of the hills gently undulating; sylvan sides and slopes; cottages and spires in diminished perspective; all—exhibited among snows, without feeling the presence of winter,—present a region of enchantment, worthy of being styled the paradise of the elegant in the golden days of poetry. The vales of Usk, of Glamorgan, of the Towy, of Llangollen, Llandisilio, and Ffestiniog, are remembered with delight; because they belong to the land of our forefathers: but they yield to a country,

> Where rocks and forests, lakes and mountains grand,
> Mark the true majesty of Nature's hand.

[a] A. D. 1315. [b] A. D. 1386. [c] A. D. 1388.

Ridge, rising behind ridge, succeed on the vision. These adamantine masses inspire terrific ideas, and awaken terrific sensations. All is wild, capricious, and sometimes even grotesque. Nature clothes herself in her rudest form, and in some instances the mind is even repelled by scenes of hopeless sterility:—scenes,

> Stiff with eternal ice; and hid in snow,
> That fell a thousand centuries ago.

Deep caverns, contracted lakes, fragments of ice, projecting crags, and impending avalanches; and summits of distant mountains, rising in rude majesty till they are lost in mists and clouds, rolling over their summits like the waves of the ocean, realise scenes so transcendant, that the traveller seems passing, as it were, from one world into another;—and a magnificence is imparted to his imagination, beyond the descriptive genius even of Arabian poets. Every object seems to have existed in their present form and station from the first construction of the globe; and furnish presumptive evidence, that they will exist, if not to eternity, at least to its dissolution. The solitude is holy; every feature is, as it were, sacred; every thought arising out of their contemplation a hymn; and a sublime melancholy impresses itself upon the soul.

It is impossible to describe these scenes: and neither the pencils of Claude, of Salvator Rosa, nor of Titian himself, could give an adequate sketch of them. All their efforts could only produce an outline: but as to the variety, structure, and colouring, Nature alone can do justice to her own works. They are beheld in silent transport, and in silent adoration:—the only species of homage worthy an Omnipotent and Eternal Power. They acquire, too, additional value from the certainty, that they will be remembered to the last moment of life;—that they will constitute some of our most beautiful remembrances; and that they will rise to

our imagination, in all their grandeur and majesty, to soothe and to enchant the soul, when it would otherwise be riveted by the afflictions of life: and awakening a mild yet awful gratitude for the wealth of mental acquirements, they teach us to acknowledge, that positive wealth exists only in a pure conscience and a cultivated mind.

### ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH ASIA.

SIMPLE occurrences and fine sentiments frequently survive the memory of great battles. Vellore has been a theatre for every species of military outrage; yet the following instance of manly fortitude in a boy will be remembered, when all those outrages are entirely forgotten. The son of Colonel Lang, governor of Vellore, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, he was ordered into the presence of the despot; who desired him to sit down and write a letter to his father: offering him a splendid establishment, if he would surrender the city, of which he was governor; but, in case he refused, the son should be sacrificed. The boy coolly rejected the service; and upon Hyder's pressing him with many threats, he burst into tears, and exclaimed; "If you consider me base enough to write such a letter, on what ground can you think so meanly of my father? You may cut me to a thousand pieces; but you cannot make him a traitor [a]."

To visit towns, castles, abbeys, and fragments of antiquity, without connecting with them their history, is, as we have so often observed, not only to lose a part, but the best part, of the pleasure, that may be derived from visiting them.

When Da Rosa journeyed into Asia, he derived much enjoyment from analogous associations: not only at Jerusalem, but at Antioch. This city perished under the vengeance of Chosroes, king of Persia, in the reign of Justinian. Of all the cities of Western Asia, this, with the exception of Con-

[a] Wild's Sketches of South India, ii. 280.

stantinople, was the most rich, populous, and beautiful. The conqueror, however, spared neither sex nor age:—all were either murdered, or converted into slaves. He set fire to the city, and totally destroyed it; and it has also been twice destroyed by earthquakes.

At Hameden, the ancient Ecbatana, he reflected on the policy of Dejoces, king of the Medes. There, too, he sighed at the fate of Parmenio, that friend of a king; and that general, of whom it was said, that Parmenio had gained many victories without Alexander; but that Alexander had never gained one without Parmenio. From the fate of Parmenio he reverted to the death of Hephæstion, whose body was bathed with the tears of Alexander.

Is the accomplished traveller standing among the pillars of Palmyra? He beholds Zenobia, flying on a dromedary, and leaving her city and her counsellor, Longinus, to the mercy of the enemy. Then he beholds her adding to the glory of Aurelian; who, drawn by four stags, yoked in a car, once belonging to the king of the Goths, and followed by his victorious legions, bearing palms and laurel branches, entered the city of Rome in triumph: while Zenobia, clad in rich garments, decked with jewels, and bound with chains of gold, inspired with awe the hearts of all beholders. Beautiful in her countenance, and majestic in her deportment, she commanded an universal admiration; not only as a woman and a queen, but as a queen, only to be conquered by the first general of the age in which she lived.

At Samarcand, in Usbec Tartary, he remembered that, in the time of Jenghiz Khan, thirty thousand men, women, and children, were made captives; and thirty thousand put to the sword! While at Delhi even the massacres at Prague and Ismael shrink into comparative insignificance, in the remembrance, that, on the conquest of that city by Tamerlane, he ordered a general massacre of the Hindoostanees; and that in consequence one hundred thousand men, women, and

children, were murdered by the sword, in the short space of one hour!

At Bergamo he remembered, that, to gain possession of it, Aquilius was obliged to poison its fountains:—that a library, consisting of 200,000 volumes, once existed there; that parchment was there first invented; while in those walls were born Apollodorus, the preceptor of Augustus; and Galen, the friend of Marcus Aurelius;—next to Hippocrates, the greatest physician, that ever adorned the annals of medical science.

### ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH GREECE.

Are we standing on one of the points, commanding the Dardanelles? With the poem of Musæus full in our recollection—we see the light on the opposite shore; we behold Leander struggling ineffectually with the waves; and we see Hero descending from the height, and throwing herself into the sea.

Nor can we stand upon the point at Constantinople, commanding the Euxine on one side, and the Marmora on the other, standing on Europe, and yet beholding the vast continent of Asia, without a mental review of the reigns from Constantine to the time, when Mahomet conveyed eighty galleys over land,—a space of eight miles,—by means of mechanical engines; and thence to the final assault of that imperial city. The attack commenced at three in the morning of the 29th of May (A.D. 1453); and, after a dreadful struggle on both sides, terminated in the Turks making themselves masters of the city. The Emperor was slain, towards the close of the assault; and the ferocious conqueror giving the city to plunder, the whole became an arena, washed with the blood of its inhabitants. Three days this almost unexampled scene continued! On the fourth, Mahomet commanded it to cease; and on the fifth made his triumphal entrance into a

city of profaned churches and empty houses; and established, upon the ruins of the eastern part of the Roman empire, the dynasty of the Turks: one thousand one hundred and twenty-three years after its establishment by Constantine, and two thousand two hundred and six from the foundation of Rome.

Does the moralist touch at the small island of Scio? He recollects the assertion of Strabo, that the crime of adultery was unknown in that island for seven hundred years. Stands he on the Isthmus of Corito, parting two of the most beautiful seas in the universe? He sees the remains of a city (Corinth), next to Athens and Lacedæmon, once the most powerful in Greece. Choosing to overlook its luxury, he pauses on the sentiments of its better days, when the inhabitants were accustomed to say,—"Our fathers have ascended to fame, through rugged, steep, and untrodden paths: let their example be ever present to us; and let us not lose by wealth and indolence, what labour and poverty, with so much difficulty, attained." Then, perhaps, he turns his eye towards Sparta; and, reverting to the western islands of Greece, beholds Ulysses and Penelope. The father of Penelope loved her with such affection, that he importuned Ulysses, on the day of his marriage with her, to remain in Lacedæmon so urgently, that Ulysses told Penelope she might do as she pleased; embark for Ithaca with him, or remain in Lacedæmon with her father.—How did the emblem of modesty signify her wish? She gave her hand to Ulysses; blushed in silence; and covered her face with her veil. At Sparta, too, he meditates on the constitution, established by Lycurgus; in which the three branches were first established for the purpose of preserving the balance of power: which, forming so great an analogy with the great political institution of our own country, present the first rudiments of the British Constitution.

Are we leaning under an olive tree, growing on the plains

of Pharsalos? We behold Pompey, retiring from the battle, arrive at the camp, enter his tent, and seat himself in all the agony of silent despair. He is told, that Cæsar is about to attack his camp. "What!—my camp too?" He lays aside his emblems of dignity; steals out of the Decuman gate; flies through the valley of Tempe, where he stoops to drink out of the Peneus; and takes the road to Larissa. In the meantime, Cæsar enters his camp, beholds it adorned with rich carpets and hangings; tables spread as for a feast; sideboards covered with gold and silver vessels; and flowers scattered on the couches: all which the army of Pompey had prepared, to do honour to the victory, they thought themselves sure to obtain. Fortune, however, directed a melancholy reverse: and Rome was destined to lose her liberties, with the loss of twenty-five thousand men, twenty-four thousand prisoners, and one hundred and eighty ensigns;—while that of the conqueror sustained a loss of only two hundred men and thirty centurions.

Do we stand at the foot of Mount Pindus[a], or among the groves and rocks of Helicon?—They seem almost worthy to be residences for the divine spirit of wisdom.

——— Sapientia diu
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, novo guadia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.

*Gray: de Principiis Cogitandi.*

[a] In my life, I was never so enchanted, as by the vast extent of prospect, that I enjoyed from this justly celebrated mountain. The sublimity of the tremendous mountains around, and the softer beauties of the valleys, formed a striking contrast. The boundless extent of the view, till the eye was lost in rocks, whose shrubs were confused in the distance; the path winding in every direction, on which was occasionally seen a passing villager, or a flock of frolicsome goats, formed a magnificent whole that none can conceive, who have not seen. Before us, at the extreme distance, lay Olympus; beneath it, was Thermopylæ; and to the right Parnassus. On the plain before me winded the Achelous, and the Peneus. I dare not enter on the feelings, with which I was inspired by these famous spots. I was gazing on a mountain, to which many an ancient Greek had turned an eye of devotion; on the scene of one of the most splendid actions of human valour; and on the hill, that had been so often invoked by the poets of antiquity.—*Turner, Levant, vol. i. p.* 150.

Nor is it possible to behold Mount Oeta without reflecting on the conduct of Dejanira, as described by Sophocles, in his tragedy of the Trachinian Virgins. Learning the death of Hercules;

———— She conceal'd herself
Where none might see her. Then she wail'd aloud,
Prostrate before the altar, that her state
Was become desolate. And if she touch'd
Aught which before her hands had us'd, she wept.

Then she visited her nuptial bed; and beholding the coverings, once pressed by Hercules, she seated herself upon the bed, and pathetically addressed it.

——— Then with dispatchful hand unloos'd
The golden clasp, which o'er her swelling breasts
Confin'd her robe.—Thus was her side laid bare,
And her left shoulder.—
———————— When the attendants came,
They saw her side deep wounded;—to her heart
The sword had pierc'd!—At that sad sight her son
Groan'd in the anguish of his soul.

Do we stand upon the spot, once dignified by the presence of the Pythian oracles? Instantly we recur to a passage in one of our sublimest poets, in which he traces the march of Poesy to the shores of our own delightful, energetic, land!

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilyssus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep;
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next—thy sea-encircled coast!—*Gray.*

It is impossible for any one, that has contemplated the ignorance of savage, or the vanity of half-civilised nations, to contemplate the map of Greece without the liveliest emotion. There is an eloquence, residing in the very lines and letters of its various parts. Contemplated, as a whole, what a magnificent mental panorama is presented to the imagination! The very thought of this country refreshes the soul;—particularly in an age, when wealth is the great god of almost every man's idolatry; from the beggar, who wants every-thing, to those, who want nothing essential to the purposes of life, but the mind to estimate the grace, and the heart to enjoy the bounty, of their fortune.

If, in the map of the world, from the peninsulas, promontories, islands, and coasts of Greece, we turn to the north-west coast of Africa, all our associations, except those attached to Carthage and the temple of Jupiter Ammon, present images of ferocious rapacity. Scythia, to the north, awakens some recollections of a people hardy, but rude and uncivilised. Asia presents pictures of despotism; and America detached groups of savages, in comparison with whom the Goths, the Huns, and the Vandals, were Greeks and Romans. Greece, then, monopolises most of our ideas of taste, elegance, patriotism, the elegant arts, and the domestic virtues. As to the Archipelago,—there is not such a cluster of islands in the world. Let us, for a moment, cast our eyes upon the Archipelago of the North Pacific, or that of the Indian Ocean:—what nests of comparative barbarians monopolize their soils and climates! In those of Greece what beauty! what grace! what science! and, above all, what virtues! There is scarcely a city, or even a town, that is not hallowed by some great action; by the memory of some model of art; or by having been the cradle, or the grave, of an eminent man. Not a mountain is there, that has not been celebrated; and not a river, but what is almost as familiar to us, as the Wye, the Avon, the Severn, or

the Thames. In fact, the islands, capes, bays, and promontories of Greece are the mental properties of all elegant minds.

To this splendid country Rome is indebted for many of its best laws; and for almost the entire circuit of its literature. For Roman literature is little more than Greek; divested of the Greek dress. Even the generals of Rome imitated the generals of Greece. Who has not read, and who has not admired, the example of arrogance, afforded to Antiochus by Popilius?—Yet the thought was originally taken from Greece. In the Peloponnesian war, the Spartans and Athenians equally sought an alliance with the Persians. When the Athenian ambassador had finished his oration, the Spartan drew two lines; one crooked and the other straight; but both finishing in the same point.—These lines the Spartan exhibited to Tissaphernes, and exclaimed, "*choose.*"

### THE CHARM OF PLACES.

Places thus impart an unextinguishable charm to the pages of poets and historians. Who, that has perused the Greek and Roman writers with pleasure, would not read them with still greater delight on the spots, which they commemorate; or in the places, in which they were written? Hence it would be a gratification of the first order to read Virgil's Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice on the banks of the Hæmus; Lucan's Pharsalia in Thessaly; Cæsar's Commentaries on the Lake of Geneva; and Plutarch's Lives in Rome, at Athens, at Corinth, on the hillocks of Sparta, or upon the plains of Mantinea. Former ages, indeed,—to adopt the language of Quintilian,—seem as if they had laboured only for us:—antiquity having left us so many examples, that we have little more to do, than quietly enjoy the advantages, she has bequeathed to us. If such remarks were applicable in the time of Quintilian, how much more so are they in the present!

When we stand among the architraves, capitals, and pillars, sent to the Regent of England by the Dey of Tripoli:—when we cast our eyes on the Rosetta stone, commemorating the coronation of Ptolemy the Fifth, at Memphis; and when we behold the bust of Memnon, the younger, once decorating those ruins, which, having survived the art that formed them, are still more astonishing in decay, than the noblest of modern buildings; the imagination supplies the deficiencies of barbarism, and the accidents and wastes of time. When from the Theseus we turn to the Ilyssus;—thence to the sarcophagus of Alexander; and lastly to the Portland vase; the mind transports itself to distant ages, and imparts a glow of eloquence, worthy the imagination of the best of poets.

At Parma we may study the masterpieces of Corregio;—at Bologna those of the Carracchi;—and at Venice those of Titian, Tintoret and Paul Veronese.—But at Rome pictures present only subordinate attractions. There we trace the glory and decay of empires: for, from the monuments of Roman authority, we revert to the dynasties of Macedon, Persia, Babylon, Assyria, and the still more ancient ones of China. In imagination, we behold the mud palace of Romulus, the farm of Cincinnatus, and the cottage of Curius; which we contrast with the "marble city of Augustus," or associate the whole with the triumph of Aurelian, made glorious to the Romans, but melancholy to posterity, by captives, belonging to no less than fifteen different nations.

Heightened by these moral and classical associations, we seem to be cotemporary with all ages; and every spectacle, familiar to the imagination of our youth, seems to be renewed, from the first triumph of Tarquinius Priscus to those of Diocletian and Maximian;—the last celebrated in Rome. Thence to that of Belisarius, the last recorded to have been witnessed at Constantinople.—Spectacles exceeded only by the splendid march of Xerxes into Greece through Asia Minor; or by Alexander's magnificent entry into Babylon.

But what a reverse presents itself in the subsequent devastations of the Goths! when Totilas having sacked the city, the widow of Boethius, and many of the most illustrious ladies in Rome, were reduced to such distress, that they begged their bread from door to door. Nor,—since intellectual power stands in the first rank of Nature's phenomena,—do we reflect without scorn and derision, that in a time, when Rome was threatened with a famine, three thousand female dancers, and many other persons connected with theatrical exhibitions, were allowed to remain; when vast numbers of persons, who professed the liberal arts, were desired by a public edict to withdraw!

When Da Rosa entered Genoa, he remembered the history of the time, when the families of Spinola and Doria filled the whole city with slaughter and dismay:—when, for four-and-twenty days, they fought in the streets, and raised battering rams against each other's houses;—and when the whole coast of Genoa, formerly adorned with palaces and vineyards, presented a picture of such desolation, that no eye could behold it without astonishment and horror[a].

When he beheld the amphitheatre of Verona, the churches of Venice, the masterpieces of Corregio and Parmegiano, in the city and environs of Parma; and those of Albano, at Bologna; how rich were the feelings of his heart! When he entered the walls of Padua, did he forget Livy? When at Cremona, did he forbear to meditate on the life and accomplishments of Vida? When at Verona, had he no sense of the merits of Cornelius Nepos, of Vitruvius, of the elder Pliny, of Politian, or of Fracastorius? When at Milan did he forget Ausonius? When at Vicenza was not Palladio always in his memory? Could he fail to pause, with melancholy regret, on the spot, where,—nineteen centuries before,—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus met to divide the Roman world between them? When he was at Pavia did he not desire to be led to the plain,

[a] A. D. 1317.

bordered by the Alps and the Apennines, where Francis the First was taken captive by the imperial army? Or did he neglect to visit the tomb of Boethius, raised by an emperor[a]; or to read his epitaph, written by a pope[b]? Not one of all these were absent, either from his memory, or his admiration! And when lulled to tranquillity at the feet of Fiesole, the shades of Vallombrosa became more rich and more magnificent, by being associated with Lorenzo and Galileo, with Raphael and with Milton. With what enthusiasm did he visit the haunts of Petrarch; his villa of Arguato, now the house of a farmer; his garden shaded by olives; and the laurel, which still lives, a monument of his love. Then the ruin, covered with ivy; the shrubs, screening a multitude of violets; and the nightingales warbling among the neglected olives.—Why, my Lelius, has fortune debarred us from luxuries like these?

Alexander travelled a considerable distance to visit the tumulus of Achilles. An interesting circumstance occurred there. For Hephæstion, observing Alexander place a crown upon the monument of Achilles, immediately put another upon that of Patroclus; intimating that what Patroclus had been to Achilles, Hephæstion was to Alexander. Upon this the latter said with a sigh, "Achilles was indeed not only happy but pre-eminently so, to have such a friend to love him while living; and such a poet, as Homer, to celebrate him when dead."

Germanicus visited Athens with veneration; and, during his stay, divested himself of every ensign of power. Atticus paused, with awe, among its tombs and monuments: Julian shed tears, on quitting its bowers and groves; and Cicero, writing from that city, beautifully alludes to the pleasure, which every accomplished mind experiences, when exercised on the spots, once sanctified by the presence of illustrious characters.

[a] Otho III. [b] Sylvester II.

Michael Bruce could never meditate by the side of Loch-Leven, without a sigh of regret at the fate of Mary, queen of Scotland. That beautiful and unfortunate—but, I fear, guilty, queen, falling into the power of her adversaries, was committed to the tyranny of her bitter enemy. She, who had, for a time, been queen of France; who was then queen of Scotland, and heir to the three kingdoms, fell under the bondage of a proud, imperious, woman, who had not even sufficient magnanimity to abstain from insulting her in her distress. The castle, in which she was confined, stood in an island of Loch-Leven. It was not more than an acre in circumference; but from the loop-holes of the castle were seen landscapes peculiarly wild and romantic; and the towers of the priory of St. Servanus gave solemnity to the whole. There the queen lived a considerable time. She saw no one but the household of her enemy; and even the French ambassador, who had journeyed thither to see her, was denied admittance. From this captivity she was at length relieved by the gallantry of Douglas, half-brother to the regent[a]; who, captivated by her beauty and accomplishments, resolved to rescue her. This youth stole the keys of the castle[b], while the countess was at dinner: he locked the door of her apartment: the guards, whom he had bribed to his interests, marched to the portcullis, which opened on the lake: a boat was in readiness: Douglas handed the queen into it: a few attendants jumped in after: the rowers plied their oars with all possible expedition: they landed,—and arrived the same night at Hamilton, about twelve miles from Glasgow. The escape of the Queen, connected with the landscape, were a subject worthy the pencil of Claude, in the most fortunate season of inspiration!

With what pleasure did we visit the house in which Chatterton was born; that in which Milton wrote his Samson

[a] Buchanan, Camden, p. 410.

[b] Her gold chain and belt were accidentally fished up from the bottom of the lake 250 years after.

Agonistes; and the castle of Ludlow, where he wrote his Masque of Comus! When we have beheld the cottage, overlooking the Towy, in which STEELE buried the remembrance of his inconveniences; or the hermitage of St. Iltid, near the windings of the Usk:—when we have stood near the tombstone over the celebrated monk of Lydgate; paused near the birthplace of Chaucer,—where also was born the most accomplished prince that England has produced—who can describe the various sensations with which we have been moved?

If it is a subject of pride to be born in the same town or village, with an illustrious character, it is a still greater subject for the indulgence of our pride to repose near their ashes. What Frenchman would not rejoice to sleep beneath the same roof with Fenelon, Malesherbes, Sully, and Bossuet? How charmed were Wieland and Schiller and Goethe, were fortune to permit them to mingle in the same earth with the ashes of Gessner, Haller, and Klopstock!—men of different genius, indeed, and of different countries; but animated with the same love of the beautiful, and the same admiration of the sublime. How grateful to the shade of Sannazarius to ensure immortality for his eclogues, by reposing near the tomb of Virgil! And how proud a circumstance for the spirits of Gray, Mason, and Cumberland, to hear, as it were, Handel's anthems rolling, in magnificent volumes, in the society of Chaucer and Spenser, Milton and Dryden!

The desire of literary distinction is the most innocent of all ambitions. No city is sacked; no country is laid waste; no blood is shed: not a tear flows. The fame of virtue is alone superior to it. Some of the Roman emperors sighed for the loss of an army, a famine, an earthquake, or a pestilence, in order to constitute an era in the page of history. Caligula set the example. "I wish for all these," said he; "for there is so great a prosperity throughout the empire, that my name and my reign are in danger of being utterly forgotten!" What a contrast to those, who desired to be remembered only

for the multitude of their virtues, or the splendid aspirations of genius!

The imagination often delights in making excursions into the regions of poesy. With what various impressions does it become impregnated, when, in the page of Euripides, we behold Orestes entering the groves of Delphi in a traveller's garb; with a sword in one hand and an olive-branch in the other: when we see Beatrice, in Dante's Paradisio, welcoming him to the happy regions;—and when we behold Una's arrival among the satyrs, in the wild mazes of the Fairy Queen! At those times Euripides, Dante, and Spenser rise to the fancy, like angels of light.

Shakspeare too!—Desdemona eagerly listening to the oft-told tale of Othello; or remembering, with melancholy interest, the fate of her mother's maid named Barbara:—the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda in the Tempest:—the ill-fated Imogen at Milford Haven:—the flowers, the tresses, and the wild warblings of Ophelia:—the language of Lorenzo and Jessica in the garden:—the wild touches and descriptions in Midsummer Night's Dream:—the wit, the beauty, and the love of Rosalind; with the pastoral scenes of the Winter's Tale, pass over the imagination like the rainbows of heaven.

With what pleasure, too, does the imagination picture Numa among the woods of Etruria; Pindar under the shades of Delphi; and Cicero amid the temples of Athens. The soul is equally impregnated with rich images, when the mind pictures Michael Angelo anticipating the completion of his design beneath the dome of St. Peter's; Gibbon before the Coliseum and the Arch of Titus; Barthelemy in the cabinets of Italy and France; and Handel, Haydn, Pleyel, and Mozart, listening to the symphonies, they had themselves embodied, through the medium of voices and instruments of exquisite sweetness, and variation of compass. How agreeably, also, are our delusions, when fancy paints Linnæus surrounded by his

families of plants;—Swammerdam among herbs, covered with insects of various kinds; or Huber, blind, yet contemplating the manners and economy of bees: Buffon seated in his summer-house, investigating the instincts of animals; Pallas amid the solitudes of the Crimea; or Humboldt, analyzing the natural productions of Chili, Mexico, and Peru; while thunder rolls and lightning flashes, in awful sublimity, at his feet.

Amid wild scenes of Nature the mind is perpetually reverting to similar intellectual influences. A woodman, returning from the forest, or a peasant measuring his steps to his cot, reminds us of several passages in the Georgics, the Seasons, and the Farmer's Boy. A harvest scene recalls the history of Ruth, the Lavinia of Thomson, and one of the compartments in the shield of Achilles. A shepherd, tending his flocks, reminds the painter of Corregio's picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds. See we a stag bounding in a forest? The mind instantly recurs to the fate of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV., and Richard III.[a] :—or to the killing of the stag by Ascanius[b], that occasioned the war in Italy:—a passage, in which Virgil has exhibited his unequalled powers of engaging the affections. Silvia, the daughter of Latinus's deer-ranger, having a stag, she cherished it with the tenderest care; bathing its body every day; and decorating its horns with wreaths of ribbons. She fed it at the board of her father; and permitted it to wander in the neighbouring forest, during the chief part of the day; since it regularly returned every night. As this stag was swimming along the stream to quench the heat of its body, Ascanius saw it; and, bending his bow, discharged an arrow into its side. The stag feels the wound, rushes out of the water, and flies to the hearth of the ranger, where it dies in the arms of its mistress. The whole country rings with the injury;—and a bloody war succeeds.

[a] Rapin, vol. i., p. 623, folio.

[b] Æn. vii.

Many spots are there in the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Montgomery, and Carnarvon, in which we might meditate with delight on the memories of Linus, Orpheus, and Musæus: and in which the enthusiast might read, with a corresponding glow of pleasure, Marmontel's Shepherdess of the Alps, Mackenzie's Julia de Roubigné, St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, Mrs. Radcliffe's Romance of the Forest, or the Mysteries of her Castle at Udolpho;—Spots, in which, suiting the melancholy Jaques, the calm and gentle fear of the world, that distinguishes many elegant minds, the corrosive sadness of Hamlet, or the misanthropy of Timon, we might with propriety exclaim,—"These spots are suited to them all."

We associate, too, the most remarkable animals and vegetables with the countries, in which they abound; and when travelling or voyaging near them, our imagination dwells with interest on their manners, habits, or peculiar properties. Thus with Batavia we sometimes associate the scorpion,—one of the few animals, capable of committing suicide; which it performs by stinging itself on the back of the head. The beaver we connect with Canada; the rein-deer with Lapland; and the crocodile and hippopotamus with the Nile and the Niger.—With Arabia, Egypt, and Morocco, we associate the dromedary; with Ethiopia the camelopard; and with Chili and Peru the armadillo and the lama. With the Bahama Islands we associate vast numbers of violet crabs, which breed among their mountains; sally from the stumps of trees and crevices of rocks, at a stated season of the year, in bodies of several millions; pursue the course of the banks of rivers; and, in one unvaried and undeviating progress, keep their way, during the cool of evening, to the ocean, where they deposit their spawn. While in Barbary we observe the cervicapra follow the pipe of the huntsman, delighted with the fumes of tobacco; or behold it hunted by a falcon, running from the plains to the rocks, with the talons of the bird sticking in its body.

From associations of this kind, we may turn to those general appearances of Nature, which, to the vulgar eye, afford nothing worthy of admiration; but which to a philosophical one present objects, pregnant, as it were, with subjects of sterling consequence. How many tranquil hours have we passed, my Lelius, in the bosom of deep glens, and on the sides and summits of elevated mountains! My heart loves to recal those hours of repose! While breathing the vigorous air among clouds, coloured by the sun's morning rays; while listening to the call of the hunter, or to the echo of a shepherd's pipe; amid the haunts of foxes, grouse and the cock of the mountain, I have often reflected on the errors of those philosophers and moralists, who, in scenes so rough and rugged, have fixed the residence of Virtue. This is an allegory adapted only for times, when virtue consisted chiefly in courage, and states were in perpetual fear of losing their liberties. In modern times, virtue has descended from precipices, and fixed her abode in towns and hamlets; and access to her is become so easy, that all may associate with her, if they are but so disposed.

### A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

As we were one day sitting on a stone half covered with moss, near a small whitewashed cottage, that stood on the verge of a brook, which murmured down the deep valley that winded below, we were struck with the variety, which was presented to the eye: and being in the humour to indulge meditation, we gave wing to our thoughts. The sun shone brilliantly; and a large sycamore expanded over our heads, wreathing what Milton happily calls "Mosaic." On both sides of us rose two steep mountains, lined with wood; but not sufficiently so as to screen the flocks, that grazed upon their summits.

As these woods presented various species of trees, we were

naturally led into a consideration of the manner, in which Nature had formed them for enjoyment. The Scotch fir rose at intervals, and gave solemnity to others of a brighter foliage. These, we remembered, in common with every other species of pine, bear distinct male and female flowers; the males being arranged in what botanists call "brotherhoods." The oak, the beech and the chesnut, which rose high in air; and the hazel, which formed the underwood, have also distinct males and females on the same tree; but the males are not disposed in brotherhoods. Then the ivy, which crept up their trunks, exhibit, when in bloom, five males to one female; while the moss, which in detached portions made their arms and trunks of a dusky green, entirely conceal their methods of fructification. The holly, which graced the hedges, presented an example of equal marriages; each corolla containing four husbands and four wives. The hawthorn exhibited, as it were, several lovers courting two sisters.

In the hedges were violet and primrose plants, having one female to five males; the violet giving shelter to a small red insect, which had caused red tubercles to appear on the outward part of the calyx. Beyond were rising stems of fox-glove, —the most powerful of British officinal plants; with four males, two lower than the others; while in the shepherd's-purse an instance was afforded of six husbands; four distinguished above the other two by superior height.

On the banks of the brook we marked the alder and the willow;—two plants assimilating in no small degree in soil and natures; yet differing in one essential particular. The alder bears distinct sexual flowers on the same branch; the willow on two different plants; while the rough-leaved willow produces flowers and leaves from the same bud.

As we were remembering these peculiarities, a king's-fisher darted along the rivulet, agreeably associating itself in our imaginations with the halcyon of antiquity. The stagnant

part of the brook was covered with a green coating; which, upon examination, we found to consist of a prodigious number of animalcula, affording nutriment to several species of birds and insects.

Soon after, a boy passed with a bird's-nest in his hand. Upon examining it, we found it lined outwards with wood-moss, speckled with moss off walls. The inside was lined with asses' hair. There were three layers; one of moss; a second of feathers; a third of hair;—and the body of the nest was made up of all those materials, mixed with greenish grass, pieces of cotton, dead grass, light feathers, fibres, roots, dead leaves, and hemp straw.

Then we observed a large fly flit before us; so beautiful, that, after the manner of the Chinese, we might have called it a flying flower. It was the dragon-fly; and, as its history is curious, we dwelt upon it. This insect in summer gives life to almost every landscape, through which a river winds, or a brook murmurs, by its green, scarlet, blue, and crimson colours. Now glittering like silver, and now gleaming like gold; and yet it was once an inhabitant of the water! The mother drops her eggs on the surface of the stream, in the form of a cluster of grapes; the weight of which sinks them to the bottom:—upon breaking the shells of their eggs the new-formed insects assume the shape of a worm with six legs. They continue to creep and to swim in the water for some time, feeding on mud and glutinous substances. At length, rising to the surface of the water, they crawl up the banks; hide themselves in the grass, or under a stone; disengage themselves from their larva skins; and fly first from grass to grass, and then from shrub to shrub:—some of them having black bodies, variegated with bright blue or deep green; with wings presenting a transparent network of various hues.

Now we heard the woodlark.—Then we saw a large hill of ants; and not far off a garden spider, watching in the centre

of its web. We broke the lines, and suspended the spider in the air: when, as fast as it could work, it swallowed the whole of its own web. Upon which we placed it on the leaf of a tree, and left it to begin its toil, and to use its silk over again.

At this moment we saw a hedgehog creeping along the fence. We touched it with a light rod, and it rolled itself up like a ball. The next object, that came across our path, was a beetle. Upon taking it up we found it infested with lice; we dropt it; and it soon hid itself in the grass. Then we saw two other species of spiders;—one that finds a home wherever it may chance to wander: and another, which throws out its web, and rises upon it high into the air. In the course of the afternoon, too, we saw a water-spider, weaving its web in the water. Enclosed in bubbles of air, this wonderful insect never touches the water; but eats, and spins, and sleeps in conscious security;—the bubble seldom bursting.

A greenfinch and a bullfinch now sung at a small distance. A redbreast soon after perched upon the wall; and a peacock butterfly hovered over the petals of a flower. Its colour was orange brown, dotted with white.—Bees now flew past us almost every minute. We observed also five mason bees; five or six humble bees; and two or three leaf-cutting bees. The last employ themselves in a very curious manner. They are black, with a belly downed with yellow. They line their nests with bits of leaves either of the chesnut or of the rose. These leaves they cut with great celerity: and as circularly as with a pair of scissars. We observed them in this employment, and could not but admire the art with which they performed their curious task.

Now we noted a linnet; and then several goldfinches. At length several wood-pigeons flew over the valley, followed by a hawk. The hawk soon pounced upon one of them. The feathers flew; and the hawk, fixing his talons in the breast

of its captive, began plucking it, as he hovered in the air.

At length we turned to a cottage, which smiled in the neighbourhood; and after partaking of a glass or two of milk, with which the hospitable matron presented us, we sauntered into the garden. What variety of beauty and perfection was here, totally unknown to its possessor [a]! In one corner was the lily, opening its flower-bud a month before its time; the drops falling from the petals of which were once supposed to produce new lilies.—There, too, was the elegant Solomon's seal; and the tulip, the hyacinth, and the narcissus exhibited their six males, all equal in height, to the admiration of one female: none of which were defended by a calyx—that shield which protects the majority of flowers in the bud, and supports them in their age. At a short distance, too, appeared the wild vine, and the oak; the one barren from the abundance of its sap; the other injured in its grain by having been planted in too rich a soil.

In the buds of parsley we saw five males and two females, like hemlock; and in those of the potatoe five males and one female, like the deadly nightshade;—two plants producing juices, which cause death by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood; and thereby stopping its circulation. In the lilac we recognised two husbands to one wife: in pinks and London pride, two wives to ten husbands: while in the raspberry and strawberry are witnessed many

[a] Three acres of flowers bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which, in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in, and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect, 100,000 roses, which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves with us in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager's mind is properly attuned, the little cottage garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of 1,000 acres.—*Illustrations of Human Life.*

husbands to many wives, growing in the same corolla; and guarded by strong calyces;—the two former sending forth an exquisite perfume; the latter affording an exquisite fruit.

Climbing up the sides of the cottage, and over its roof, the vine promised in the happiness, that one female enjoyed in the society of five lovers, that the result of their united affections would be a fine cluster of grapes. On the roof sat the houseleek;—the only genus of its order growing in Britain.

Thus in a single woodland landscape we observed objects, too familiar to awaken, in some minds, the smallest reflection; and yet presenting data sufficient to excite the admiration, and to baffle the judgment, of the loftiest intellect. St. Pierre remarked, that the history of the smallest plant transcended his highest powers: and he gives, in confirmation, the history of a strawberry, and the insects that he found upon it. While Whiston inquired of Dr. Clarke, who presented him with a volume of sermons, how he dared to enter into subjects so far beyond the mental research of men; when the meanest weed, that grew in his garden, more effectually proved the existence of a Deity, than all the arguments and subtleties of metaphysics?

The sun now rested his "substantial orb" on one of the distant mountains. A light shower fell from the skirts of a dark purple cloud; when, sheltering ourselves behind a sycamore, we listened, with no little pleasure, to the cooing of the stock-doves; and the rich warblings of the missel. The rain soon ceased: when the woodbines and sweetbriars, which grew in the garden and over the porch of the cottage, the earth beneath, the meadows below, and the woods above, sent forth delicious fragrance:—while the distance became enveloped in one of those blue, aerial, nets, which are so mysterious to the eye, and yet so delightful to every lover of landscape.

The rivulet, swelled with the rain, flowed more copiously along; the mountains teemed with mist; woodmen were seen in the distance; cows marched in a line before the milkmaid; the cottages and farmhouses sent up their blue volumes; and children, in loud accordance, were imitating the owl at the bottom of the valley. Then they called to the distant rock, which overshadowed a deep hollow; on which Echo answered, with apparent delight, from the head of the glen.

The sun still pursued his blue journey; and the bosom of the rivulet reflected its purity and splendour. The atmosphere, clear, transparent, and unbroken, gradually acquired glowing hues; while the air, wafting the volumes, gave a moving diversity to the distance; and softened the golden hues of Titian into that lemon tint, which Claude Lorrain depicts so beautifully. At length the sun sunk entirely; and the moon exhibited her thin crescent in the neighbourhood of Venus, who gave new grace to the heavens. The owl flitted past us; and the missel was still heard in the distance.

The ruins of **** Castle now rose in the perspective. Still grand in their outlines; and still magnificent from the associations, connected with them; they seemed to whisper, that Time, though constantly moving, is ever present. While the sombre aspect of the woods, the deep-toned murmur of the waters, and the solemnity of the heavens, heightened the silence of ruins, which, being of Roman origin, recalled powerfully to the imagination that fine passage in Montesquieu, wherein he says, that Rome had so greatly annihilated all nations, that, when she was conquered herself, it appeared as if the earth had brought forth new nations to subdue and destroy her.

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
  With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
  Where Night and Desolation ever frown;

Mine be the breeze, that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave [a].

The imagination of a superior mind imparts a rich construction to the images of the poem, that is read, or to the painting, that is seen, and the landscape, that is observed. In awakening this faculty, the powers of a poet and a painter are principally shown. Apelles and Raphael are said to have disputed with Nature the truth and purity of beauty. Apelles and Raphael had no such power:—but they possessed the rare faculty of converting almost every one, that gazed upon their productions, into poets for the time. I have seen many women more beautiful than the Venus de Medicis; and many a man more than equal to the Meleager, in the unity of manly grace and strength. When will reason and experience subdue the prejudices and presumption of pedantry? Nature is scarcely to be surpassed; let poets, painters, critics, and pedants, presume, judge, and cavil, as they will. Nature is not only not to be surpassed, but she is not to be equalled:—even in the associative idea itself, that man is pleased to form of beauty. Men and women are not seen. If good morals would allow such exhibitions, the Antinous, the Mercury, the Venus, and the Meleager, would soon fall from their pedestals; —matchless as they are, as specimens of art. The Apollo only is superior to what is seen in Nature.

In landscape, who has paused with greater delight, than I have, on the paintings of Poussin, Bassano, Claude, and Salvator Rosa? All captivating the eye by their majesty of outline, far more than the laboured finish and delicacy of Pieto Testa. Who, I inquire, has, in our age, paused with greater rapture on their beauty, their grace, and their magnificence? But how feeble, how confined, how indigent, have

[a] Beattie.

they appeared, when I have remembered them amid the solitude, solemnity, and immensity of Nature!

Thus meditating, and thus drinking in that species of delight, of which mere men of the world are so proudly and profoundly ignorant, we could almost fancy, that Nicholas Conti, the Venetian, merely meant to convey his idea of the value of Nature, when he fabled that in Java there grew a tree, which produced a rod of gold in its pith:—that Isabella had a similar design, when she fabled herself to possess the secret of distilling from herbs and plants a liquid, which would render the human frame invulnerable:—and that the Turkish kief was a substance embodying all those advantages; since it excites in those, that use it, a thousand images of the most delightful nature. While, on the other hand, mere worldly pursuits seem chiefly to resemble the Wong-li-choon of China;—which, though the most slow in growing, and the most difficult to propagate, has less scent than any other species of rose.

### THE SEASONS.

How many are the enjoyments, which the progress of the SEASONS[a] affords us!—What can be more delightful, than that season of the year, when Nature, weary and exhausted by her own efforts, clothes every object in renovated gladness; when the snows are melted away, and the trees are bursting with leaves; when the flowers are painting themselves with every variation of colour; the rivers rolling with temperance; and when every hill and every thicket ring with the modulation of various notes. At this season, the mind, enraptured, seems as if it were capable of building castles in the ocean, and pyramids in the skies.

If SPRING is the most delightful season to the poet, because

[a] The passage in Lucretius, characteristic of the seasons, beginning with "*It ver,*" &c. (*De Rer. Nat.* v. 736), is, perhaps, not excelled by any poet, ancient or modern.

it affords him a greater multitude of images, SUMMER is no less so to the contemplatist, than the season of AUTUMN is to the enthusiast. What can be more transporting, than the splendour of the rising sun at this season of the year, with all the scene of rural industry it unfolds; when subjects for the poet and the painter are as infinite as they are transcendent?

An evening and a morning sun, when skirted with bold masses, is said to have fired Barry with ungovernable rapture. Virgil, in his picture of Elysium, says, that the sun has a purple light at all times; and it is from this beautiful appearance of the sky, before and after sunset, that we associate the idea of beauty and grandeur with purple:—hence purple has, in most ages, been esteemed a royal and imperial colour.

Sensible of these glories of early day, the disciples of Pythagoras, after the manner of their master, prostrated themselves, as soon as the disk of the sun was seen above the horizon. Whenever they saw it [a], they recognised the splendour of the Deity. Actuated by the same awful admiration, Aristippus, when at the point of death, directed his friends to carry him to the city gates, and to place his couch immediately opposite the lattice, that he might, even to the last of life, enjoy the verdure of the fields and the splendour of the setting sun:—while Caniz, one of the German poets, upon the bed of death, requested to be raised from his couch, in order to take a last look of that glorious luminary.—"Oh," said he, with sublimity of enthusiasm, "if a small part of the Eternal's creation can be so exquisitely beautiful as this; how much more beautiful must be the Eternal himself!"

This reminds one of PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON. He was sick. "As he sat in his library," says one of his biographers, "near the window, the brightness of a fine spring day called

[a] Max. Tyrius, Dissert. xxv.

up a transient glow into his countenance; and he several times exclaimed,—'*Oh that glorious sun!*' Afterwards, while sitting at dinner, he was seized with some slight convulsions, which were happily, however, of short duration; and he fell, *as it seemed*, into a gentle sleep. It was the sleep of death. From that time he never spoke, and scarcely could be said to move. Without a pang or a sigh,—by a transition so easy as only to be known by a pressure of his hand upon the knee of his servant, who was sitting near him,—the spirit of this good man fled from its earthly mansion to the realms of peace!"

So enthusiastic an admiration had Eudoxus for this luminary, says Plutarch, that he would willingly have suffered the fate of Phaëton, for the delight of approaching it. He prayed, therefore, to the gods, that he might once be permitted to see it so closely as to be able to comprehend its form, magnitude, and beauty, and then die by its beams[a].

It is curious yet melancholy to observe, with what atheistical horror some theologians listen to arguments, derived from the appearances and wonders of Nature. An instance of this kind occurred, some little time since, in Spain:—where a prisoner was gagged at an *auto de fé*, merely because, after being confined many years in prison without seeing the light of the sun, he was struck with such rapture, at again beholding it, that he exclaimed, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, "How is it possible, that men, who see that glorious orb, can worship any other Being than the one who created it!"

[a] Virgil excels all other poets in his various descriptions of the sun: in confirmation of which we may refer to the following passages:—Georg. i. 250. 446; iv. 544. Æn. iii. 521. 588; iv. 6. 129. 584; v. 65; vii. 25; xi. 182; xii. 76. 113.

Bernardo Tasso was so captivated with the sun, that he began all the cantos of his Amadigi with a description of its rising, and finished them with descriptions of its setting.

"I had been apprised not to visit Mons. Le Sage," says the Count de Tressan, "till near the approach of noon; and the feelings of that old man made me observe, for a second time, the effect which the state of the atmo-

Rousseau in his last illness was heard to ejaculate, "Oh! how beautiful is the sun! I feel as if he called my soul towards him [a]!" Indeed the sun is so glorious a body, that it can excite no wonder, that, in the more early ages, it should have received the honours of deification. Josephus informs us, that the people of Judah issued out of the eastern gate of the city to salute the sun on its first rising [b]. The sun, as well as the moon, was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, Germans, and British Druids. The Persians worshipped it also; but they did not for many ages permit any symbol to be made of it [c]. Such was the creed of the first Zoroaster [d]; the second, however, decreed the erection of temples, and the institution of the sacred fire.

In Egypt, the sun was regarded as hieroglyphical of the fructifying power [e]; in Greece it was an emblem of

sphere produces in the melancholy days of bodily decline. Mons. Le Sage, awaking every morning, so soon as the sun appeared some degrees above the horizon, became animated, acquired feeling and force, in proportion as it approached the horizon; but as the sun began to decline, the sensibility of the old man, the light of his intellect, and the activity of his bodily organs, began to diminish in proportion; and no sooner had the sun descended some degrees under the horizon, than he sunk into a lethargy, from which it was difficult to rouse him."

[a] This naturally calls to our recollection the passage in Tasso, where Olindus and Sophronia are represented as being tied to the same stake.—Sophronia inquires of her friend, "Why dost thou lament?—Behold yon sky!—How beautiful it is!—Look, too, at the sun—oh! how he consoles my heart!—He looks as if he summoned us to his glory."

[b] Vide also 2nd Kings, c. xxiii. [c] Xenoph. Cyrop. viii.

[d] There appear to have been five Zoroasters: 1st, Chaldean; 2nd, Bactrian; 3rd, Persian; 4th, Pamphylian; and 5th, Armenian.

[e] THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

Among the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes still remains a fragment of that basaltic * statue of Memnon, which, many writers attest, sent forth harmonious sounds, when first touched by the rays of the sun; as the fountain of Chindara is said to have elicited music at the rising, mounting, and setting of the moon.—The fact being supported by Strabo, Pliny, Juvenal †, Pausanias,

* Philostratus says it was of black marble. In Vit. Apol. vi. c. 4.

† Dimidis magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.

human life; and in Rome of the sovereign majesty of the empire.

In the finest of all soliloquies,—that of Satan on beholding

Tacitus, and Philostratus, it is assuredly not to be doubted * :—though the art, by which the mysterious symphony was produced, still remains an enigma, notwithstanding many ingenious attempts at solution.—The first injury, this statue received, was from Cambyses; who caused it to be sawed in two †, in order to get at the secret. It was afterwards thrown down by an earthquake.

Some have supposed, that the sounds, alluded to, were produced by the mechanical impulse of the sun's light. Others that, being hollow, the air was driven out by the rarefaction of the morning ‡, which occasioned the elicitation of a murmuring sound. But some assert, that it saluted the morning and evening sun differently:—the former with animating sounds; the latter with melancholy ones. Darwin, in the true spirit of poetry, describes this statue as sending forth murmurs of indignation, at the ravages of Cambyses.

Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphinx's tongue;
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung.

In another passage, equally poetical, he makes it view with delight the waters of the Nile, rushing from the cataracts of Ethiopia:—

Gigantic Sphinx the circling waves admire;
And Memnon bending o'er his broken lyre.

In many parts of the East the custom still remains of proclaiming the sun by the sounding of instruments. That similar signals were given in Egypt is not to be doubted, since the custom is almost as old as solar adoration itself. That the sun was worshipped in that country is equally established: both being rendered the more certain by the ceremony of sounding harps at sunrise having been introduced into Italy by Pythagoras, who had long sojourned with the Egyptian magi. The sounding of Memnon's statue, then, might have been an artifice of the priesthood; to effect which many methods might have been adopted. Either the head of Memnon contained wires, like the strings of an Æolian harp §; or the sounds might have been produced by the touching of a stone.—The observance of the effects of air upon strings is of high anti-

* There are many inscriptions on this statue, commemorative of the persons who had heard the sounds:—among which are those of the Tribune Mithridates; Sabina, the wife of Adrian; and Publius Balbinus.

† Pausanias.

‡ In my opinion some sound may proceed from Memnon's statue, by the variation of the atmosphere, since morning after morning, I observed that effect produced in the portico at Philæ; where the stones, as they warm or cool, give a crack like that of a panel, or that (to which the ancients compared the statue's voice) of a harp-string.—*Finati's Life*, vol. ii. p. 95.

§ We are told by Wilkins, that Cornelius Dreble invented a musical instrument, which, "being set in the sunshine, would of itself render a soft and pleasant harmony; and being removed into the shade would presently become silent."

the splendour of the sun,—the hatred of the fiend does not debar him from acknowledging how worthy that luminary is of being worshipped as a deity :—

quity *. Horace alludes to it; and the Babylonian Talmud assures us, that the harp of David, being every night touched by the north-wind, warbled of itself.

Descending to a later period, we find Ossian and Casimir † observing the same enchanting effect.—"The blast came rustling through the hall," says the former in Darthula, "and gently touched my harp; the sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb."—"My harp hangs on a blasted bough;" (in Berrathon) "the sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp; or is it some passing ghost?" Also in Temora:—"Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of death. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill."—In supposing that the head of Memnon elicited sounds, because strings might have been placed in the throat, or in the mouth of the image, an objection might be raised, that if such were the cause, the image would send forth sounds at other times, as well as in the morning. Authorities are not wanting to prove that it did so. One string would act as well as five, in this instance; for modern experience assures us, that a single string will sound all the harmonic notes besides the unison. But if the wind were not permitted to perform this office, the hand of a priest, who might regularly conceal himself every morning for that purpose in the statue, might; and this is, doubtless, the more likely of the two: for Pausanias says, that the sound was similar to that of a bow-string; breaking with too much tension ‡. It is no argument to say, that it is not probable, such an artifice should be practised from the time of Strabo to that of Philostratus; since the hereditary practices of priests have descended from Lama to Lama, in Tartary, China, and Japan, for thousands of years.

It is more probable, however, that the sounds proceeded from gently knocking a stone, enclosed at the base, or in the bosom of the statue §:—some stones naturally emitting sound upon being struck by any other body. In the labyrinth of Alcathous was a stone, that elicited sound, upon being struck ever so lightly. Grosier relates, that some streams abound in stones, which sound on

* Part of the following observations I sent, some years since, to a periodical publication, and they were afterwards inserted in a small essay, written by Bloomfield, on the Æolian harp; entitled "*Nature's Music.*"

† Sonora buxi filia sutilis,
Pendebis alta, barbite, populo, &c.
*Casimir*, lib. ii. Od. iii.

‡ Mons. Devilliers heard, at sun-rise, in a granite monument in the palace of Karnak, a sound like the breaking of strings.

§ Since this was written and published, a gentleman, named Wilkinson, has ascended this statue, and discovered a concealed niche, in which a man was placed with an iron rod to strike a sonorous stone below, at the moment in which the sun appeared above the horizon.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy sole[a] dominion, like the God
Of this NEW WORLD: at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads: to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O SUN, to tell thee how I hate thy beams;
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell;—how glorious once above thy sphere.

The Persians worshipped the sun, under the name of Mithras: a deity, who, in the respective times of Statius and Claudian, was venerated at Rome. On his altar was

being touched*; and that they were frequently strung into beads, in order to form a kind of musical instrument. Pausanias also relates, that he saw at Megara a stone, which, when struck, produced a note like the vibration of the string of an instrument: and in one of the pyramids there is still a sarcophagus resembling an altar, which emits a peculiar sound when struck with any hard substance. I have myself seen an instance of this kind, near the chapel of St. Gowen, situate in an amphitheatre of marine rocks, in the county of Pembroke. This idea is rendered also more probable by an assertion of Strabo, assuring us, that the sound issued from the pedestal, and that it resembled that produced by striking something on a hard body. From these accounts it would appear, that the actors in this pontifical drama did not always strike with the same force, with the same material, nor at the same hour of the day.

[a] This word is obscure. Perhaps it may be rendered less so by referring to a passage in Boethius:—

Quem quia respicat omnia *solus*,
Verum possis dicere *solem*.—Lib. v. Metr. 2.

* Humboldt having heard of stones, which the missionaries of the Oroonoko call *Laxas de Musica*, gives rather too fanciful a probability for the music of Memnon's statue.—Vide Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 560.

"Pottstown, (Penn.) Sept. 4.—A few days since a party of gentlemen from this village rode to the celebrated Klingleberg, or Singing Valley, about three miles from this place. Although our expectations were highly raised by the reports which we had heard, still they were more than realised on our arrival. A large and irregular mass of ill-shaped stones presented themselves to our view at first. They appear to have been thrown together by some convulsion of Nature. By striking on the stones, the most various sounds imaginable are produced. The chime of the finest bells in the world could not exceed in variety the sounds produced here, from the most sonorous bass to the most delicate air. Near the Klingleberg there is a considerable cave, which extends some distance under the rock. Many visitors heretofore have been at this place, but of late, I understand, it has been almost deserted."

inscribed *Soli Deo invicto Mithræ.* But there existed in Persia a sect, which thought higher and more nobly. When they looked at the sun, therefore, they frequently ejaculated, "Oh, thou master of yon glorious orb! enlighten my mind; and keep me this day from evil." The fire-worshippers of Persia and India do not believe the sun to be the deity; but that his throne is centred there.

The Massagetæ, the Germans, the British Druids[a];—in fact, the sun seems almost universally to have been venerated in ancient times as a god. The Chaldeans worshipped him under the name of Baal: the Egyptians called him Osiris; the Syrians Adonis; the Greeks and Romans Apollo. The Massagetæ, the Scythians, and the Romans, sacrificed white horses to him; the Greeks, wolves, lambs, bullocks, and hawks; and Alexander[b] offered up the elephant, which had fought with him so bravely in his war with Porus.

The Peruvians were accustomed to dip the tip of their fingers in cups, then lift their eyes to heaven, and give the sun thanks for the liquor they were about to drink. The sun was their principal deity. It was once worshipped, too, in Macassar: the natives of which also venerated the moon, and the stars. One of their kings, however, at length became weary of this national worship; in consequence of some Christian and Mahometan missionaries having arrived in that island. Having listened with attention to both orders, the king ascended a high mountain, accompanied by a great multitude: and, stretching out his hands to heaven, invoked the Deity; declaring, at the same time, that he would adopt that religion, the ministers of which should first arrive in his dominions: and as the winds and waves rose and fell by the express power of the Deity, the Deity would himself be to be blamed, if, under these circumstances, he should embrace an erroneous doctrine. After this declaration he sat down,

[a] Cæsar. de Bell. Gall. vi. c. 21.
[b] Philostrat. in Vit. Apollon. l. i. c. xii.

and with his people waited the result from heaven. Mahometan missionaries soon after arrived; and the natives of Macassar immediately embraced the religion of Mahomet; in which faith they continue to this day.

We are told, that when a native of Sumatra beheld a clock, and was made sensible of its uses, he said, "the sun is a machine of a similar construction." "But who winds it up?" inquired one of his companions. "Who but Allah?" was the reply. The Numidians, who counted time by nights, and not by days [a], worshipped both the sun and the moon. The Druids of Ireland also worshipped the same luminaries; and many are the remains, yet in existence, on the summits of those mountains, called (*Cnoc Greine*) hills of the sun. The Athenians [b] took great delight in basking in its beams; and no one, who has ever been in Cumana, but retains a grateful remembrance of the hours, he has passed under an atmosphere, which the sun colours with tints, worthy the imagination of the finest poet. On the other hand, there was once a people, near Mount Atlas [c], who were accustomed to curse the sun, every morning and evening, for the scorching power which it possessed: and while some Ethiopians, in common with the Sabæans of Arabia Felix, consecrated to it the cinnamon tree, others [d] esteemed it their implacable enemy.

The Arabs of South Barbary pray five times a day [e]: and though they no longer pay adoration to the sun, they are regulated by its motions in the observance of their religious duties. At the first blush of morning they thank heaven for the repose they enjoyed during the night: at the rising of the sun they pray to be blessed through the day, begun: at noon they pray that the day may finish to their profit: at the setting they give thanks for the day past: and at evening they pray for a calm and quiet sleep.

[a] Nic. Damascenus in Excerpt. Vales. p. 521.

[b] Philostrat. in Vit. Apollon. lib. vi. c. 6.

[c] Herodotus.

[d] Diodorus Siculus.

[e] Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego, p. 145.

"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath[a]." Alluding to this command of St. Paul, Bishop Horneck[b] relates, from ecclesiastical history, that two bishops, having quarrelled in a most intemperate manner, one of them sent to the other the following message:—"Brother, the sun is going down." Upon receiving this message, the offended bishop forgot his anger, ran to the house of his episcopal brother, fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

When the sun has quitted the world with reluctance, and the glow of heaven sits, as it were, upon the mountains; when the whole concave is robed in purple majesty and splendour, while

——————— In some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,

how soft, how lulling and serene, are all the objects of the vast creation! Then, while the eye and the imagination are indulging in the contemplation of progressive twilight, the heart vibrates with many a gentle impulse; the passions modulate to divine repose; and the soul, partaking of the general hush of Nature, and awed by its solemn imagery, exalts its meditation far beyond the orbit of the visible creation: and, appearing susceptible of immortality, anticipates the sacred character of that golden age, to which the virtuous will be called. For then the serene faculties of the soul are awake, and feed on thoughts worthy of paradise. Time seems to be our own; we meditate with satisfaction on the evening of life, of which the scene is an emblem; and we feel even capable of exclaiming, "The portals of eternity are opening; my life seems closing; my heart swells with transport; and my soul feels, as if it were already starting into a new existence!" As to men of the world! Let them slumber in the midst of these hallowed associations:

—— And be their rest unmov'd
By the white moonlight's dazzling power:—
None, but the loving and belov'd,
Should be awake at this sweet hour.—*Moore.*

[a] Ephes. c. iv. v. 26.

[b] On the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, vol. ii. p. 64.

An evening calculated to elicit emotions and reflections, commensurate with these, is described by Homer (or rather by his translator), in a passage, which, for its solemnity, pathos, and picturesque imagery, can never be sufficiently admired.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll;
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
And floods of glory burst from all the skies!

Such a scene as this impregnates the imagination with the unity of a sublime and pathetic moral. For when the mind is enriched and diversified with science, every object has its beauty; and every beauty adorns itself with the colouring of moral eloquence:—

—— The passions, to divine repose,
Persuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking:—love and joy, such as await
An angel's meditation.

To worship, under the hope of receiving rewards for the homage, is insulting to the benignity of the Creator, and deserves, for an age of adoration, an eternity of disappointment. —Such is not the religion of the heart; nor is it the religion, that astronomy teaches us to acknowledge. The faith of astronomy insinuates itself into the soul, like the soft vibrations of the most delicate music, emanating from amid the compass and grandeur of the noblest and sublimest of harmonic sounds.

In this repose of the passions, evening diffuses a fascinating charm; and every star, as it were, becomes the mother of devotion.

Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her choral melodies benignly rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild Nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

Watching the emersion of Jupiter's satellites; contemplating the two thousand five hundred stars in the constellation of Orion; or viewing the whole capacious firmament;—every system, that we see, hymns, as it were, a perpetual hallelujah. The mind is ravished and the soul transported.—Harmonising with all the nobler passions, love assumes a chaster character; and we turn with delight to that beautiful passage in Milton, where Adam and his companion, arriving at their shady lodge, and beholding "the moon's resplendent globe and starry pole," burst out—

Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day!

When the evening star sinks gradually behind the hill; and when, rising from among clouds, the moon has thrown her solemn mantle over all nature; who is there with soul, so abject and depraved, that does not elevate his thoughts to heaven, and deify its architect? The soul acknowledges the powers of poetry; and while the various orbs are advancing with silent rapidity through the repose of night, how often do we recur to the sublime descriptions of the sacred writers! —In Milton, we behold one of the archangels leading his radiant files, nightly, through the confines of heaven, dazzling the moon with their splendour. In another passage of the Paradise Lost, we behold Satan steering his course among the constellations; and pursuing his voyage through the kingdom of Chaos, and the vast regions of space, while a bridge is thrown over the infinite void. In the Apocalypse a large burning star falls and embitters the third part of the waters[a]: —in another passage a star falls from heaven to whom are given the keys of hell[b]; then at the sound of an angel other stars fall[c]; the sun and moon are smitten and darkened[d], as was threatened to Egypt in the days of Ezekiel[e], to Babylon

[a] Chap. viii., v. 10, 11. [b] Ch. ix., v. 1.
[c] Ch. vi., v. 13. [d] Ch. viii., v. 12.
[e] Ezekiel xxxii., v. 7.

in those of Isaiah[a], and as written to precede the second coming of the Christian Messiah[b]. Then, reverting to the description of the Evangelist, we behold a picture of the new Jerusalem[c]:—walls of jasper; gates of pearl; streets of transparent gold; walls with emeralds, sapphires, beryls, and amethysts;—all illuminated with a light, far surpassing that of the sun.

AUTUMN,—the most solemn and affecting season of the year,—succeeds: and the soul, dissolving, as it were, into a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, acknowledges that silent pathos, which governs, without subduing the heart. For Nature, as it were, robes herself in a more sober mantle; the mountains assume a deeper hue; the torrent a bolder swell; the woods vary themselves with every tint; and the clouds roll themselves into a thousand magnificent volumes.

This season, so sacred to the enthusiast, has been, in all ages, selected by the poet and the moralist, as a theme for poetic description, and moral reflection: since now, all nature, verging towards old age, reminds the young, as well as the old, of the shortness of life, and the certainty of its decay. This reflection gave occasion to many of the ancient poets, to draw a comparison between the regular march of the seasons, and the progress of the life of man: and, since they were unenlightened on the argument of futurity, the subject in their hands became pensive and ungrateful. Melancholy allusions to the renovation of natural objects and the eternal sleep of man, are, therefore, but too frequent among the ancient poets. A striking instance of which occurs in the poem of Moschus on the death of Bion, imitated by Horace, in the eighth ode of his fourth book. To these complaints the whole doctrine of the Christian Testament furnishes a beautiful reply, and in no part of that consolatory book more than in the writings of St. Paul. Whatever may have been his reading, and what-

[a] Isaiah xiii., v. 10. Joel ii., v. 31; iii., v. 15.
[b] Acts ii., v. 20. Matt. xxiv., v. 29. [c] Rev. xxi.

ever may be his faith, we may triumphantly challenge the boldest of critics to produce a poem, more admirable in the choice of language; more abounding in that union of the solemn and magnificent in manner; and more productive of sublimity of feeling, than the 15th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Had it been written by Mahomet, even Lowth must have confessed, that Mahomet had exceeded the sublimity of Job; and been touched with holier fire, than even Isaiah himself. To those, whose hopes of immortality rest upon so firm a basis, AUTUMN, presenting nothing from analogy, that ought to excite their fears, or to weaken their attachments, affords additional argument for their hopes, by animating our prospects with the promise of an eternal spring.

Awed by the progress of time, WINTER,—ushered into existence by the howling of storms, and the rushing of impetuous torrents, and contemplating, as it were, with the satisfaction of a giant, the ruins of the year,—still affords ample food for enjoyments, which the vicious never dream of, if sympathy and association diffuse their attractive spells around. In the bosom of retirement, how delightful is it to feel exempt from the intrigues, the difficulties and tumults, which active life ensures; if retirement enable us to contemplate through the telescope of recollection! Seated by the cheerful fire among friends, loving and beloved, our hopes, our wishes, and pleasures are concentrated; the soul seems imparadised in an enchanted circle; and the world,—vain, idle, and offensive as it is,—presents little to the imagination and still less to the judgment, that can induce the enlightened or the good to regret, that the knowledge, they possess of it, is chiefly from the report of others; or from the tumultuous murmur, which, from a distance, invades the tranquillity of their retreat, and operates as a discord in a soft sonata.

### SMILES AND TEARS.

In Corregio's Cupid (at Florence) the powerful little fellow is bending his bow, and taking aim with a smile ; while between his legs are two children embracing each other ;—one laughing, the other weeping.

The sun frequently shines while it rains : reminding us of a passage in Grahame's Georgics :—

————— Gentle showers,
That in the evening blossoms lie like tears
In infant eyes ; soon giving place to smiles,
To sunny smiles of peace and joy serene.

Infants appear to smile, when only a few hours old ; but such an appearance is merely the effect of air, operating upon the muscles. When children do begin to smile, what can be more agreeable to a father, or more fascinating to a mother?

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

There is an exquisite passage, also, in Catullus :

Torquatus, volo, parvulus
Matris e gremio suo,
Porrigens teneras manus,
*Dulce rideat* ad *patrem*,
Semihiante labello.

Lomazzo, perhaps, is right, when he asserts, that a vain giggling woman has, for the most part, an impure and polluted mind [a] ; but women in general are never so powerful as when they smile ; and seldom more fascinating than when they laugh. To see an elegant woman laugh, indeed, is one of the greatest luxuries in life. Vulgar laughs, on the other hand, are at the very antipodes of grace and elegance.

At the end of forty days, children begin to weep. Before that, no tears accompany their cries. At that period, also,

[a] Trattato dell' Arte de la Pittura, 1584, Milan.

they begin to smile. Zoroaster[a] and Cypselus[b], however, are said to have burst into loud laughs, the moment they were born! Tasso never laughed when he was an infant, and seldom wept; and he never liked laughing women; yet he wrote—

> Within her humid, melting eyes,
> A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
> Soft as the broken solar beam,
> That trembles in the azure stream.

A short time since we heard Carissimi's dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus. The one weeps, as it were; the other laughs. The melodies, expressive of these contrasts, were delightful. Smiles never lived in colours better than in those of Corregio and Albano. There is a picture, also, at Bergamo, of John the Baptist; in which the saint is made to express such a lively, simple, and innocent smile, that it is difficult to believe, that it is not the work of Corregio. The forms of Paris Bordone, too, not only breathe and glow, but laugh; while the Madonnas of Raffaello have smiles so expressive, that they appear to be the personifications of modesty, maternal love, and purity of thought. Carravaggio, on the other hand, though he excelled in divine subjects, and could depict laughter well, had no pencil for beauty, dignity, or smiles.

How many kind, how many outraged, hearts are compelled to the resource of laughing to conceal their tears! How often have I witnessed this!

> I saw thee WEEP;—the big, bright tear
>   Came o'er that eye of blue;
> And then, methought, it did appear
>   A violet, dropping dew.
>
> I saw thee SMILE;—the sapphire's blaze
>   Beside thee ceased to shine;
> It could not match the living rays
>   That filled that glance of thine.

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[a] Pliny. [b] Herodotus.

Thus sung LORD BYRON in his Hebrew Melodies: and such a passage leads us more largely to lament, that he, who sung them, was at last fated to confess,

> That if he laughed at any living thing,
> 'Twas that he might not weep.

Some writers insist, that man is the only animal, that weeps. Others have supposed, that seals, the camel, the small American monkey, doves, deer, and giraffes shed tears: the two latter being furnished with two *spiracula,* analogous to the *puncta lachrymalia* in the human head. It would have been fortunate for animals, if they could weep like men; for then, perhaps, we should pity them more and use them better.

Pliny calls man a weeping animal; and Pope argues, that compassion is, exclusively, the property of man. This, however, will, perhaps, one day, be successfully questioned.

Tears are very eloquent: and in no instance more so, than when shed by princes. When the King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander met, after the disasters of the French at Moscow, the king wept. "Courage, my brother," exclaimed the emperor; "these are the last tears Napoleon shall cause you to shed."

These words remind me of Louis XVI. Desèze having been called upon to defend the king before the Convention, he undertook it with enthusiasm. The discourse, he prepared, occupied him four nights. It contained some most pathetic appeals, we are told, and many bold strokes of eloquence. "When he read it to the king and those who were of his council, Malesherbes assures us, that none could restrain their tears The king, however, remarked, that it must be suppressed; as he did not wish to make an appeal to the passions. The monarch, after his condemnation, asked Malesherbes, with visible emotion, what he could do to reward his advocate. This was reported to Desèze, who asked no other recompense

than the honour of kissing his master's hand. The request was immediately granted; and, as he approached to bend the knee, Louis pressed forward, threw his arms about his neck, rested his head upon his shoulder, and sobbed bitterly for some time, exclaiming, 'Mon pauvre Desèze!'"

In going to Westminster Abbey to be crowned, William IV. was so affected by the reception he met with from his people, that he shed tears. Happy is he, who reigns in the hearts of his subjects! Even HENRY VIII. was not entirely inaccessible. When, therefore, he read QUEEN CATHERINE'S last letter, in which she said, "I make this vow, that my heart desire you above all things," the savage melted into tears; and the DUKE of NORFOLK exhibited a similar feeling, when, as Lord High Steward, he passed sentence upon BUCKINGHAM.

MARLBOROUGH could weep; and once exclaimed, on receiving some news, in respect to obstructions, "I am at this moment ten years older than I was four days ago." NAPOLEON also, gave way, occasionally, to sorrow. When on his way, therefore, to St. Helena, he was sometimes seen by CAPTAIN MAITLAND totally absorbed in grief; and once, when gazing on a portrait of his son, the tears stood in his eyes.

When the LORD HIGH STEWARD told the EARL of STRAFFORD, who was condemned in 1641, that the Lords designed to petition the king to remit the more ignominious part of his sentence, LORD STRAFFORD burst into tears, and exclaimed, "My Lords, your justice does not make me do this, but your goodness." Many men weep at unexpected relaxations of fortune, who would not, and could not, have wept, had they been led to execution.

Nothing is more subduing to our nature, than the ingratitude of children; and Shakspeare has represented its effect with sublime precision.

You see me here, ye gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall——I will do such things,
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth.—— *You think I'll weep—*
*No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping;*
*But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws*
*Or e'er I weep.*

JAMES the SECOND bore all the instances of defection which his imprudent counsels had entailed upon him, with a resolution allied to fortitude: but when he heard, that his own daughter, (the PRINCESS ANNE,) had joined the party of his adversary, he burst into tears, and exclaimed—"God help me! my own children have forsaken me."

COLUMBUS, when overwhelmed by the violence and ingratitude of men, would retire to his cabin, burst into tears of sorrow, and relieve his heart by sighs and groans: and when, after years of suffering, he was admitted to the presence of his sovereign, his long suppressed feelings, we are told by an elegant and accomplished historian[a], burst forth; "he threw himself upon his knees, and for some time was unable to utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings."

Statesmen, too. Thus, when BERNSTORFF was dismissed from his office, by the intrigues of COUNT STRUENSEE, who was afterwards condemned and executed for his crimes, he retired to Hamburgh, and died of grief[b]. When LORD CHATHAM was outvoted in the Cabinet, on the subject of the propriety of a war with Spain, he and Lord Temple resigned; but, previous to this, he declared in the Council; "I was called to the administration of affairs by the voice of the people. To them I have always considered myself answerable; and, therefore, cannot remain in a situation, which makes me responsible for measures, I am no longer allowed to guide." On delivering

[a] Irving, vol. iii. 137. [b] Feb. 18, 1772.

the seals to the king, his Majesty assured him of the high sense he had of his services; but candidly informed him, that he coincided with the majority of the Council; concluding with making him an offer of any reward or honour, he might most desire. "I confess, Sire," answered the Minister, "I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness. Pardon me, Sire, it overpowers—it oppresses me!" and the proud man of the people burst into tears.

When Sir Robert Walpole resigned the seals to George the First, his Majesty was so pressing in his desire for him to retain them, that he would not, for some time, accept them. When he did, he left him in tears. Mr. Fox, too, gave the same evidence of feeling before the whole House of Commons, at the memorable declaration of Mr. Burke, that their friendship was at an end. "The new constitution of France," said that very Mr. Burke, in a subsequent discussion, "has been called a stupendous fabric of wisdom. For my own part, when I saw the new temple,—considering it as the work of the Goths and Vandals,—I wept!"

When Howard, the philanthropist, remonstrated with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on the impropriety of the prisoners having no clergyman to attend them, the Lord Provost replied to his exhortations and remonstrances, that all attempt to reclaim them could have no effect. "So far from being so," answered Mr. Howard; "I do assure your Lordship, that, after conversing with them for a few minutes, I saw the tears in their eyes." Are we not reminded of a sublime passage in Darwin?

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that, twinkling, hangs from Beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns, that gild the rising morn;
Shine with such lustre, as the TEAR, that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

Mendelsohn, the Jewish Socrates, never alluded to the

Polish Jew, who shared his misery and studies in early life, without weeping;—BARNAGE, the executor of BAYLE, never mentioned that philosopher but with tears; and even HUME wept on hearing of the death of SIR JAMES MACDONALD.

MESSIER wept after having watched for the return of Halley's comet for many months, and then, being obliged to withdraw from the observatory on account of the illness and death of his wife, the discovery was anticipated by Montagne de Limoges[a]. His were tears of disappointment; HANDEL's were those arising from the pathos of his art. "I have heard it related," says Shield[b], "that when Handel's servant used to take him his chocolate of a morning, he has often stood in silent astonishment, till it was cold, to see his master's tears mixing with the ink, as he penned his divine notes, which are, surely, as much the picture of a sublime mind as Milton's words."

BALZAC says of MONS. DE SCUDERY, that he moved the passions so strongly, that he frequently shed tears in reading him; and that, too, in spite of himself. There must be, also, something very affecting in DE THOU's dedication of his history to HENRY the FOURTH, since LORD MANSFIELD read it every year, and never without shedding tears at many of the passages.

Last night I read SIR GREY COOPER's Ode to the "Fountain of Tears;" and accidentally saw, an hour or two after, a letter written by DR. PARR, in which he says—"LORD MOIRA was of our party. When I saw his ingenuous countenance and majestic air, the tears came into my eyes." Johnson, too, could shed tears of sympathy: and so alive was he (sometimes) to poetic beauty, that tears came into his eyes when he first read Beattie's stanza, beginning with—

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more."

The tears of children, and of old men, are beautifully charac-

[a] La Harpe, Corresp. Littéraire, 1801. t. i. 97.

[b] Introduction to Harmony.

terised by Des Cartes. "*Senes sæpe lachrimantur ex amore et gaudio. Infantes raro ex lætitia lachrimantur, sæpius ex tristitia, etiam quam amor non comitatur*[a]." Deep grief is never clamorous: the man of sorrows, then, is sacred; and that we ought to be susceptible of sympathising with him is implied by the circumstance of Nature having endued man with tears[b]. "The *glandulæ lachrymales*," says WOLLASTON[c], "are not given for nothing." But some griefs are too deep for tears!

The friend, we have lost, has gained by the change: we only have been the losers. Who would desire to be the last of his friends?

To fear death is characteristic of knowledge as well as of ignorance: the one from the abundance of our information; the other from the abundance of our ignorance. There is, however, a difference in the result. Ignorance always fears; the dread of knowledge is often converted into an appetite for repose.

After a faith in the ultimate justice of heaven, the best penance in affliction is activity:—sorrow grows too luxuriantly in solitude. Those whom

> The modest wants of every day
> The toil of every day supplies,

seem to regret the loss of parents and children only for a few days. The cause, perhaps, arises out of the reflection, that a change for those, they have lost, must, necessarily, be for the better. They think little on the worm, that riots on the lips; and well is it for them, that they are careless of the wound.

The measure of grief is different in all persons, ages, and relations. This measure never can be stated; because the depths of the heart cannot be sounded. The period of grief

[a] De Passionibus, part ii. art. 133.

[b] Compassion proper to mankind appears,
Which Nature witnessed when she lent us tears.
JUVENAL, Sat. xv.—DRYDEN.

[c] Religion of Nature Delineated, p. 258.

for some is but an hour; for others, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even a longer period; according to the intensity or durability of each person's emotions and passions. It varies, also, according to the relative position, business, and profession. A working man's grief, for instance, soon subsides; so does that of a sailor, and of a soldier: also of neighbours, acquaintances, and servants. Men of the world grieve for none; except some portion of interest is lost by it; and then they grieve for the interest, and not for the person.

The grief of a lover is intensity itself; insomuch that it, not unfrequently, overturns the seat of reason itself:—that of husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, sons, daughters, and friends, all vary, both in intensity and duration, according to circumstances.

Grief in retirement is, sometimes, overwhelming. Change the scene to activity; it will soon partially vanish; and at length wholly disappear.

## PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The characteristics of youth, the prime of life, and old age, are admirably stated in Aristotle's Rhetoric; and referring to them often reminds me of the Zodiacus of Palingenius [a],

[a] This poem, written in reality by Angelo Marizollo, after the manner of Ovid's Fasti, is divided into twelve parts, and each part named after one of the twelve signs. The author advocates the principles of Epicurus; and declares his object to be to guide men not only to present, but to future happiness. In spite of this, had it not been for his patroness, (the Duchess of Ferrara,) his bones would have been dug up, and ignominiously burnt *. There are many beautiful and some fine passages in this poem; the tendency of which may be, in some degree, imagined from the author's assertion, that God's will is of two sorts;—WILL in *commandment*, and WILL in *sufferance*. This poem must have been a favourite with Pope; though I am not aware that he has even once mentioned it: for many of his ideas are too coincident to suppose them the

* Vid. Melchior Adam in Vitis Philosophorum, 253: and Gyraldus de Poet suorum temporum, 569.

and a curious book of poetry, (written in Latin by Robertus Farlæus, as he calls himself), entitled *Kalendarium humanæ vitæ*[a]. In this poem there are very many beauties: and it has this motto, as it were, for its object; "To-day is for those, who enjoy; to-morrow for those, who suffer." An excellent work might be written on the illusions of youth, the perturbations of manhood, and the recollections, wishes, and anticipations of age: and this reminds me of MICHAEL ANGELO'S design of the old man in a go-cart. He has a long beard, wears the cap of a woman, over which is a hat. With one hand he rests himself; the other is on the bottom of an hour-glass; the motto of the whole being, "*Anchora imparo.*"

A generous looking boy, a man in full growth and vigour, a beautiful girl, a woman mature and perfect, a venerable old man, and a benignant old woman;—these are pictures highly imaginative and satisfactory to the mind.

The pleasures of youth have exaggerated existences in the poetry of most men's imagination; but they want many advantages, belonging to manhood, for manhood does not anticipate with so ardent an intensity: nor does it brood so deeply as in age. We are fated, however, to know, that, in no season of life, do the passions cease to operate, for many days together;

mere result of accident. Compare "Order is Heaven's first law," &c., with "Cur Deus," &c., lib. viii. 555. "Ask for what end," &c., with "Sic Deus," &c., v. 180. "Whate'er of life," &c., Ep. iii. l. 115, with "Hæc quamvis," v. 484. "O sons of Earth," &c., iv. 73, with "Et natura," &c., vi. 400. "Stuck round with titles," Ep. iv. 205, with "Nobilitas," &c., iv. 233. "Men in their loose," &c., x. 781. Several others have been pointed out by Warton. Compare Ep. i. l. 9, with lib. i. 66, 67. Ep. i. 249, with lib. iv. 495. Ep. i. 127, with lib. v. 180. Ep. iv. l. 195, with lib. vi. 233. Ep. iii. with lib. x. 720. It was early translated by Barnabie Googe, author of "Eclogs, Epytaphs, and Sonnetts;" one of the scarcest books in our language.

[a] This Calendar is divided into months, beginning with March. *March* is man's birth; *April* his infancy; *May* his childhood; *June* his young age; *July* his stripling age; *August* his youth; *September* his manhood; *October* his middle age; *November* his age far spent; *December* his old age; *January* his death; *February* his resurrection.

and in the midst of this—so uncertain are all things!—we are frequently doomed to find, that it matters little,

> Whether we put into the world's vast sea,
> Shipped in a pinnace, or an argosie [a].

If the old can justly reproach the young with being slaves to pleasure, and a love of novelty; the young can, with still greater propriety, accuse the old with being martyrs to custom and avarice, a regretting of the past, and a dread of the future.

If it is melancholy to see the bloom and tenderness of youth, and the energy and vigour of manhood, sinking into sickness, languor, and death; it is delightful to behold men, like Albani, who having been handsome in youth, and strong in manhood, become venerable in age, of a noble, grave, yet cheerful, and majestic aspect;—insensible to decay:

> Adown whose neck the reverend locks
> In comely curl do wave;
> And in whose aged temples grow
> The blossoms of the grave.

The earth, acted upon by moisture and air, affords food to plants. These plants become food for animals. One species of animal is converted into another species of animal; and these—decayed—are again resolved into inorganic substances. Is there, then, no hope for the better?

This thought occupied my mind, last night, as I was reading JULIAN's letter to the people of Antioch; wherein he directs, that the dead should be interred remote from public view; in order, that funerals might be indicative of sorrow, rather than of vanity and ostentation:—and shortly after, when I referred to a passage in ARISTOTLE, implying, or rather asserting, that death is,—of all frightful events,—the most frightful. How often, on the contrary, have I regarded it so highly in

[a] Mulcasses the Turk. 1610.

the catalogue of blessings, as to exclaim with Philoctetes (in Sophocles):

O Death! where art thou, Death? so often call'd,
Wilt thou not listen? Wilt thou never come[a]?

How exquisitely beautiful to the imagination is the hope—the internal assurance,—that we can never actually die! In this hope and in this assurance, let us live and be cheerful. We are dust, it is true:—but the body only is dust. The soul is of a superior nature!

Being, some time since, at Dunkirk, I sat down upon one of the sand-heaps, not far from the eastern ramparts, and casting my eyes over the expanse of waters, which wash the shores of England, France, Belgium, and Holland, I inquired of myself what there was worth, in all those countries, that could chain a wise-man to the earth: and this brought to my recollection the closing lines of two celebrated pictures of human life;—those of POSIDIPPUS and METRODORUS. How sings the former?

*Never to have been born, the wise man first*
*Would wish; and next, as soon as born, to die.*

Metrodorus, on the contrary, insists;—

False is the lay, that bids men hate to live;
Since every form of life can pleasure give.

Musing on the dead is,—sometimes,—as agreeable to our imagination and feelings, as musical sounds, heard of a night between sleeping and waking: or the mild murmurs, of a calm summer's evening, while we are sitting near the edge of a precipice, jutting over the sea-shore. There is a slight sensation of pain in all the three; and a strong sensation of pleasure.

[a] Shakspeare's

——— Undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,

may, perhaps, be traced to Catullus (iii. v. 11),

Nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant rediri quemquam.

That pain may be relieved by habit and custom is certain. Belial, therefore, is not entirely insolent, when he says—

> Our purer essence, then, will overcome
> Their noxious vapour; or inured, not feel;
> Or changed, at length, and to the place conform'd
> In temper or in nature will receive
> Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
> This horror will grow mild; this darkness light [a].

Some years ago, being near Houghton, in the county of Norfolk, we called to see the celebrated group of the Laocoon: —a counterpart, I believe, of that in the Medici gallery at Florence [b]; in reference to which Thomson has these expressive lines:

> Such agonies! such bitterness of pain!
> Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,
> That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view [c].

We found this group, however, not the Laocoon of Virgil, as we had anticipated:—for the poet makes the serpents tear the children, and then attack the father; —whereas the sculptor, with greater sculptural effect, makes them wind round all three at the same time. The expression of the sons indicate physical pain only; that of the father, however, is characteristic not only of physical, but of mental pain: and here rises a question:—which is the more difficult to sustain? bodily pain, or mental pain?

Our existence in infancy proves that we come into a world, founded on a system of light and darkness, good and ill, pleasure and pain. Those, who labour under severe bodily evils, do not pray for a change to mental evils: nor do those, afflicted with mental evils, pray for a change to bodily ones. Mental pain frequently leads to suicide;—and yet, before a mental pain can be felt at all, a great bodily one must be removed.

[a] Par. Lost, ii. 215.

[b] The work of Agesander of Rhodes, and his two sons, Polydorus and Athenodorus.

[c] Liberty, iv. 188.

From this it is evident, that bodily pain is more acute than mental pain; and yet the latter appears, by evidence, to be the more insupportable.

No one commits suicide under the apprehension of a dangerous operation; because a hope exists, that the operation will alleviate the pain. Thousands, however, commit suicide on the apprehension of evils, allied to vanity; and those even of an insignificant vanity. Bodily pain seldom leads to suicide.

Mental pain excites an apprehension of a greater suffering. It seeks, therefore, relief in expected annihilation. Bodily pain causes an apprehension of still greater pain, also;—but with a different result: The sufferer bearing the pain, he has, rather

"Than fly to others, that he knows not of."

I have little doubt—nay none!—that *most* suicides, whether insane or not, believe in the annihilation both of soul and body.

The origin of pain I shall not discuss. The Great Being is not to be measured by a human standard. "My ways are not your ways." The angel of Agony, if we may indulge in such allusions,—stalks like a giant, and selects whom he pleases, from the good and the bad, the young and the old: —"a like event happeneth to both;—the righteous and the unrighteous." All perish in the same ship: he, that is father of ten children; and he, that has none:—and this mystery no one can solve.

There is a curious reciprocity in effect, in regard to the pains of mind and body. Physical pain relieves mental pain; and mental pain relieves physical pain. Does this prove identity? or does it, rather, imply the separate existences of body and mind?

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

Formed as we are, pain is as necessary to pleasure, as darkness is to light. Nay, an excess of light is more insupportable than darkness itself; and did the sun perpetually shine to our hemispheres, though a practical knowledge might be had of the infinite little, we could have none whatever of the infinite vast. The amplitude of our upward view would be confined to the clouds. As it is,—the Eternal speaks in every star, in every wave, in every leaf:—in every act and impulse of the mind.

Things are wonderful! a dead silence always precedes an earthquake;—and during the battle of Weimar[a], though the cannon sounded loudly through the churches and streets; the birds were heard singing sweetly among the bows and leaves of the esplanade. In the midst of all these secrets; let—

> Our walls be bastion'd, dark, and dern;
> And dark our roof of film or fern,
> And dark the vista down the linn;—
> If all be love and peace within[b].

Marshal Romanzow was not entirely wrong, when he asserted, that the most destructive influences on the constitution are "*les fatigues de la guerre, et les veillées de la cour;*" but he had been wiser had he adopted the motto of Rousseau; "*I was born weak: ill treatment has made me strong.*" For my own part, I often reflect on the last words of Schiller; "*Calmer and calmer;—many difficult things are growing plain and clear to me. Let us be patient!*"

Pleasure and pain melt into each other, as exhalations from the earth become blended and neutralized by the heats of summer, and the frosts and drying winds in winter:—the mixtures of both being infinite:

> Hence is it, we have scarce an hour of life,
> In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
> Our sours some sweetness[c].

[a] Oct. 14, 1806. [b] The Queen's Wake.
[c] Massinger; A Very Woman, act iv. sc. 2.

We might, indeed, almost say of them—

Each gives to each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm [a].

When misfortune operates well, it is more to be admired than prosperity. But occasional successes, nevertheless, are reinforcements to virtue, more than equal to armies of reserve in days of battle.[b] It cannot be denied, that great wickedness often secretes and afterwards vegetates in the heart of man, elevated by success. Hence apparent evils may become inestimable benefits; and apparent benefits may engender evils neither to be endured nor conquered [c]. Great fortunes, indeed, are often ruined by the same passions, that concur to raise them; and this is one of the reasons, why great promotions do, by no means, conspire to men's felicity: engendering rather—

"Vexati , disappointment, and remorse [d]."

Indeed Dr. Young is prophetically true wherein he says, of misfortunes,—

'Tis the kind hand of Providence, stretched out
'Twixt man and vanity.

It must, however, be honestly confessed, that though the effects of pain are clearly to be traced; in respect to our pleasures, we chase to catch, we catch to drive away: men's

[a] I am far from thinking that youth is the happiest period of life. Lord Liverpool was, perhaps, decidedly in the right when he told Sir Egerton Brydges—"No! youth is not the age of pleasure. We then expect too much; and are, therefore, exposed to daily disappointments and mortification. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm, and begin to enjoy ourselves."

[b] Mirum quo procedat improbitas cordis humani, parvulo aliquo invitata successu. PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

[c] Terence has a lesson to some such an effect as this:—

Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet,
Qui uti scit, ei bona, illi, qui non utitur recte, mala.

[d] Thomson.

pleasures sometimes engendering evils almost beyond the faculty of endurance; thus realizing in the moral world, what is so often seen in the natural one:—

———— In sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells [a].

I write all this from the circumstance of having lately endured no small measure of pain both in mind and body; and though it is certain, that, in general,

———— where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt [b]:

yet when double pains afflict us, a small malady sometimes gives rise to as much pain as a great one. On the other hand, a small respite, or a small pleasure, on a sea of trouble, lead us, occasionally,

Well pleased, to slack our course; while, many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles [c].

In the midst of all this, it is well to remember an assertion of Solon (preserved by Valerius Maximus [d]) that if every one brought his evils, to be cast into one general heap, every one would carry his own troubles home, rather than throw them away, and select an equal number from the general heap.

Would Tasso have done this, at the time in which he wrote the following passage? "My mind sleeps, not thinks; my fancy is chill, and forms no pictures; my negligent senses will no longer furnish the images of things; my hand is sluggish in writing, and my pen seems as if it shrunk from its office. I feel as if I were chained in all my operations; and as if I were overcome by an unwonted numbness and oppressive stupor." I sometimes feel thus myself: and when I do

[a] Two Gentlemen of Verona.

[b] Lear to Imogen in Cymbeline (*act* i. *sc.* 2):

I am senseless of your wrath: a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

[c] Milton. [d] Lib. viii. c. 2.

so, I am always ready to exclaim—Any state rather than this!

That life is a jest has passed through more idle heads than one: Even Gay took it up, and caused it to be placed on his tombstone.

Life is a JEST, and all things show it,
I thought so once; but now I know it.

This distich calls to my mind PEREDA's picture of the *Desengãno de la Vida*, at Madrid; implying that life is a cheat. It reminds me, also, of a serious thought:—

It is not joy, that, sometimes gay,
I share the life in being light;
Too often smiles, that play by day,
Contrast with tears, that fall by night.

The fact is, the distich and the picture are both delusive. Life is too serious to be called a jest; and too real to be styled an imposture.

There have been times when, pent in the dust and poison of the city, I have mentally exclaimed, "Could I but see the ocean once more, listen to the rush or murmur of its waves, and scent the sea-weeds,

"Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,"

I should be happy! What we wished was accomplished; but the mind was wanted to enjoy the scene.

As the house, in which we were, stood close to the church, overtopping a stream, that brawls below, a passage from Tasso frequently rose to our minds:—

Nodrito di pensier dolci, e soavi[a].

As we were gazing on this scene, one day, we were greatly moved by the screams and cries of a poor child, which was expected to die every moment. "Children undergo great agony," thought I; "whence is it? what evil have they

[a] Sette Giornate, iii. 34.

done?" This is a small question, and yet it is sufficient to baffle the mightiest intellect.

Plagues, blights, and other phenomena of an analogous kind, have existed from the first moment of record. They have been, doubtless, necessary. When the material world has obtained its perfection of organization, they will, probably, be no longer necessary, and will therefore cease.

A mixture of crime and pain, virtue and pleasure, seems to have been equally necessary to the ensurement of the results, contemplated for the present period. This admixture may not always be necessary. When it ceases to be so, moral evil will, as well as natural evil, cease also to exist.

It follows, by no means, as a positive and certain result, that because evil has existed, and does exist, it must *always* exist. The mammoth is no longer in being; and the sciences of medicine and surgery are lessening human suffering every day.

We may inquire, with a celebrated writer[a], is this vast scene of things such a scheme as would, beforehand, be expected from a wise, powerful, and benevolent Deity? It is not. We are presented, then, says another writer[b], with an alternative, from which it is impossible for the human understanding to escape. "Either God, according to our ideas of benevolence, would remove evil out of the world, and cannot; or, if he can, he will not. If he has the will, and not the power, this argues weakness: if he has the power, and not the will, this argues malevolence."

This is a question beyond the intellect of man; for I will not resort to the assertion, that evil has no existence. For that were to assert what no one actually believes; however he may please to speak.

I have known many, when I have inquired of them, whether it was no evil to lose a wife, a friend, a son, or a daugh-

[a] Hume, Dial. on Nat. Rel. p. 203.

[b] Godwin, Thoughts on Man, 417.

ter, to reply with some plausibility of argument; but they have all, invariably, paused, when I have requested to know, if they would not esteem the loss of their eyes or foot an evil? or if it would not be an evil, also, to fall from a state of affluence and leisure,

"To be a beggar by the high-road side."

To assert, that no evil exists, is to assert, that no pain exists; and is not that an impertinence and a folly?

I cannot fathom the designs and purposes of a man, whose actions I know, whose character I suppose, who stands full before me, and submits to the utmost intensity of my gaze. Shall I, then, think to fathom the depth of a Being, whom no one yet has seen, and whose works a Galileo, a Kepler, and a Newton, contemplated with wonder and astonishment? I cannot! But I can submit to his dispensations; and I hope to discipline my mind in a full expectation, that if he is unable to banish evil from the universe, he has, at least, the will; and that he has, also, the power to convert such evil, in the end, into essential good. And this simple statement is all I have to say on the matter. If it be an ignorance, I have, nevertheless, sufficient grace to confess it.

## THE PLEASURES OF PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY.

There is no object in the city of Paris more gratifying to the heart, and no institution more conducive to good morals, than the Museum of Monuments. It is situated on the scite of the *ci-devant* convent of Augustine monks, and was established by Monsieur Le Noir. Who, that has not lost all the best feelings of his nature, would not take pleasure in musing among the monuments[a] of so many illustrious dead? Where, surrounded by cypresses, roses, and myrtles, stand

[a] These monuments have been removed to Père La Chaise.

the cenotaph of Molière, and the busts of Sully, Fénélon, and Bossuet; Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and Maleshcrbes; where a sarcophagus contains the ashes of La Fontaine; and where a medallion perpetuates the memory of Chevert!

As I was writing the name of "Chevert," my Lelius, the letter, in which you tell me, that you are become a prey to the profoundest melancholy, was brought to me. Ah! my friend, if every man were to note down all the experiments, he has tried; the number of established adages, he has found to be false; the observations, he has made on fortune and mankind; the cruel scenes, he has witnessed; the miseries he has endured; and the times he has been injured, calumniated, and deceived; what a melancholy catalogue of human woe and infirmity would be present to his mind!—"But Heaven," as Sterne beautifully says, "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and for nothing ought we to be more grateful to that Heaven for, than that accommodation of mind to circumstance, which alone prevents the miserable from laying down,—even with rapture,—the load with which some are so intemperately burthened. In every country and in every age the good and wise have been the sport of fortune!

———— So many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune [a].

Those are the men, against whom fortune takes an unerring aim, and sharpens her most fatal arrow:—"*Fortuna immeritos auget honoribus*," says a celebrated writer, "*fortuna innocuos cladibus afficit, justos illa viros pauperie gravat, indignos eadem divitiis beat: inconstans, fragilis, perfida et lubrica.*" What more ought to convince you, that fortune is not of etherial origin? What argument is required farther, than

[a] In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.
*Crabbe.*

the knowledge, that, appearing to disdain virtue, she wrings the bosom of wisdom? To be revenged of her, my Lelius—(for in a case like this revenge assumes the character of excellence),—let me exhort you to draw solace from her frowns. Since you cannot woo her to be your *mistress*, exert all the energies of your nature, and resolve to become her *master*. Be like the granite, impervious to the weather, and unassailable by time. Firmness of hope gives patience to endure; and the frost, which nips the leaves of the mulberry tree, kills not the silkworm cuddled in its leaves. The enemy, we have not the power to conciliate, therefore, must be subdued. In the struggle Fortune will wound you; but the wound,—if you do not convert difficulty into impossibility,—will be healed by the touch of resolution; and as the swan subdues the eagle, when he ventures to attack her upon her own element, so will you, my Lelius, master Fortune, since she attacks you undeservedly. And when you have mastered her, from that moment she becomes your friend. For Fortune, wild and fickle and indiscriminate as she is, has still the virtue to admire, when she finds she has no power to conquer. And when Fortune stoops to admiration, the man, whom she admires, is the admiration of the world!

But has melancholy no resources?—Has she no charms?—Had the daughter of genius, as Milton calls her, no captivations, when she wooed Euripides, Numa, and Tully; Dante and Tasso; Milton, Gray, and Collins? Believe me, my friend, those were men, not to be captivated by meretricious blandishments.

Melancholy, which implies a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation, softens the heart, tunes every fibre with the nicest touch, and, flattering our feelings even in the lap of misery, disposes the mind to derive an elevated satisfaction, from every grand and beautiful feature of Nature; from every virtuous exertion; and from all the secret sources of association and sympathy.

——————— There is a mood—
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)—
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

This is the species of melancholy, which soothes, delights, and captivates the soul. Indulging this fascinating propensity, the intrusion of mirth is grating to the feelings and offensive to the heart. It unhinges, by its turbulence and intoxication, the faculty of thought; it deranges the charm, by which we are bound; and dispels the luxury of meditation.

In wild and uncultivated scenes melancholy loves principally to reside. Magnificent buildings, splendid equipages, and crowded streets, associate but ill with that delicacy of taste, which prompts the mind to seek the shade of some favourite grove, or the cool banks of some murmuring rivulet. These, and the cloud-capt mountain, the deep and sequestered glen, the ivied ruin, and the setting sun, are objects, which she most delights to contemplate:—and sounds, most grateful to her ear, are the soft and melting accents of the flute; the aërial warblings of an Æolian lyre; the howling of the midnight storm; the distant voice of thunder; the foaming cataract, and an angry ocean.

Milton loved to indulge in scenes, which conspired to awake emotions, arising from philosophic melancholy;—a passion so exquisitely personified by Collins, in his Ode to the Passions; and by that noblest of all descriptive poets,—Thomson. "I sat me down," says Milton,—

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill.

This is not "the green and yellow melancholy," to which Shakspeare alludes in Twelfth Night; nor the passion, pointed at by Fletcher in the poem whence Milton is sup-

posed to have taken the idea of his Il Penseroso: still less is it the corroding "offspring of phantasie," described in Burton's Anatomy; but, as defined in the context, "a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation:"—and to this elegant affection we may refer the solution of an expression, so common in Homer, in holy writ, and in Ossian;—"The joy of grief;" and the "*est quædam flere voluptas*[a]," of Ovid.

From the agreeable nature of this elegant feeling arises the paradox, which asserts, that no obligation, a friend can bestow, endears him so much to our memory, as his death. Something of this feeling was experienced by Epaminondas. Hence, when some of his relatives inquired, which of his friends he valued most, he replied that such a question could not be truly answered, till one of them was dead. While our friend lives, we feel, as if it were possible, that his station could be occupied by another.—He dies!—The thought appears to assume the nature of constructive treason; and we weep the more, because we begin to fear, that we had never estimated his friendship at its proper value. His grave we consecrate; and memory loves to linger on his virtues with affectionate regret.

In a calm evening of summer,—a time, sacred to the indulgence of grief, and the study of wisdom,—when we are seated on the decayed trunk of an oak, or on the base of a rustic monument; how does the mind love to recal the memory of those friends, who are gone to that mysterious country, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!" At those moments, our memory, like a magic mirror, improves their features to those of manly beauty; their manners to a bland and amiable elegance; and their language to a persuasive and bewitching oratory. Virtues, which we loved, while exchanging the mutual offices of friend-

[a] Trist. El. iii., v. 37.—Seneca has an analogous sentiment, Epist. 69. 99.

ship, are heightened to enthusiasm; and even their foibles give additional splendour to their portraits.

In a retired spot of his domain, the survivor raises a column, at once expressive of his grief and friendship. To this hallowed spot he retires, at close of day, and exemplifies the motto of Shenstone, on the urn of the elegant and beautiful Maria[a].—Such was the conduct of Mason. With what mournful pleasure did he embellish his alcove with an urn and medallion of his friend, the melancholy Gray! A lyre was suspended over the entrance, inscribed with a motto from Pindar; and underneath was written on a tablet the following stanza:

> Here scattered oft the loveliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Aristotle was accustomed to say, that melancholy was ever attendant on superior genius; and, the more to confirm the truth of his observation, he instances the examples of Hercules, Plato, and Lysander. It was this gentle affection, that soothed the soul of Drummond among the rocks and cascades of Hawthornden; of Dyer, when wandering among the mountains of Cwm-Dyr; and of Petrarch, when, among the solitudes of Valchiusa, he formed the wish, that there his friends should raise his funeral urn.

## PLEASURES ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

Recurring, my Lelius, to the circumstance of your melancholy, let me recal to your recollection, that, as melancholy is the daughter of genius, and sorrow the offspring of misfortune,

[a] This motto seems to be imitated from an epitaph in Putney church:— "*Vale, vale,* Maria, *nullam de te dolorem nisi ex acerbissimâ tuâ morte accepi.*" The idea is, also, adopted by Pope and Thomson.

both the one and the other may be productive of long and lasting happiness. No one will venture to assert, that vicissitude is an object of desire; but few will be hardy enough to deny, that vicissitude may be productive of essential good. For as some medicines are healing to the stomach, which are bitter to the palate; and as it is by bruising and dividing its particles, that cinnabar assumes a vivid brilliancy, and thence becomes vermilion; so, by the storms and trials of an adverse fortune, patience exalts itself into resignation, resignation into gratitude, and gratitude into repose.

Plato gives it as his decided opinion[a], that all misfortunes, which befal a virtuous man, will ultimately redound to his advantage, either in the present or in a future state of existence. And so assured am I of the truth and justice of this doctrine, that I esteem it a duty, imperative in polemics, to waive every disputed point in theology, in order to unite all men in the persuasion, that every misfortune, occurring to the just, is a root, which will, ultimately, produce a harvest, far more than a thousand times commensurate with the evil inflicted.

Riches and rank, grandeur and power, it is true, command the gaze and admiration of the vulgar; be that vulgar clothed in rags or in lawn; in ermine or in purple. But what gives their possessors a *goût* for enjoyment? What but that "*felix infelicitas*," which is mingled with our fate, and which operates as a bitter on a satiated palate. Does any one recline on the bosom of love, and find not his delight heightened, when he recals the difficulties of his early passion? Thus sings the elegant and accomplished Sadi:—

How oft, when far from her I lov'd,
  I've wept the sleepless nights away!
The anguish, Sadi, thou hast prov'd,
  Augments the raptures of to-day.

As well may we expect to gather the fruit of the vine, be-

[a] De Rep. x. Cic. De Leg. v.

fore the tree has blossomed, as to expect happiness without first tasting of vicissitude. It is a cavern, my Lelius, through which all must pass, before they enter the Elysian fields. Had Flavius Boethius never been imprisoned by Theodoric, he had never written his *Consolation of Philosophy*. Had Grotius never visited the Hague, he had never composed his treatise on the *Truth of the Christian Religion*. In the plenitude of absolute authority, the haughtiest despot, that ever disgraced a throne, has no power to imprison or enthral the mind. The captive, dead to all the world but himself, if possessed of virtue and a cultivated imagination, if once delighting in the noble and more beautiful scenes in the material world, or gratified in gathering food for meditation in the intellectual, still is free. His mind, which is a quarry, in which he gathers riches, far more valuable, than either silver or gold, roves round the frontiers of the creation; while memory paints to his mental eye fields, rocks, forests, and mountains. Those objects, ever beheld with lively pleasure, and now remembered with melancholy satisfaction, charm and lull his anguish to repose. From Nature he looks up to NATURE'S GOD: breathes with a low and solemn voice the history of his wrongs: and rests securely satisfied, that no prayer, springing from a source so pure, is ever frowned upon. All his powers of association are brought into action; passages of his favourite poets are recited with energy; the principles of those sciences, to which he had been attached in his youth, are analysed and confirmed; he hears those airs in music, which once had power to charm him, again titillate his ear; those domestic landscapes, which once delighted him, are drawn with strict fidelity on his mental canvas: while the paintings of Correggio, Claude, Poussin, and of Bassano, appear to decorate the walls and niches of his prison. Again in fancy he treads the abodes of the great and the good; he beholds the marble columns of the rich, and the woodbine-cottage of the indigent; he sighs at the music of the torrent; treads, with solemn footsteps, the mansions of

the dead; or, with happy transition, reclines beneath the oak, that shelters his paternal dwelling.—Now he becomes sensible of what he has lost by imprudence, or gained by experience; truth is seen in all its sober hue; prejudice is dissolved; every motive of human action is observed through the medium of a faithful mirror; and the mind is purged of errors, by which it has been long abused.

Such are the advantages of a brilliant imagination and corrected judgment under circumstances, which would almost annihilate the faculties of inferior minds; circumstances, which begin by deadening, but finish in stimulating an exalted and heroic spirit.

Those evils, which, for a time, may have cast a sombre hue on all our prospects, when beheld in retrospection, not only lose half of their keenness, but are converted into sources of present comfort. How soothing is it to reflect upon a danger escaped, or on the miseries we have endured! And when undergoing those miseries, or escaping those dangers, let us, my friend, remember, how near a companion pleasure is to pain. Let us recollect, that roses bloom in profusion on the banks of the Tenglio[a]; that one of the most beautifully coloured flowers, and one of the most splendid of vegetables, grow near Mount Hecla[b]; that coral, ambergris, agates, and crystals, are found upon a stormy coast; that verdure adorns the bottom and sides of the burning mountain of Guadaloupe; and that porphyry hardens the more it is exposed to the elements. Let us reflect that the Chinese paradise is surrounded by deserts; that crystals are found within the hardest rocks, and diamonds in the deepest mines: that the magnet, which is the hardest tempered, retains its power of affinity longer than others; that one of the loudest of musical instruments[c] is sus-

[a] A river in Lapland.

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit; et urtica proxima sæpe rosa est.—*Ovid.*

[b] Andromeda hypnoides, and the Chamænerium halimifolium.

[c] The serpent.

ceptible of the softest cadence; and the hardest marble of the finest polish.

Then let us remember, that the most bitter of all vegetables has a sweet and aromatic root[a]; that the silver mines of Peru are elevated to the height of perpetual snow; and that medicinal waters spring even among the burning mountains of Japan:—That vipers, so hideous and so noxious to our sight, act as restoratives to an emaciated habit; while mercury, so ineffective in its primitive state, when separated into particles and combined with mineral acids, becomes, as it is administered, the most violent of poisons, or the most admirable of remedies[b]. And while we recal all this to our recollection, let us not forget, that it is the consonance of discordant sounds, which constitutes harmony in music; and that it is inculcated even on the chimney-piece of an inn, at Brisach, in the canton of Friburg[c], that patience is the antidote of life, and that if we would learn to conquer, we must learn to suffer. For as richness of colour is the result of repeated touches of the pencil; and as strength of mind is the concomitant result of continued disappointment; so happiness is not unfrequently the result of our having the power of comparing our present comforts with our past misfortunes.

> Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.
> Forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit[d].

Do we ever taste the pleasures of our fireside so highly, as when we have been exposed, for the greater part of the day, to the frost and snow without? With what joy does an old pilot, whose youth has been spent upon a rough and boisterous element, retire to the place of his nativity, to enjoy the rewards of his meritorious industry! What comfort does he derive in

[a] Absinthium. [b] Vid. Art. Argentum vivum.

[c] Antidotum vitæ patientia, sola malorum
Victrix.—Si bene vis vincere, disce pati.

[d] Suavis est laborum præteritorum memoria.
Apud Cic. De Finibus, lib. ii. c. 32.

his little hut, reared upon one of the cliffs, that overlook the ocean! Seated by his cheerful fire; and surrounded by his family, how does he delight, as he feels a few remaining impulses of a once adventurous spirit, to recount the numerous hardships, he has endured upon a distant main! Those winds and storms, that howl at midnight, and which once were accustomed to fill his mind with apprehension, now sweeten the remembrance of danger, and lull him to repose. Thus the halcyon builds its nest in stormy weather, to enjoy the luxury of a lasting calm.

Have we been tossed upon a bed of sickness[a]? How is our frame reanimated, when, escaping from our chamber, we inhale the breath of morning! All Nature, at that period, renders us satisfaction; the song of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the bubbling of waters, are music to our ears. Nature, dispensing, as it were, for us, the most agreeable perfumes, expands all her beauties; while every object we see, and every sound we hear, are so many inspirers of that ardent gratitude, which distends our breast.

When the mind has been weakened by severe application; when the heart, lacerated by acute sorrow, refuses even to be charmed by a changing fortune[b]; and when we would not

[a] Les plus simples objets; le chant d'une fauvette,
Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,
La fraîcheur d'une violette;
Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois
On voyoit avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui, présentent des appas
Inconnus à l'indifférence,
Et que la foule ne voit pas.—*Gresset.*

[b] Seneca has a fine passage, in his tragedy of Thyestis:—

Pectora, longis habetata malis,
Non sollicitas ponunt curas;
Proprium hoc miseros sequitor vitium,
Nunquam rebus credere lætis.
Redeat felix Fortuna licet,
Tamen afflictos gaudere piget.
Nulla surgens dolor ex causâ

hesitate to give the price even of a village for that vegetable[c], which has the power of healing debilities, arising from those powerful causes; what can more ameliorate the influence of the one, or give a decided tone to the other, than the view of fields and meadows, peopled with rural animals, or adorned with the assemblages of rural industry? The effects of all these are equal to that of the Lydian or Eolian modes of music: they pacify the storms of ill fortune, and soothe the sallies of passion.

Have we lost a dear and affectionate friend? Has the world neglected our merits, or insulted our virtues? Do we wish to remember only the hours of our infancy? Do we desire to be lulled to the slumber of death?—What sight shall delight our eyes, what sounds enchant our ears, what odours charm our senses, like the perfumes of the fields, the music of torrents, and the gay and animated visions of Nature! These are those notes, which form that Phrygian mode of mental music, which Lactantius writes of, that seem as if they possessed the power, by leading the mind to a contemplation of higher agents, of administering to the heart the most elevated consolations. For in the hour of despair no scenes like those can alleviate our melancholy: rising from the couch of disease, nothing reanimates our frame like the sunshine of a vernal morning: corroded by disappointed affection, or at those times, when the world presumes too much upon our misfortunes, and anticipates too little from our courage, where shall we look for consolation, but in the cultivation of our better feelings; in the conscious integrity of our hearts; and in those awful and sublime scenes of Nature, which in so powerful a manner, charm, delight, and elevate the soul? While

Hos flere jubet, sed vagus intro
Terror oberrat, subitos fundunt
Oculi fletus; nec causa subest,
Imber vultu nolente cadit.

[c] The ginseng. Panax quinquefolia.

nothing points by stronger, or more undeceptive associations, to ETERNAL GLORY, than the tranquil splendour of an evening sun,—blushing in purple.

If, at any time, my friend, the distress of the moment makes days of past affliction appear days of comparative happiness, and the sorrow of the present is too much for human infirmity to bear with resolution and with constancy, range among the rocks of St. Catherine, the groves of Dynevaur, or the towers of Careg-cennon; while the one echo with the dashing of the waves; the other sigh with responsive whisperings; and the last ring with portentous sounds. Climb to the summit of the mountain; rove on the banks of rapid rivers; or among the solitudes of a sequestered glen; and let their melancholy consonance whisper peace to your heart. One hour, so past, is worth an age of common existence: and every step, so taken, is one step towards heaven. Ah! my friend, how much are the feelings of sorrow subdued, and those of admiration excited in scenes, so grand and so impressive! Scenes in which, while indulging, we lose, in meditative silence, all sense of the past; while the most serious causes of sorrow melt into insignificance. The mind, elevated above those little cares, which agitate the ambitious, the malignant, and the proud, looks up with awe; while the breast heaves with conscious gratitude, as we reflect, that the GOD, we contemplate in those magnificent monuments of eternity, is a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the friendless.

Shall a yeoman esteem himself better, than his neighbour of another village, because the sun shines upon his fields to-day and not upon his neighbour's? Neither ought the fortunate to triumph over the unfortunate, because they bask in that fortune to-day, which may equally illumine the forehead of the miserable on the morrow. What honour accrues to the player of piquet, by gaining a repique? a success, having all the advantages of a victory, without one particle of the honour. That labour ensures profit; that the difficulty,

attending the first acquirements in science and language, should produce delight; that the greatest of benefits shall be attended with evil; and the greatest of evil by some secret good; are all exemplified in the Phenician fable of the goddess of beauty marrying the demi-god of deformity. Would you form a ship's ropes of spiders' webs? Would you weave to canvass the gossamer of a frosty morning? Why, then, attempt to erect the structure of happiness on the smiles of a wanton? The character of Fortune is, for the most part, the character of a harlot. Build then upon the perfection of virtue! The most violent of all hurricanes has no power to disturb the serenity, which prevails in the bed of the Pacific; nor shall the calamities of life melt the foundation on which a good man builds. Honest hope shall never die like a vapour;—and when misfortunes would turn his sanctuary into a theatre of tumult and confusion, he shall repose on the bosom of his virtue, as a chaste wife shall repose on the bosom of her husband.

How sweet to hear the tempest howl in vain,
  And clasp a fearful mistress to our breast;
And lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
  Secure and happy sink, at last, to rest [a].

In the hour of affliction, moderated by time, the imagination is frequently the best friend, we possess. But from the beauties of Nature, he will be found to derive the most perfect consolation, whose soul, not poisoned by meretricious refinements, is untainted by an intercourse with promiscuous society. For in the same manner as planets revolve with a velocity proportionate to their proximity to the sun; and as a poet is more estimated by those, who can boast a kindred spirit,

[a] Hammond, from Tibullus. Sophocles has a similar sentiment; quoted by Cicero: Attic. ii. 6.

——————— How sweet,
Under the covert of a sheltered home,
With mind serene, and eyes disposed to slumber,
To hear the pelting of the pitiless storm.—*Rogers.*

and whose minds are capable of rising and falling in unison with his; so does he derive the most enjoyment from natural beauty, who possesses an elevated imagination, and a corrected judgment.

In youth the love of Nature, which ever attends a cultivated imagination, is attended by lasting and most beneficial results. It contributes to inspire delicacy; and to encourage a taste for whatever is amiable in morals, or captivating in art. In manhood, when realities too much occupy the mind, were it not for the enjoyments which the palate of a polite taste is enabled to relish, the journey of life would appear a weary pilgrimage. When the ignorant and unfeeling, the avaricious and the envious, possess so many opportunities to display their passions, and so much inclination to palsy the exertions of industry;—tortured by anxiety, we should be ready to exclaim, with the highly qualified Cicero, that were the gods to offer to repose us, once more, in the cradle of infancy, we would renounce the boon. But, captivated by the sweet allurements of the imagination, the misfortunes of the world are counterbalanced by the enjoyments of taste. When active life is superseded by the imbecilities of age; and the old are no longer flattered by the credulities of hope;—if they no longer derive health and comfort from exercise, nor perceive the brilliancies of colour; if they extract no satisfaction from novelty, nor melt with the tenderness of love;—conscious that the storms of ill fortune have subsided; and being unreproved by conscience; they enjoy a rich consolation in the approving whispers of an honest heart. Feeling no aching void;—remembering no unworthy deed;—the fairy visions of hope are succeeded by agreeable recollections; sympathy diffuses its spells; and anticipations of a better station modulate their feelings to profound repose.

When we have been annoyed by the defects of imbecility, the conceit of ignorance, the dulness of pedantry, the arrogance of unlettered pride, or the offensive impertinence of a

fool:—when we observe men, gifted with fine talents, more solicitous to gain a wide, than an honourable reputation; and eager to prostitute their integrity, by becoming panders to all the base passions of the rich:—when we are disgusted with the malice of man to man, and irritated, in beholding the baseness of woman to woman:—when, in our intercourse with the world, we perceive societies, whose folly is their pride, and whose ignorance is their satisfaction, forming conspiracies against taste, learning, and genius, and becoming, as it were, scavengers to the lowest dependants of malignity;—when among the high, the intermediate, or the abject orders of vulgarity, we observe men (whose information extends no farther, than to the refuted follies of their associates, and whose industry is exerted only in the propagation of their errors), when we observe men of this contemptible proportion actively employed, in a vain endeavour to reduce the consequence of others to the disgraceful standard of their own littleness;—let us turn to the vale, the valley, or the glen, and listen to their echoes!

When you behold genius and virtue destitute of bread, and ignorance and vice, rolling in chariots, and honoured by the world:—when you see men, sliding into age, without having derived one practical maxim from experience, and without enjoying one solid comfort from a retrospect of the past:—when you observe characters, to whom the world has long looked up for consistency of conduct, bartering an honest independence, for the meretricious splendour of a title:—when men, the greatest libels on whose lives and characters are the ironical mottoes on their escutcheons, catch a fugitive importance from a dignified employment:—when the rector, filling an honourable and a sacred station, and belonging to that highly respectable order, who are the ministers of that admirable Master who said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart:"—when the rector, offensively inflated with imaginary consequence, "plays

such pranks before high heaven, that e'en the angels weep:" —when you see envy, inverting the order of nature, by weeping when others rejoice, and rejoicing when others weep:—when you see folly smiling with rapture at the occasional weaknesses of genius, and the unconscious misconceptions of excellence:—when men, whose only qualifications arise from wealth, from influence, or from rank, usurp the chair of magistracy, and stretching or relaxing the laws, as best accords with passion or convenience, induce you to regret there is no college for magistrates:—in those moments of pity, disgust, and mortification, my Lelius, descend to the margin of the river, which washes your domain; and, catching impressions from the emblem of eternity before you, resign your thoughts to meditation; and in the day-dreams of your fancy anticipate exemption from all recollection of the past, and increased enjoyment from a contemplation of the future.

### DISTINCTION BETWEEN PLEASURE AND HAPPINESS.

As conscience, sooner or later, revenges herself upon those, who have had the folly to wound her; so does happiness revenge herself upon all those, who have presumed to confound her name and her qualities, with the name and the qualities of pleasure.—Pleasure and happiness, my Lelius, are as distinct from each other, as pedantry is from learning, and oratory from logic: between all of which, though by the vulgar they are so often confounded, there is almost as wide a difference as between earths and plants, insects and animalcules. Pleasure consists in the indulgence of the senses; happiness in the cultivation of the mind, and the right direction of the passions. While the one soothes us into content, the other intoxicates, and, as was finely observed by Tertullian, "stings us to death." Philosophy, teaching the knowledge of things, as language teaches the knowledge of words, like an argument ending in a just corollary, seldom fails to reward

her followers with a commensurate measure of happiness. For as Saracenic architects multiply and combine arches in every possible direction, so virtue and philosophy open a thousand inlets to happiness, multiply our capabilities, and teach us that useful and acknowledged truth, that as one philosopher is worth a thousand sophists, so one moment of real happiness is to be preferred to a thousand of illegitimate pleasure.

He can never be esteemed an honest well-wisher of society, who would teach us to indulge in pleasure; who would take fear from the eyes of the base; or who would rob unmerited misfortune of its best and cheapest consolation. Who robs us of our purse, steals that, which is of little value; who robs us of our reputation steals that, which may be again recovered;—but he, who undermines our faith in the justice and the love of heaven, takes from us all consolation for the past, all happiness for the present, all hope for the future.

### TRUE AND FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

True philosophy, despising those dogmas, which—resting on secondary causes, would undermine the happiness of millions, without leaving an adequate value in return,—is as grateful to the soul, as it is one of the highest enjoyments of life to meet with objects, worthy of our esteem, and capable of exciting an honourable admiration. Naturally inducing mildness of manners and an enlightened enthusiasm, you will find, in the cultivation of it, enjoyments which no wealth can purchase; of which neither treachery nor envy can deprive you; and which has this peculiar excellence, that the more the world seeks to render you miserable, the more will she struggle to render you happy. It was a knowledge of this, that enabled Colonna to reply to a waspish kind of neighbour, who occasionally annoyed him:—" Nature has endowed me, Sir,

with such a disposition for happiness, that I should be in danger of losing all appetite for enjoyment, had she not kindly blest me, with such an enemy as you, to act as an occasional pungent to my palate." Philosophy, my friend, like other great and good characters, has been much mistaken by the weak, and wantonly injured by the subtle. As the wolf is fabled to have borrowed the fleece of the sheep, so have the artful and designing, of every age, assumed the robe of Philosophy; and, sparkling with fictitious splendour, imposed upon the credulity, and insulted the faith of the ignorant and imbecile. To such an extent and success, too, has this empiricism and imposture been carried, that Philosophy herself,—pure and immaculate as she is,—having so long been associated with such dishonourable companions, has been in great danger of a total dissolution. As the palm-tree, however, when burnt to its root, rises again more beautifully than ever; so Philosophy, elevating herself above every difficulty, rises, like the phœnix, from her own ashes.

Deceived by the gravity of the pedant,—a gravity which is the essence of imposture! the world, undervaluing precision of thought, and a consequent perspicuity of style, has long conceived philosophy to be dull, obscure, and mysterious. Totally ignorant, that real science is simplicity personified, they mistake mystery for depth; and an affectation of knowledge for the quintessence of learning:—not being sufficiently advanced in the grand school of Nature to know, that mystery and pedantry are nothing but hiding-cloaks for the concealment of ignorance and nonsense. Hence arises the spurious association of real with fictitious philosophy. The latter, always at war with truth, like an inverted pyramid, stands upon a slender basis, and must, of necessity, be difficult of comprehension: while the former never becomes obscure, till, ceasing to be solid, it degenerates into the latter; which, in all ages, has been active in the propagation of error, and industrious in the composition of fools.

There is no one, who has not heard of the clown, that was lost in astonishment, when he discovered his sovereign to be a man like himself. In the same manner, those, who conceive Philosophy to be abstruse, would be equally astonished to find how elegantly simple she is [a]. To find her so, however, it is, of course, necessary to seek her in the proper road, and after a proper manner. The man, desirous of learning Greek, consults a grammar before he turns the pages of a lexicon; and a mechanic, before he presumes to erect a steam engine, thoroughly acquaints himself with the nature and properties of heat. No one must aspire to enter the temple of philosophy by the cupola:—There is but one entrance, and that entrance is the vestibule.

Well was it observed by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, "that though a man may not be a logician, or a naturalist, yet he is not the less so, for being either liberal, modest, or charitable." For his mind is not the less philosophic, who,

[a] "When men," says Professor Stewart (Philosophical Essays, 4to., p. 509), "have succeeded at length in cultivating their imagination, things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms, invisible before. The same objects and events, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul: the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who, after having lost in vulgar occupation and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth:—

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale;
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

"The more we are accessible to pleasures of this kind," says Göthe, "the greater is our happiness. But if we feel no interest in the great phenomena of Nature, if we be insensible to the gifts of heaven; then we become victims to misery and to the most dreadful of diseases; and life is endured only as a painful burthen. The cause of listlessness, and weariness of life, proceeds, then, principally from men's being insensible to all resources of this kind."

Few, in the present day, will be found sufficiently ignorant or hardy to deny, that the improvement of our nature is largely connected with the improvement of our taste.

making allowances for the natural imbecility of human nature, and knowing the influence of opinion, cultivates the respect and admiration of the world at large. In this experiment, however, never will he be anxiously solicitous. An over-weening desire of obtaining the esteem of every man we meet is a sure indication of mental imbecility. He is not, at all times, the best of men, of whom the generality of mankind speak well: for, in its estimate of character, the world, captivated by appearances, too often overlooks motive; and too frequently, associating fortune with virtue, mistakes ostentation for charity, in the same manner as it mistakes license for liberty, and freedom of morals for liberality of sentiment.

Neither is he to be esteemed the worst of men, of whom a certain description of persons speak ill. Vice and virtue will no more willingly associate with each other, than seeds will germinate in oil; mercury amalgamate with iron; or exotics naturalize in Egypt. The votaries of the one, therefore, are, of necessity, enemies to the other; with this remarkable distinction;—that virtue (from the excellence of its own nature) is not capable of hating vice to the excess, that vice is capable of hating virtue. To minds of a common stamp, talents and genius are unpardonable provocations; for, speaking by a synecdoche, the world makes war upon excellence, and almost induces us to call those unfortunate, who dare be eminent in any thing. Reputation, therefore, which is sometimes gained without merit, is as frequently lost by the exercise of our virtues, as of our vices;—"our good qualities," as one of the first moralists of the age has truly observed, "often exposing us to more hatred and persecution, than all the ills we do."

To the malignity of vicious men, my Lelius, employ the expressive eloquence of silence. When they smile upon you, remember that the serpent can assume the innocence of a worm, and the condor the gentleness of a dove. When they

would play upon you, recal to your memory that fine assertion of Young, that—

"Affronts are innocent when men are worthless."

And yet—listen to their reproaches! Amid all their folly and extravagance, like the ass in the Spanish fable, they will sometimes stumble upon truth by accident. That truth will do you more essential service, than all the promises of a friend at court. But mean and grovelling and contemptible is he, who bears with every one's humour; simpers in every coxcomb's face; shakes every villain by the hand; and looks and smiles and flatters every wretch he meets, for the indigent satisfaction of wearing the honours of what the world contemptuously denominates "*a good sort of man.*" To be universally well spoken of, we must either possess a vast fund of good-nature; be inordinately weak; or inordinately vicious. We must crawl to the great; stoop to the rich; flatter the weak; and listen to the calumnies, which every unworthy knave, if he has not the baseness to invent, has the constructive baseness to circulate, without a look of abhorrence, or a smile of contempt. We must be rich; and, above all, we must not aspire to independence of character!

Three of the principal reasons, why men of enlarged and liberal minds are beloved so little by the world in general, arise from a certain degree of fear, with which they are regarded by the vulgar; an acknowledged sensation of awe, with which the great observe them; and from the circumstance of their being so difficult to be played upon by ordinary minds. They frequently require a master's hand to draw from them harmony, melody, or even euphony. The touch of mean fingers elicits nothing but the discord of sincerity. For, measuring every object by its proper standard, it is with difficulty they conceal their utter contempt of pride

and vanity, vulgarity and ignorance. Independence of character is a quality, therefore, which few have the magnanimity to forgive; though few are so base, but they are capable of admiring. Whither, in this wilderness, shall men of such superior order turn for comfort? For they have virtues, which prompt them to love mankind; sympathies, which need only to be awakened to draw most exquisite music; and though they respect, admire, and love but few; those they do respect, admire, and love, may play upon their nerves just what stop they please.

In this world of selfishness and error, where all the homage of a general respect is usurped by the rich and the dignified, whither shall they turn for comfort? Is any comfort to be found, my Lelius? You pause! Yes: Even in this world comfort—excellent comfort—can be found. For though, for the most part, men, who are lost in hopeless insignificance, hate genius with as much cordiality as some ugly and deformed persons hate beauty, there are nevertheless a few,—a noble and discriminating few,—scattered through the world, to cultivate whose esteem; to deserve whose love; and to excite whose admiration; who would not climb Mount Etna, even in the midst of winter? or toil through all the sands of Ethiopia, even in the midst of summer? The esteem of such men as these—one friend—one mistress—and one God! O this world, this vain and anxious world, my Lelius, is a paradise after all!

## INFLUENCE OF EARLY READING.

I HAD, a short time since, an opportunity of consulting a beautiful MS. of Petrarch's works[a], at the end of which, (in a different hand,) are the following lines:—

> Il di s' appressa et non puote esser lunge,
> Si corre il tempo et vota,
> Vergine unica et sola,

[a] Harleian MSS., No. 5761.

**El cor hor conscientia hor morte pugne**
**Racommandami al tuo figliolo, verace**
**Homo, et verace idio.**
**Ch' accolga il mio spirito ultimo in pace.**

A few days after, I selected from the Lansdowne MSS. *I Sonnetti et le Morale Canzoni:* presented, some years since, to the first Marquis of Lansdowne (then Earl of Shelburne), by the Comte de Scarnasi.

These MSS. awakened a thousand associations; in reference to which I am led to remember, that a once celebrated legal character was accustomed to assert, that egotism "is the food of age," as "music is the food of love." No one was ever more delighted with Petrarch,—"the morning-star of Italian poetry," as he has been elegantly called,—than I was[a]. I was charmed, too, with his three friends, Socrates, Lelius, and the Bishop of Lombes. With what rapture did I, in imagination, climb the rocks, and behold the fountain of Vaucluse, lying below;—the Mediterranean in the distance, and among the shrubs, surrounding the poet's cottage, the faithful old fisherman, and his bronzed wife. I was present, as it were, at the moment, in which he first beheld Laura step out of the church, at the monastery of St. Clair. I went with him through Languedoc to Lombes; and, in company with his friend, the bishop, saw the Pyrenees rising over that little town. I travelled with him, also, through France; sympathised with him at Liege, when he could scarcely find ink enough to copy two of Cicero's orations; and beheld the women of the Rhine washing their arms in that river, in order to drive away their sins and anxieties. I partook, as it were, of all his wanderings, disappointments, pleasures, and prospects. Enchanted with his genius, and the elegance of his taste, his scorn of wealth, and his neglect

[a] "Neither love, nor poetry, nor even study, had so absorbed Petrarch's faculties as to leave him no spare moments, for more active duties. He was a statesman, an able negociator, a profound politician; but his lyre and his love have alone immortalised him."—Tenhove, vol. i. p. 121.

of promotion, his admiration of the Rhone, the Mincio, and the Apennines; his dislike of trusting himself to the sea; and his hatred of Avignon; I even partook of his admiration of Rienzi! and rejoiced in the admiration entertained for him by Poggio Bracciolini[a].

Then I followed him to the various Italian courts; felt the earthquake, as he sat in his library, in the city of Verona; beheld his visions, his dreams, and the death of Laura. Then commenced a new era in his existence; his reception at Naples; his friendship with the king; and his coronation in the Capitol of Rome. Then followed the loss of various friends, and the plague; at which visitation I was in great agitation, lest he should die.

To the letters of this celebrated man, I am indebted for some of the few qualities, by which I am either to be valued or despised: and to none of the passages more than the following:—"These friends of mine regard the pleasures of the world as the supreme good: they are ignorant of my resources; I have friends, whose society is delightful to me: they are persons of all countries, and of all ages,—distinguished in war, in council, and in letters. Easy to live with, always at my command, they come at my call, and return when I desire them; they are never out of humour; and they answer all my questions with readiness. Some present, in review before me, the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of Nature:—these teach me how to live, and those how to die: these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit; and some there are, which prepare my soul to suffer every thing, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with myself. As a reward of such services, they require only a corner of my little house; where they may be safely sheltered from the depredations of their enemies."

There is a passage in BUNNEL of THOULOUSE, too, which

[a] Vide De Infelicitate Principium, p. 30, and De Vera Nobilitate, p. 19.

had a great effect upon me. " When my mind shall be restored to its former tranquillity, I will retire to some deep solitude; where, with my books, and, perhaps, one friend, I will spend my years, and with a free, uncontrolled mind, survey from the safe shore the tempests, raging upon the ocean. Then I shall not envy monarchs their power and their pleasures; usurers their wealth; nor Montaur the glory of governing the state."

Having been introduced, when a very young man, to the widow of Melmoth, author of " Fitzosborne's Letters," then an old lady (residing at Bath), I turned, on arriving at home, to those elegant epistles, which will ever be associated with those of the younger Pliny; and from them I first imbibed a love of what is beautiful in style, words, or manners. I wish I could have acted upon the model of their creating, which I then formed in my mind. But the world, alas! has been too cruel an arena to permit that!

To these works, added to those of Rousseau, St. Pierre, and Zimmerman, I trace no small portion of the peculiar ambition, by which, from early life, I have,—in all trials,—been actuated: viz. the cultivation of what few faculties of reason and imagination, Nature has been pleased to endow me with. Sometimes in company with Linnæus, Buffon, Willoughby, and Ray; sometimes with Kepler and Galileo, Newton and Laplace; sometimes with Puffendorf, Grotius, and Vattel; and, now and then, casting my eyes

On fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn;
Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens portray'd.

I was, indeed, charmed with any thing, that took me from the common-places of life. When, however, I had mixed more largely in the world, and found care and ambition surround me on every side; I felt no small resentment towards Plato, Cicero, Fenelon, and other eminent writers, whose

pages I loved; because their works had seduced me, through the medium of their sentiments, and led me through the mazes of vicissitude to the very brink of destruction. This resentment lasted some time. Being, however, in a small village, among the wilds of Merioneth, an odd volume of Petrarch's life fell in my way; and, opening it at the page which describes his imaginary dialogue with St. Augustin, I came back, like the prodigal son, with shame and repentance.

I must now record my gratitude to a lady, to whom I ought to esteem myself under greater obligations, as it were, than if she had left me a fortune of five hundred pounds a-year. This lady is the accomplished Mrs. BARBAULD; whose hymns,—read in the season of comparative infancy,—first implanted that ardent admiration of Nature, which, in all the trials, to which I have been exposed, has been the charm, the pride, and consolation of my life. Four-and-thirty years[a] have elapsed, since I read those beautiful little master-pieces; and when I sent for them, in order that I might again read them, and record my gratitude in these pages, they were as "*green*" to my imagination, as they had been in the morning of my life; and I could not, after an intercourse of so many years with worldly objects, worldly men, and worldly sentiments, again peruse the pictures, they so vividly represent, without a sedate feeling of melancholy transport.

The latter part of my scholastic education was under the superintendence of a master, greatly distinguished for his classical attainments[b]. The last time I saw him, I inquired of him if he remembered my having, one day, asked him if Pope's opinion were true, that

> "Men are but children of a larger growth;"

and that he had evaded my question. "I remember it well," answered the Professor. "What has your own experience

[a] 1819.

[b] Dr. Lloyd, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge.

been, since you have been able to judge for yourself?" —"What I am ashamed to acknowledge."—"The same feeling prevented my reply at the time you have alluded to. Besides, it is dangerous to let boys know this too early. It may impair their wish for knowledge; and lessen the respect, they ought to have for their parents and tutors. As it is, boys read the line without the power to believe."

I have always had an inclination towards the study of Nature; and as you desire me to say a few words, relative to my first attempt to carry my inclination into effect, I shall do as you desire. Soon after I came from the country to take up my residence in, and near, our vast metropolis, I became acquainted with a gentleman, who, in early life, had been, previous to the French Revolution, Consul at Genoa or Leghorn, I forget which. To a wide knowledge of worldly affairs, he added an intimate knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages. He was skilled, too, in the sciences of Botany, Chemistry, Natural History, and Astronomy. He had not only an elegant, but one of those comprehensive minds, which enable their possessors to turn life into a panorama, as it were; and the result was a felicitous serenity of mind; flowing like the waters of a deep and powerful stream. His conversation was, indeed, so various, that he appeared to have a fountain of inspiration perpetually springing. He seemed to know the beginnings, the progress, and the endings, of most things; with their intermediate changes and stages. He had visited France, Italy, Greece, Syria, and Egypt. With what delight did I, therefore, hang upon his lips! How eagerly did I require him to inform me what he had seen remarkable in Cairo; what he thought of the Pyramids; how he regarded his journey to Antioch; what peculiarities there were in the manners of the people of Damascus; and whether he had not been awed into the sublimest admiration by the ruins of Thebes, Balbec, Palmyra, and Persepolis. I entreated him, also, to describe the city of

Athens, the ascent of Hymettus, the plains of Argolis, the gulf of Lepanto, and the solitudes of Arcadia.

I listened to his replies with a pleasure, I have seldom (perhaps never) since derived from the conversation of any other person. I had just entered my six-and-twentieth year. I had, therefore, lived long enough to know a multitude of things. But I had seen them, chiefly, on one side; for I had witnessed little but passion and circumvention, assumption, and petty intrigue. My imagination was ardent; my curiosity, therefore, sensibly alive to new views and hopes. You will excuse this egotism, my dear Lelius; because your commands are, perhaps, one of the causes of my indulgence in that vice. My imagination, I say, was ardent: my thirst for knowledge more so. The manners, customs, and amusements of nations; their various species of governments; their laws; the arts by which they were embellished; and the sciences by which they were dignified; were subjects of the deepest interest. Above all, I was charmed with the various beautiful and sublime pictures, he described; characterizing many portions of the regions, he had visited.

Thirty years have passed since this period; and yet I remember, with the liveliest pleasure,—a pleasure, however, not unallied to melancholy,—what he stated, in respect to the results of his experience. "I love the country," said he; "its pure air, and exhilarating atmosphere; but I am, nevertheless, content to live in almost perfect seclusion in this large city. In respect to men—I view them very differently from what I did in my youth. Then, I judged every one according to my own ideas of virtue and vice; appreciating every one's conduct abstractedly; with little or no reference to the circumstances, under which the actors were placed; the passions by which they were urged; the motives by which they were actuated; or the manner in which they were acted upon. I regard all persons now as forming part of the great family of mankind; governed by an over-ruling, and constantly superintending providence; and acting as instruments to accomplish the

designs of that providence; of the final purposes of which we may conjecture much; but can, literally, know nothing."

"We learn one thing," said he again, "at Rome; another at Naples; a third at Antioch; and a fourth at Damascus; but this we may learn in all places:—viz. that Solomon was a prophet, in the most essential point of its meaning, when he declared, that all, and every thing, were nothing more and nothing less than mere 'vanity.' We may, therefore, safely assert, that, for a virtuous man, it partakes less of good fortune to live, than to die."

The last time I had the honour of conversing with this excellent, as well as accomplished, person, he delivered the following maxim and sentiment:—"Men cannot truly enjoy what is beautiful and sublime in the universe, unless they have, also, souls capable of admiring and appreciating whatever is great and noble in human action and character." "Were I to live my life over again," continued he, "I would endeavour to write something, that might embalm my memory when dead. Try what you can do." Alas! I am fated to exclaim, with "Delta"—

> The fond, the fairy, dreams of youth
> Soon vanish'd at the touch of Truth;
> And o'er the heart, all seared and riven,
> The ploughshare of the world was driven.

I, nevertheless, made the attempt; and the Philosophy of Nature was the result of my presumption.

## PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Gifted with an exalted fancy, the admirer of Nature feels all the raptures of a poet, though ungifted with his inspiration; and, without the talent for poetry, possesses, at intervals, something of the *vaticinatio furentis animi*, which elevated the genius of Plato and of Cicero. Those elegant men were lovers of the sublime and beautiful, to an unlimited extent. But Cicero, though he combined the most refined taste with

the noblest genius; and though he was one, whose waters, as Quintilian observes, flowed as from a living fountain, was ungifted with poetic fire[a]. Plato, whose writings formed two of the finest of poets, arrived at no eminence as a poet himself: And Burke, that splendid but eccentric genius, who, in many of his works, displayed a mind superlatively gifted; and who joined to the nicest sensibility an imagination, at once grand, vigorous, and creative, confessed his inability to acquire the soft and delicate touches of the muse. Thus we find, that though one art may have a necessary connexion with several others, as oratory has with poetry, and poetry with music, yet, for the most part, a different genius is required for each.

But though all admirers of Nature are not poets; all poets are admirers of Nature. They people every grove; deck every object, whether animate or inanimate, in glowing colours; and having formed a captivating picture, become, like Pygmalion the sculptor, enamoured of their own creations. For this faculty they are indebted to the powers of a brilliant imagination!—that noble quality of the mind, which, giving alluring colours even to the most abstruse of sciences, exalts its possessor far above the common standard of humanity. The imagination is the mistress of the mind; reason its sovereign: —the powers and pleasures of the former of which, as Plato said of the soul, are like the harmony of a harp, invisible, immaterial, and divine. In personifying her, Apelles would have selected Urania for his model; in describing her, Ariosto and Spenser would have employed the utmost power of their genius; —and Palladio, in erecting to her a temple, would have laid the foundations on a rock, commanding, on one side, the Ionian Islands; while the shades of Athens, the ruins of Corinth, and the plains of Argolis, decorated the other. In delineating her character, Maximus Tyrius would have dwelt, with enthusiasm, on the brilliancy of her colours, the inten-

[a] Virgilium illa felicitas ingenii in oratione solutâ reliquit: Ciceronem eloquentia sua in carminibus destituit.—*Seneca, Controv.*, lib. iii.

sity of her feelings, the beauty of her sentiments, and the nobleness of her designs.

As a foil to these beauties and these virtues, however, Locke would sometimes have doubted her representations; suspected her mansion to be a labyrinth; her charms meretricious; her plans visionary; and her brilliant promises so many harbingers of disappointment. Not insensible to the objections, which may be raised to the culture of the imagination, the deference, which we pay to the judgment of Locke, we will not extend to his taste; and since the imagination, well-governed, ameliorates inquietude, enlivens retirement, and expands the affections; since it mellows love, dignifies friendship, and sublimes virtue;—who would not be proud of possessing so admirable a quality*?

Indulging its poetic attributes, a hermitage seems more beautiful than a palace; visions of happiness melt into the heart like marmalade; affection acquires a more dignified impression; every scene is converted into a sentiment; the heart glows with a mild and contemplative rapture; and the world's pleasure and the world's jargon sink into ridicule: while the sober and satisfying delights of the mind lengthen in effect, as shadows acquire longitude the nearer the sun approaches, from the meridian, the horizon in the west. The mind loses all its wish for wandering; past sorrows operate as harbingers of future benefits; and every object, speaking to the imagination in language tender, glowing, and eloquent, the mind recognises its birth-right of immortality, and ESTO PERPETUA appears to be engraven on every sensible sign.

Deep feelings make men solitary; but those, who cultivate their capabilities, can seldom feel solitary in the universe; because all objects become companions, as it were;—not uniting

* "If refined sense and exalted sense be not so useful as common sense, their rarity and their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects, make some compensation and render them the admiration of mankind; as gold, though less serviceable than iron, acquires, from its scarcity, a value which is much superior."—HART. *Selections*, *Add. MSS*. 7107. 22.

them with the absent living only; but with the dead. The intellectual stream flows rapidly, yet purely; peace and knowledge are present; liberty and power. What, in the catalogue of enjoyments, can be more solid, innocent, and agreeable?

In the Epinomis of Opuntius,—written as a sequel to the Laws of Plato,—we find wisdom is considered to consist not in science, or in the arts; nor even in political knowledge; but in the contemplation of the divinity, in the worship of whom felicity is embodied. This work sometimes reminds me of a passage in Schiller's Julio and Raffaelle. "To seek in the machine its regulator; in the phenomenon the law of its production; its composition in its several unities; and thus to trace back the building to its plan, or scheme, is the highest office of contemplation." Speaking, afterwards, of the mind's awakening from the lethargy of ignorance, and becoming acquainted with the general and particular objects of the creation;—"how worthy," exclaims the author, "does every thing now become! All is animated around me. There is for me no longer a desert, any where in Nature. Wherever I discover a body, I infer a spirit. Wherever I observe motion, I presume thought."

The most useful,—and, therefore, the most essentially delightful,—of scientific unions is that of moral with natural philosophy. For the mind then flows, as it were, in a mighty stream of cause and effect, fertilising society, and embellishing and ennobling its aspirations and results. Moral science, social science, and natural science, should ever go hand in hand. Nature is no longer a vast theatre, in which men are taught to see objects, merely as objects to amuse the passing hour; the investigating her laws, and adapting them to human use, having become the most inspiring of duties. The telescope, the microscope, and the wonderful instrument of Volta,—the use of which in illustrating the more obscure parts of chemistry and general physics is only now beginning to be fully appreciated,—afford opportunities of following nature with a steady

and unerring step, far beyond what ancient observers could imagine; and have opened a sphere for the future intellectual activity of man, infinitely beyond the imaginative powers of the most comprehensively prophetic of minds at this time to predicate. Happy are those, then, who can calmly and constantly pursue poetry and philosophy, for the inexhaustible treasures, which they open to their intellectual fountains. But alas! equally miserable is it for those, who, deriving pleasure from reading fine sentiments, and beholding noble works of art, contemplating the various impresses of the universe, and meditating on elevated actions, are chained to sordid or ignoble employments; and compelled, by the necessity of circumstances, to act in any way unbecoming the high prototypes, they have modelled in the precincts of their own minds!

In youth, the imagination arrays hope in fairy forms and brilliant colours. At that period, when every joy is in perspective, no bound is fixed to our projects or our wishes. One height climbed, presents others, yet more high, to overcome; and one desire gratified becomes a mean, by which we expect to indulge another, more expanded and more promising. Present difficulties fly before the resolution of a young and ardent mind:—animated with the *vis vivida animi*, it rushes boldly on, climbs the mountain, nor stops to enjoy the landscape, it has left behind. The horse of Statius[a] is not more eager and impetuous.

Such are the aspirations of those youth, in whom the God of Nature has implanted a faculty of perceptive elegance, or an innate sense of harmonic feeling. For, in the same manner as the wind, fluttering upon the wires of an Æolian harp[b],

[a] Stare loco nescit, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis angula campum.

[b] For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains;—&c. &c.—*Akenside.*

produces the most tender and bewitching music, so has Nature's hand

> To certain species of external things
> Attun'd the finer organs of the mind.

When youth has lost somewhat of its elasticity, the effects of joy and sorrow upon minds so attuned, are far different from those, which affect men of ordinary feeling and capacity. Joy produces a soft, mellow, pathetic solemnity of thought; sorrow a chastened dignity of manner, which raises some men almost to the rank of a Petrarch; and some women to the elevation of a Madonna. With Nature for their friend, her flowers, her odours, her real and aërial landscapes, have power to charm, when the world has wounded their feelings, or fortune divested them of her favours.—Stretched upon a rock, lulled to reveries beside the fall of a fountain, beholding Nature here rough and untutored, wild and majestic; there soft or gay, elegant or enchanting; feeling her separate and contrasted charms whisper peace to their hearts, they resemble travellers, who, having, for a long time, wandered over dreary and pathless deserts, find themselves, on a sudden, in a narrow, winding defile, where the perfumes of aromatics, wholesome fruits, and clear springs, invite to enjoyment, admiration, and repose.

But I think I hear you whisper, my Lelius, that the imagination must be chastised by the sober dictates of judgment; and that those pleasures, which it undoubtedly affords, lead only to disappointment, if, in giving unlimited sway to our fancy, we indulge in all the wild varieties of its nature; and wanton, free and unfettered, in all the enjoyments it promises. Doubtless, my friend, your argument is correct. I promise, in the cultivation of the imagination, no solid satisfaction, unless it be corrected by reason, good sense, order, and propriety: but so corrected, the imagination is ever pointing to something beyond the limits of our present state of imperfection.

It is this invincible love of grandeur, which prompts the

mind to the contemplation of those objects, which raise our thoughts in gratitude and admiration; and which, even from the pre-existence of time, are supposed to have had the love of the Deity himself. For,—as Akenside observes, in the true spirit of Plato, and with all the sublimity of Milton and Lucretius,—

———— Ere the radiant sun
Sprung from the east, or, midst the vault of night,
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorned the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then lived the ALMIGHTY ONE:—Then deep, retired,
In his unfathomed essence, view'd the forms,
The forms external of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being.—Hence the breath
Of life, informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves,
Hence light and shade, alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair varieties of things.

But however agreeable the visions of Nature may be, the imagination has the power of forming scenes more captivating to our fancy, than any she unfolds to us. Not that scenes, so drawn, are in reality more beautiful; but they are more adapted to our peculiar ideas; every person having the power of comparing and associating for himself, in a manner, most conformable to the justness or viciousness of his taste, and in a measure proportioned to the width and compass of his mind.

From this argument, and from a consciousness, that the painters more frequently delineate what they wish to see, than what they do see, we might be tempted to infer, that the pictures of the poets, the more substantial creations of the painter, and the more splendid visions of the imagination, are, in reality, more beautiful, than the productions of Nature

herself. But, though this arises from the circumstance of our taking only a superficial view of colours and forms, and from our inability to view Nature in detail and in combination at the same time, and thence tracing the beauty of contrivance to the importance of its end, we will admit of the argument for the sake of the corollary.—A proof, a decisive, as well as an argumentative proof, of the ETERNITY OF THE MIND is established by it. For, as man can never be supposed to have arrived at his proper sphere in the universe, while he is capable of conceiving objects more grand, or more beautiful than those, which Nature has thought proper to set before him; the very circumstance of his ability to conceive a combination of objects superior is, in itself, a sufficient ground for conviction, that the ETERNAL ARCHITECT HAS OTHER SCENES TO EXHIBIT TO HIS ADMIRATION. The proper sphere for immortality is that, in which no objects can be imagined superior to those, presented. If, when our friend Harmonica has arrived, as it were, at the third heaven, she is capable of imagining something superior to that, I would instantly declare, in the face of all the sceptics in the world, that there was a FOURTH HEAVEN!—The state of absolute perfection being that, in which the mind, having lost the faculty of imagination, finds sufficient exercise in the contemplation of its own beatitude.

### APPARENT SYMPATHY OF EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

THROUGH the medium of combination, scenery frequently appears to have the power of partaking our delights, or of sympathizing in our misfortunes. As are our feelings, so does all Nature seem to accord. Are we cheerful and gay? Every bird, every field, and every flower, are objects of delight. Are our spirits worn down with sorrow? Melancholy

——————— round us throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens all the green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

Inanimate objects thus become, as it were, associates in our grief; and, not unfrequently, by the lessons they prefer, administering angels of consolation. When Cicero lamented the death of his daughter, Tullia, SERVIUS SULPITIUS wrote him a letter.—"Once," said he, "when I was in distress, I received a sensible alleviation of my sorrow from a circumstance, which, in the hope of its having the same influence upon you, I will take this opportunity of relating. I was returning from Asia; and as I was steering my course, I began to contemplate the surrounding country. Behind me was Egina; Megara in the front: the Piræus occupied my right hand, and Corinth my left. These cities, once flourishing, were now reduced to irretrievable ruin. 'Alas!' said I, somewhat indignantly, 'shall man presume to complain of the shortness, and the ills of life, whose being in this world is necessarily short, when I see so many cities, at one view, totally destroyed?' This reflection, my friend, relieved my sorrow[a]."

Such was the influence of scenerial accompaniments on the mind of the elegant Sulpitius; and such, it may be presumed, was the consolation, derived even by the sanguinary MARIUS, among the ruins of Carthage:—where, as LIVY[b] finely observes, Carthage seeing Marius, and Marius Carthage, the one might serve as a consolation to the other.

The answer of Marius to the prætor of Africa is one of the finest indications of a strong mind, recorded in history, and is well suited to our argument. Oppressed with every species of misfortune, Marius, after escaping many dangers, arrived at length in Africa; where he hoped to have received some mark

[a] Cic. Ep. ad Famil. lib. iv. ep. 5.—Pausanias has a similar reflection, lib. ii.

[b] *Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginiensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posset esse solatio.*

of favour from the governor. He was scarcely landed, however, when an officer came to him, and addressed him after the following manner :—" Marius, I am directed by the Prætor to forbid your landing in Africa. If, after this message, you shall persist in doing so, he will not fail to treat you as a public enemy." Struck with indignation at this unexpected intelligence, Marius, without making any reply, fixed his eyes, in a stern, menacing manner, upon the officer. In this position he stood for some time. At length, the officer desiring to know whether he chose to return any answer ;—" Yes," replied Marius, " go to the Prætor, and tell him, that thou hast seen the exiled Marius, sitting among the ruins of Carthage [a]."

How often, my Lelius, when sauntering along the gardens of Kew and Kensington, leaving the giddy throng, with our admirable friend, Agrippa, have we desired him once more to traverse the shores of Greece and Egypt !—Then he has described to us the awe, with which he stood on the spot, which the natives had assured him was that, on which the city of Memphis [b] formerly stood.—A city, which was destroyed before Nineveh ; and the fate of which was so freely foretold by Ezekiel and Jeremiah [c]. Then he has glanced to Thebes ;—the ruins of which are still visible at the village of Luxor ; and at the sight of which he stood, for some time, rapt in silent astonishment :—Ruins which, extravagant as are the accounts which Strabo [d] and Diodorus [e] have left of the length

[a] Plut. in Vit. Mar.—The picture of Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, at Rainham, in the county of Norfolk, is supposed by some to be a Marius : but it has not sufficient ferocity in its expression. Among the Oxford marbles is a fine whole-length figure of Marius ;—a perfect emblem of bodily strength !—And Dr. Chauncey had a gem on cornelian, with an expression worthy the peculiar attention of a Lavater.

[b] Memphis is generally called Noph and No in scripture. Nahum, c. iii. v. 8.

[c] Ezek., c. xxx. v. 13. Jerem., c. xlvi., v. 19.

[d] Lib. xvii.

[e] Lib. i., par. 2.

and height of the temples, this city contained, have proved to be even below the truth.

Then we have desired him to revert to Achaia, to Corinth, to Athens, and the shores of Lesbos and Mitylene; and to describe to us the erections, associating the styles of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides[a]; and the feelings, with which he visited the birthplaces of so many sages, poets, and historians; so many wise legislators; and so many celebrated statesmen. All residing in matchless scenery, rendered still more enchanting by a matchless climate.

Who could behold the ruins of the citadel, the temple of Victory, and that of Minerva at Athens; the marble fragments of the Erectheum, and the prodigious columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius; the column of Arcadius at Constantinople; or the various fragments, which adorn the memory of a country, whose splendour is attested by its tombs, monuments and ruins, without sympathy and melancholy? When a traveller was attended by Poussin over the ruins of Rome—a city now but a monument of itself!—Poussin is said to have gathered in his hand a small quantity of earth, in which were a few grains of porphyry: "place these particles in your cabinet," said he, "and tell those, who see them, *Questa è Roma antica.*"

With what solemn rapture did Bruce view the ruins, which arrested his attention in Africa!—And few writers have de-

[a] "The sublime and daring Æschylus," says Potter, "resembles some strong and impregnable castle, situated on a rock, whose martial grandeur awes the beholder; its battlements defended by heroes in arms, and its gates proudly hung with trophies. Sophocles appears with splendid dignity, like some imperial palace of richest architecture, the symmetry of whose parts, and the chaste magnificence of the whole, delight the eye and command the approbation of the judgment. The pathetic and moral Euripides hath the solemnity of a Gothic temple, whose storied windows admit a dim religious light, enough to show us its high embossed roof, and the monuments of the dead, which rise in every part, impressing our minds with pity and terror at the uncertain and short duration of human greatness, and with an awful sense of our own mortality."

scribed their emotions, with more glow of feeling, than SONNINI, when he beheld the fragments of what once constituted the city of Thebes;—than SHAW, while surveying the ruins of Barbary;—or DYER, when delineating the various fragments of ancient Rome. No poet, ancient or modern, indeed, has described the effect of ruins on the imagination with greater grace, or with more solemn colouring, than the author of the Fleece, Grongar Hill, and the Ruins of Rome. How beautiful and how impressive is the passage, "Behold that heap of mouldering urns," &c. Equally graphical is that beginning, "Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap;"—while the contrast, exhibited in that passage of the Fleece, which relates to the siege of Damascus, is inferior to nothing, on a similar subject, in the whole range of descriptive poetry.

The author of "The Pleasures of Memory," too, has a fine graphic simile:

As the stern grandeur of a gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall,
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace.

Another poet,—comparatively unknown,—has beautifully connected ruins with the memory of a bad action. It is a passage not often surpassed in these days of tinsel and affectation.

Will no remorse,—will no decay,—
Oh! memory, soothe thee into peace?
When life is ebbing fast away,
Will not thy hungry vultures cease?
Ah no!—As weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank, yet verdantly,
Twine round a ruined tower;
So to the heart, untamed, will cling
The memory of an evil thing,
In life's departing hour.
Green is the weed, when grey the wall,
And thistles rise, while turrets fall.—*Neele.*

### RUINS.

From the sympathy, to which we have alluded, arises the awe, which pervades every one, while contemplating the ruins of a once great and mighty city; and which renders them far more attractive to all the best feelings of our nature, than if, by a magic wand, those ruins could be gathered together, and once more display themselves in all the method of the Doric rule, the symmetry of Ionic form, or all the splendour of Corinthian architraves. For, to the eye of taste, the ivied tower, the fragments of an embattled castle, and the ruins of a triumphal arch, are more congenial, than all the palaces of Moscow, or all the verandas of Venice.

As patience is the greatest of friends to the unfortunate, so is time the greatest of friends to the lover of landscape. It resolves the noblest works of art into the most affecting ornaments of created things. The fall of empires, with which the death of great characters is so immediately associated, possesses a prescriptive title, as it were, to all our sympathy; forming, at once a magnificent, yet melancholy spectacle; and awakening in the mind all the grandeur of solitude. Who would not be delighted to make a pilgrimage to the East to see the columns of Persepolis, and the still more magnificent ruins of Palmyra? Where awe springs, as it were, personified from the fragments, and proclaims instructive lessons from the vicissitudes of fortune.

How often, my dear Lelius, have I heard you descant, with melancholy pleasure, on the ruins of Melrose abbey, and of Cadzow castle! And how often have we surveyed, with kindred rapture, the remnants of what once constituted the castles of Carisbrooke, Chepstow, and Tenby; the towers of Ragland, Pembroke, and Caerphili; the picturesque fragments of Druslyn and Dinevawr; the walls of Oystermouth, and those overlooking the picturesque bay of Beaumaris! Equally

solemn and affecting have been our emotions, at beholding the sacred walls of Glastonbury and Strata Florida: ruins which have so strongly reminded us of Ossian's description of those of Balclutha; and of a similar passage of the Lebeid, where the poet says, "desolate are the mansions of the fair, the stations in Minia, where they rested, and those, where they fixed their abode! Wild are the hills of Coul, and deserted is the summit of Rijaans." Scenes which, presenting emblems of mourning mortality, still the tempests of the mind; awaken all the best sympathies of the heart; and quell, for a time, every tumult of the passions.

In contemplating these awful remains of former ages, how much more solemn and affecting are our emotions, when we view them with reference to the events, which they have witnessed! When we behold the grand towers, rising over the Conway, is it possible not to be struck with admiration? But when we call to mind the many midnight murders, they have been witness to, how is our admiration tempered with sensations, partaking of terror!

How different are our feelings, when we survey the consecrated ruins of NETLEY and LLANTONY, the unrivalled abbey of TINTERN, or the Cistercian arches of VALLE CRUCIS! The first situated near the Southampton water: the second in a sombre and sequestered valley: the third surrounded by woods and mountains, on the banks of the Wye: and the fourth in a deep romantic vale, encompassed on all sides by towering rocks and mountains, which render it worthy the pen of Dyer, the harp of Taliesin, and the touch of Wouvermans.

You, my Lelius, even in the scenes of active life, have never ceased to associate happiness with those lovely and romantic ruins:—ruins, which, in connexion with the vale in which they are situated, proclaim that harmony of character, which it is my pleasure and my pride, to hope subsists between us. Years have passed over our heads, since we

bathed in the river, that flows along the bottom of that valley! Many a storm has passed over my head, since that time, so innocent and so happy; while you, on the other hand, have pursued your way to riches and to honour. The management of men's affairs, so open and so easy, as it appears to those, who see where others only see, is nevertheless beyond the reach of human intellect; whatever some may choose to think of it. And not till Nature shall consent to open some of her choicest secrets to our view, shall we absolutely learn, that we have as much merit in our relative success, as a seed has in reference to its flower; an egg to its bird; or a child to its manhood. Part of the time, which you have devoted to the acquirement of wealth, I have devoted to literature and science. Many are the remonstrances, you have sent me; and many are the resolutions, I have formed, to quit the bower of philosophy. Those remonstrances and resolutions, you will be sorry to hear, have been too weak in their operation, to check the bias of my inclinations; and the force, or, as you may be pleased to call it, the folly of my nature.

Few, who have witnessed the solemn beauties of Valle Crucis, can do justice to their character. Reclining among its scattered fragments, how interesting, how powerful, how captivating, are the associations, which arise in the mind, when we reflect upon the storms those fragments have weathered; and on the vast numbers, who, from year to year, have experienced the same emotions, and made the same reflections with ourselves. While surveying those awful characters of benignant faith, who does not hear the solemn dirge, and sacred requiem, chaunted over the grave of a lovely, unfortunate, and lamented sister?

Departed soul, whose poor remains
This hallowed, lowly, grave contains;
Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
Whose pains and sorrows are no more!

Departed soul, who in this earthly scene
Hast our lovely sister been;
Swift be thy way to where the blessed dwell.
Until we meet thee there—farewell!—farewell!—*Bailey*.

Musing on this slumber of forgetfulness, with what awe do we contrast its silence and its solitude with that sacred time, when the pealing anthem and the choral hymn have echoed through the woods; and, ascending in symphonious columns, the silent and devout have listened, till the sounds, dying away in undulating murmurs, have appeared, not as if they had ceased to echo, but as if the form of humanity alone prevented the listener from gliding with them, even to the gates of heaven.

Ruins affect us in various different ways. In ENGLAND they indicate the wealth, the power, and the pride of nobility: in SCOTLAND they bear evidence to the prowess of petty chieftains: in WALES they are monuments of irritable families—of frantic passions; of refuges from predatory excursions; of forts to annoy invaders; and of retreats to make the last stand of defence. In FRANCE they are witnesses of religious quarrels; and in GERMANY of feudal tyranny. In ITALY they exhibit medals of—every description: the rise and decay of taste and of genius; the splendour and the meanness of large states and diminutive republics; savage amusements; elegant accomplishments; ferocious banditti; patrons of the nobler arts; the former existence of many kingdoms; the simplicity of a rude and innocent people; and a nobility of peasants:—the pride of papal tyranny; the magnificence of an empire shining in its zenith; and the pride of barbarians, striking in with their battle-axes, and reducing it to ruin.

Perpetual changes slide on in eternal continuity: valleys rise to mountains; mountains sink to valleys;—the ending of summer is the beginning of autumn; and in the womb of winter are secreted the embryos of spring. Flowers acquire new colours, as they expand: red changes to blue; blue to yellow; yellow to white; and white to purple. The ocean

leaves a sandy shore, and gains upon a rocky one: where once it rolled with violence now bloom innumerable flowers; and fields, formerly waving with harvests, now vegetate with marine plants and fossils.

Shells, from a shining liquid, harden into pearls; from pearls they crumble into dust. The chrysalis is the cradle of the butterfly, at the very moment, that it becomes the tomb of the caterpillar. Change, in fact, is, in the language of Feltham, the great lord of the universe; and Time is the agent, which brings all things under his dominion.

Empires, like men, move also in funeral procession; and systems of philosophy, with the exception of those relating to morals and geometry, have experienced a similar fate; from Zoroaster to Aristotle; from Pythagoras to Bacon; from Des Cartes to Newton.

Islands have immerged out of the bosom of the sea; rocks have been shattered into precipices; and cities melted into lakes; while the largest monument of human industry and pride constitutes a tomb! There have not been wanting some to suppose, that mountains may lose at one time, and recover what they lost at another[a]; either after the manner of vegetables, or by the operation of internal volcanoes.—Ælian says, that it was the general opinion, in his time, that Mounts Parnassus, Olympus, and Etna, had much diminished in size; and it is an undoubted fact, that one of the Downs, in the Isle of Wight, has decreased in height within the knowledge of many persons in that island. On the other hand, Euripides calls Etna "the mother of mountains[b];" and the epithet is applied with singular felicity, if we may credit the assertion, that the quantity of matter, expectorated by that mountain, exceeds twenty times the original size of its own bulk[c]! The birch tree, if we may associate

[a] Theoph. Philo, 513. [b] Monte Victoria, "the most beautiful of her children."

[c] Kircher :—Mund. v. i. 202. Borellus of Pisa having visited Mount Etna in 1669, in order to analyse the matter expectorated, calculated that if it had been extended in length and breadth upon the surface of the terraqueous part of the globe, it would, taking 1000 paces to a mile, have more than four times

the one with the other, bleeds, when deeply wounded, so copiously, that the matter is said to equal the weight of the whole tree and root.

### RUINS OF CITIES.

The shepherds of Abruzzo drive their flocks to the plains of Apulia in winter, as they did in the days of Horace and Varro; but what a mighty change has time effected in the general aspect of that country! Change is indeed the Lord of the Universe. Such is the fate of the earth; such the fate of vegetables; such the fate of animals; and such the fortune of towns, cities, countries, and empires. In many parts of Egypt, Syria, and the East, little is there to relieve the eye, but ruined towns and villages, lying like skeletons of large animals. Where is Gazna—once the capital of a mighty empire? In vain do we search for it in the map of Asia. Nazareth is dwindled to a village[a]. Capernaum, in former times the metropolis of Galilee, has fulfilled the prophecy, and now consists of only six fishermen's huts;—and where flows the waters of the lake Asphaltites, once flourished more than thirteen cities[b].

covered the earth.—Burnett, ii. 82. Dion Cassius says, that the ashes from Vesuvius, during the eruption in the reign of Titus Vespasian, were carried over the Mediterranean not only into Egypt, but into Syria—Lib. lxvi. Signor Recupero calculated, that the lowest lava of Mount Etna must have issued from that mountain upwards of 14,000 years ago. Brydone relates (Travels, Sicily and Malta, p. 81), that a Sicilian writer of credit, Signor Massa, had visited a bed of lava at Catania eight years after the eruption of 1669, and that in many places it was still warm.

[a] This village will be long remembered for a conversation between Dr. Clarke and an Arab, whom the Franciscan Friars had taught Italian. "Beggars in England are happier, far better, than we poor Arabs."—"Why better?"—"Happier," returned the Arab, "because they live under a good government; better, because they will not endure a bad one."

[b] Strabo, lib. lxvi. "In the reign of Tiberius," says Suetonius, "twelve cities of Asia were destroyed by an earthquake." *Suet. in Vit. Tib.* vi.—This was the great convulsion of nature, which is recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew, as occurring at the time of the Crucifixion. *St. Mat.* ch. xxvii. v. 51. The fact is confirmed by Tacitus: *Ann. lib.* x. c. 47., and by Pliny, lib. xi. cap. 86.

TRIDAT, formerly the most delightful spot in Cyprus, and breathing every charm of pastoral comfort, is now a dreary, cheerless, and infectious marsh. The territory of CAMPANIA [a], producing a double spring of flowers, and once so fruitful, that Pliny called it, "the work of Nature in the height of her felicity," is now desolate: and ENNA, once so fruitful, that Diana and Minerva were fabled to inhabit it six months every year, is now a marsh, full of toads and water-reeds. The LEONTINE fields, so highly extolled by Cicero, and now called the plains of Catania, are little frequented, less cultivated, and present a curious and melancholy medley of every description of flowers, growing among miniature forests of weeds and thistles.

> Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe
> Soothe the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
> The shepherd's kingdom.—*The Fleece*, book i., p. 521

The nation of SOLYMI?—so entirely was it destroyed, even in the time of Pliny the naturalist, that no traces remained of it. Its vineyards had become desolate, and its sons had perished. The city of VEII has been a solitude, for nineteen hundred years;—and the roses, so celebrated by Martial and Ausonius, no longer decorate the ruins of *Pæstum*. Shapeless masses—monuments of the power of Genseric, king of the Vandals,—now occupy the spot, where Hannibal lost the fruits of victory, among streets, palaces, and public buildings, which then surpassed those of Rome itself [b].

[a] Thus Lucius Florus:—*Omnium, non modo Italiâ, sed toto orbe terrarum, pulcherrima Campaniæ plaga est: nihil mollius cælo: denique bis floribus vernat; nihil uberius solo: ideo Liberi Cererisque certamen dicitur.* L. Flor. lib. i. c. 16.

[b] These ruins—second only to those of Rome—are sixty miles from Naples. They were discovered only about the middle of the last century: they being before that time as much unknown, to the traveller and the learned, as if they did not exist. They consist of three temples; the antiquity of which cannot be less than 2,500 years.

> ————— The serpent sleeps, and the she wolf
> Suckles her young.

This city, of which these ruins form so magnificent a remnant, was founded by a colony of Dorians; who called it Posetan; a Phœnician name for the god of the sea, to whom it was dedicated. Those settlers were driven out

Corinth?—a comparatively modern city, in which only two capitals remain of that order, to which its name was given: and in vain the Nereids lament its destruction in the epigrams of Perdiccas. Sparta?—It is occupied by the hut of a goat-herd, whose wealth, says Chateaubriand, consists in the grass, that grows upon the graves of Agis and Agesilaus. Sparta no longer remembers Lycurgus;—while, in the solitudes of Asia, innumerable cities, whose fabrics were beautiful and magnificent, have pulverized like the dust of insects [a].

This fate attended ancient cities, much more frequently than modern ones. Hence arose the minuteness, which gives such value to Herodotus. "I shall, as I proceed, describe the smaller cities and larger communities," says he [b]; "for many of these, at present possessed neither of opulence or power, were formerly splendid and illustrious: others, even within my own remembrance, have risen from humility to grandeur. From my conviction, therefore, of the precarious nature of human felicity, they shall all be respectively described."

by the Sybarites, who extended the name to Posidonia. The Sybarites were expelled by the Lucanians; and these, in turn, were expelled by the Romans, who took possession of it (A. C. 480), and called it *Capua*. From this time the poets alone are found to speak of it. It was, nevertheless, the first city of Southern Italy, that embraced the Christian doctrine. In 840, the Saracens, having subdued Sicily, surprised the city, and took possession. The question now arises, to whom was Pæstum indebted for its temples? To this it has been answered, that, as the ruins seem to exhibit the oldest specimens of Greek architecture now in existence, the probability is, that they were erected by the Dorians *.

[a] One reason, why the cities of the East were so seldom rebuilt, arose out of the circumstance of its being the practice with destroyers to pronounce curses on those, who should hereafter rebuild them. We have sustained no small injury from the loss of Clitophon's thirteen books on the building of cities.

[b] Clio; v. Beloe.

* "In beholding them," says Eustace, vol. iii. p. 94, "and contemplating their solidity, bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link between the Egyptian and Grecian monuments, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the graceful proportions of the latter." Wilkins, however, appears to imagine, that not only the architecture of Pæstum, but even of Athens itself, may be traced to Solomon's temple.—Vid. Antiq. of Magna Græcia.

VENAFRO has been twice destroyed by earthquakes; once by fire; and twice depopulated by the plague. In what condition is the city of DELOS, and the island, on which it was situated: an island, so celebrated by Pindar and Callimachus, and once the richest in all the ancient world? The city is a confused mass of rubbish; and the island totally destitute and abandoned; without a temple, and without a hut.

FERRARA was so ruined in the time of Misson, that it was said to have had more houses than inhabitants: and so poor and desolate, that it could not be seen without compassion. The once powerful city of TARQUINII is sunk into a field for corn; and the plough frequently turns up medals, intaglios, and fragments of inscriptions. On the sea-shore, near Puzzioli[a], are also found seals, coins, cornelians, and agates; bearing impressions of ears of corn, grapes, and vine branches;—ants, eagles, and other animals. These are thrown up by the waves after violent storms; and commemorate the magnificence of a city, now forming part of the Mediterranean bed.

A multitude of palaces are still to be seen, at the bottom of the sea, in the neighbourhood of *Baiæ* and *Puteoli;* and *Gaurus*, once the most fruitful mountain in all Italy, now smokes with sulphur; while HERCULANEUM and POMPEII for many years lay concealed beneath large beds of lava[b].

[a] Misson, v. i. 315. 439.

[b] Dion Cassius informs us, that these two cities were destroyed in the first eruption of Vesuvius; the endeavour to investigate the causes of which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny. From the silence of Pliny the younger, however, the account of Dion Cassius has been made a subject of doubt. But this silence is no argument; for it was not the duty of that orator to give Tacitus a general description of the *whole* catastrophe attending that remarkable eruption, and of which Tacitus was, doubtless, as well informed as himself; but only that part of which he was a witness, (*quorum pars fuit,*) and which affected him in so serious a point as the loss of an uncle. The portion of Tacitus, in which this event was recorded, has been lost *.

* That historians should still assert, that this eruption of Vesuvius was the first visitation with which it had been agitated, will be sufficiently curious to

What were the feelings and reflections, my Lelius, of your friend Eustace, among the ruins of POMPEII? Can any thing be more beautiful than his description of them? It is a passage assuredly uniting the enthusiasm of Petrarch to the delicacy and elegance of Cicero [a].

If we are to doubt the evidence of historians because their facts are not confirmed by others, we may call in question many of the most important events, recorded in the history of the world. Several incidents, related by Suetonius and Paterculus, are passed over by Tacitus; and Livy gives no account of innumerable particulars mentioned by Plutarch:—while the conflagration of Alexandria, which is so particularly described by Abulfaragius, is not even once alluded to by Eutychius. Voltaire omits a multitude of important events in his general history; Robertson is exceedingly deficient, both in facts and authorities; and Plutarch, in his Life of Cæsar, overlooks all the events related in the third and sixth books of that great general's Commentaries. Quintilian omits the name of Polybius, in his enumeration of historians; and Dion Cassius himself, who records the eruption that gave occasion to these remarks, has omitted the event of Hadrian's voluntary resignation of Trajan's conquests;—one of the most important instances of prudential policy recorded in history!

[a] "The ruins of Pompeii," says he, "possess a secret power, that captivates and melts the soul! In other times, and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column, was beheld with veneration:—but to discover a single ancient house,—the abode of a Roman in his privacy—the scene of his domestic hours,—was an object of fond, but hopeless longing. Here not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a house, but a whole city, rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the very same as

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those who will take the trouble to consult, critically, the following referential passages:—*Diod. Sic.* lib. v. c. 21.—*Vitruvius*, lib. ii. c. 6.—*Strabo*, lib. v.—Should the reader entertain a wish to form some adequate idea of the ornaments of Herculaneum, he may consult, with advantage, *Di Bronzi di Ercolano*, published at Naples, in nine volumes, folio. A Neapolitan writer insists, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place at the time alluded to; and that Pompeii and Herculaneum were most probably destroyed by an overflow of water, which covered them with a bed of papillo, similar to that which is formed every day by the waves on the shore of the Bay of Naples. It is certainly very curious, that, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, there should be a map of the Itinerary of Theodosius, of the fourth century, in which are set down on parchment the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum;—supposed to have been destroyed three centuries before. It is possible, however, that this map was only a copy of one still older.

The streets are paved with lava; the houses are richly inlaid with Roman and Mosaic pavements; and even the names of their ancient inhabitants still remain inscribed over the doors[a].

Little more than a few huts, rising among ruins, denote the splendour of ancient SARDIS[b]; and URJEUSH is now lost in dust[c]; though it was once the capital of the kingdom of Karasm. In the year 1221 the Mungols put one hundred thousand of its inhabitants to the sword[d]; and in 1388 Tamerlane[e] caused it to be razed; and the land, on which it stood, to be sowed with barley. DAMASCUS is the oldest city in the world, that bears its original name. It was in existence in the time of Abraham; and Josephus says it was

it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets; tread the very same pavement; behold the same walls; enter the same doors; and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects; and out of the same windows we contemplate the same scenery. In the midst of all this, not a voice is heard—not even the sound of a foot—to disturb the loneliness of the place, or to interrupt his reflections. All around is silence; not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation;—the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant:—

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent*.

[a] Herculaneum was covered with lava, Pompeii with pumice-stone; yet the houses of the latter were built of lava, the product of former eruptions.

[b] Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor, p. 253.

[c] The sands of the Lybian deserts, driven by the west winds, have left no lands capable of tillage on any parts of the western banks of the Nile, not sheltered by mountains. The encroachment of these sands on soils, which were formerly inhabited and cultivated, is evidently seen. M. Denon informs us, that summits of the ruins of ancient cities, buried under these sands, still appear externally; and that, but for a ridge of mountains, called the Lybian chain, which forms, in the parts where it rises, a barrier against the invasion of these sands, the shores of the river, on that side, would long since have ceased to be habitable.—*De Luc, Mercure de France, Sept.* 1807.—*Jameson.*

[d] La Croix, Hist. Genghis Khân, p. 256.

[e] Hist. Timûr Bêk, vol. i. p. 306.

* Virg. Æn. book ii. l. 755. Eustace, vol. iii. p. 57, 8vo.

built by Uz, the son of Shem, the grandson of Noah. It still retains much of its ancient beauty. The ancient splendour of LAMBESE, however, is attested only by its Corinthian pillars; its amphitheatre; and its temple of the Ionic order. Who, in the village of Balbait, would recognise the city of BUSIRIS? Its ruins, proud as they are, and exhibiting exquisite specimens of beauty, as they do, are but faint outlines of its celebrated temple [a].

Hyrcania, Margiana, and Bactria, were once full of cities[b]; also the isthmus between the Caspian and Euxine Seas[c]:—TYRE, of "perfect beauty [d]," whose merchants were princes[e], and styled "the honourable of the earth[f]," once the emporium of the East and a mart for the West, is now a rock for fishermen to dry their nets upon!—Such is its condition, and such was the prophesy of Ezekiel[g]. In a similar state of decay is SIDON, the most ancient of maritime cities; illustrious for its wealth; for the sobriety and industry of its inhabitants; for the wisdom of its councils; and for its skill in commerce, geography, and astronomy.

Who can trace the splendour of ancient CARTHAGE[h],

[a] "Megalopolis," says Pausanias, "having lost its ornaments and its ancient felicity, is now, for the most part, a heap of ruins. But at this I am on no account surprised, since I know, that there is a divine Power, which is always desirous of producing something new."—Lib. viii. c. 33.

[b] Plin. Nat. Hist. iv. c. 16.

[c] Strabo, lib. ii.

[d] Ezekiel, ch. xxvii. v. 3.

[e] Their ships were frequently of cedar; the benches of ivory; fine embroidered linens of Egypt were used for sails; and their canopies were of scarlet and purple silk.—Ezekiel, ch. xxvii.

[f] Isaiah, ch. xxiii. v. 8.

[g] Ezekiel, ch. xxvi. v. 5. 14.

[h] "Early on the morning following, I walked to the site of the great Carthage—of that town, at the sound of whose name mighty Rome herself had so often trembled—of Carthage, the mistress of powerful and brave armies, of numerous fleets, and of the world's commerce, and to whom Africa, Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and Italy herself, bowed in submission as to their sovereign; — in short, 'Carthago, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli.' I was prepared to see but few vestiges of its former grandeur; it had so often

once, as Strabo informs us, forty miles in circumference, and which took seventeen days in burning, in the small village of Melcha?—Not a column of porphyry or of granite remains. While SYRACUSE, at one time manning powerful fleets, and raising large armies within its walls, is little more than an extensive heap of ruins and rubbish.

All, that remain of the ancient part of TENTYRA, are two gates, and four temples; while the Isle of Elephantine is covered in its south part with ruins, half hid beneath the soil.—Where, too, is the city of MEMPHIS?—*Etiam periere ruinæ.*—No three travellers agree as to the place on which it stood: while a solitary obelisk alone overlooks the fragments once belonging to the Egyptian HELIOPOLIS: Fragments, attesting, with most Egyptian ruins, a people, who loved peace so well, that they kept armies only for their defence; whose learning and arts brought even Greece for a pupil; and "whose empire," says Bossuet[a], "had a character distinct from every other."

EPHESUS, called in ancient times "the most illustrious;" a city once possessing a temple, adorned by Scopas and Praxiteles, and boasting of pillars, formed by the manual labour of kings, is now become the habitation of a few herdsmen and shepherds, who find a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, beneath its mighty masses of crumbling walls: —awful and affecting monuments of sublunary grandeur!

BALBEC[b] has long been employed as a miserable receptacle for

suffered from the devastating effects of war, that I knew many could not exist: but my heart sunk within me, when, ascending one of its hills (from whose summit the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country to the edge of the sea), I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Yes—all vestiges of the splendour and magnificence of the mighty city had indeed passed away, and its very name is now unknown to the present inhabitants."—*Sir G. Temple's Excursions in the Mediterranean*, 1835.

[a] Univ. Hist. part iii. Progression of Empires.

[b] STYLE OF ORNAMENTS AT BALBEC.

Round this platform is ranged a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the

a few poor, who cultivate maize, water-melons and cotton. There is not a column of marble among its fragments, that does not tell a melancholy history. They present the boldest plan ever exhibited in architecture[a]. The hundred gates of THEBES[b]? awful and magnificent are they in their ruins[c]!—

most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art. But this impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome; every other eye would be fascinated by the splendour of the forms and finish of the ornaments. The only fault is too much richness; the stone groans beneath the weight of its own luxuriance, and the walls are overspread with a lace-work of marble."—*Lamartine's Pilg. to the Holy Land*, i. 244.

[a] Vide Ruins of Heliopolis. London, 1757, p. 6, fol.

[b] Vid Belzoni's Narrative, 37, 38.

[c] SONNINI describes his sensations on seeing these ruins, "not as simple admiration, but as an ecstasy, which suspended his faculties, rendered him immoveable with rapture, and inclined him more than once to prostrate himself in veneration of such monuments—the rearing of which appeared to transcend the strength and genius of man." "On turning," says Denon, "the point of a chain of mountains, we saw all at once ancient Thebes in its full extent—that Thebes whose magnitude has been pictured to us by a single word in Homer, *hundred-gated* *—renowned for numerous kings, who, through their wisdom, have been elevated to the rank of gods; for laws which have been revered without being known; for sciences which have been confided to proud and mysterious inscriptions, wise and earliest monuments of the arts which time has respected;—this sanctuary, abandoned, isolated through barbarism, and surrendered to the desert from which it was won; this city, shrouded in the veil of mystery by which even colossi are magnified; this remote city, which imagination has only caught a glimpse of through the darkness of time—was still so gigantic an apparition, that, at the sight of its ruins, the army halted of its own accord, and the soldiers, with one spontaneous movement, clapped their hands."

The ruins of this city have lately been exhibited in London; and though, of course, they could not present adequate representations of the originals, they afforded sufficient to amaze and astonish.

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* 'Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contains,
The world's great empress, on the Egyptian plain;
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates—
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

PERSEPOLIS?—Its majestic pillars attest its pristine splendour; its fragments afford innumerable nests and dens for beasts and birds of prey, for toads and serpents, and other noxious reptiles.—When a learned orientalist, now living, first beheld these ruins, he assured me, he was for some time unable to speak[a]!

The "proud NINEVEH[b]," and the "Golden BABYLON," the most populous and most magnificent cities, that ever adorned the earth, retain not even a stone to tell the history of their fate!—BABYLON, "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldea, shall never be inhabited, nor shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation. The Arabian shall not pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their folds there; but wild beasts of the desert shall be there; and their dens shall be full of doleful creatures.[c]"—BABYLON, built by Semiramis, was first injured by CYRUS, who, diverting the Euphrates, converted the neighbouring country into a morass. Darius Hystaspes lowered its walls and demolished its gates: gates formed of brass; and walls so thick, that six chariots could run abreast[d]. Then followed the building of Seleucia, and the conflagration of the Parthians. In the time of Pausanias nothing remained but the ruins of its walls and temples. It became a park for those kings of Persia, who succeeded to its ruins, after the Parthian empire was destroyed,

Belzoni says, in respect to Thebes, that it appeared to him like a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples, as the only proofs of their former existence.

[a] The antiquities of Persepolis are very remarkable. There is no figure with a full face. There is no woman. No persons are represented on horseback. No figure, nude; no figure of idolatry: and none sitting cross-legged, as in Persia now. Neither is there an arch.

[b] He will stretch out his hand against the north, and destroy Assyria: and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness: and flocks shall lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations.—Zephaniah, ch. ii. v. 12, 13.

[c] Isaiah, ch. xiii. v. 19, &c.

[d] As the walls of Pekin are seventy-five feet high, and so broad, that it is guarded by sentinels on horseback, should Pekin experience the fate of Thebes, Memphis, and Nineveh, it will present, for a series of ages, a mass of ruins, almost the most wonderful, that ever the world saw.

to keep their wild beasts in[a]; in 1173, some ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace only remained[b]; in the days of Texeira, these were reduced to a few footsteps:—now, even the dust, into which its fragments pulverized, have long been wafted to the Deserts.—Its site has neither name nor remnant[c].—The country, round this city, was once a paradise. The soil, says Quintus Curtius and Niger, was so fruitful, that it produced corn twice a year:—and the herdsmen were accustomed to drive their cattle from pasture, lest they should die of satiety. Strabo asserts, that it was covered with palms; and "as for its millet and wheat," says Herodotus, who travelled thither, "the former grows to the height of a tree, and the latter produces more than two hundred fold. Of all regions, that I have seen, this is the most excellent."

PALMYRA, once a paradise in the centre of inhospitable deserts, the pride of Solomon, the capital of Zenobia, and the wonder and admiration of all the East, now lies "majestic though in ruins!" Its glory withered, time has cast over it a sacred grandeur, softened into grace. History, by its silence, mourns its melancholy destiny; while immense masses and stupendous columns denote the spot, where once the splendid city of the desert reared her proud and matchless towers. Ruins are the only legacy, the destroyer left to posterity[d].

Beholding, on all sides, a wide and abandoned waste, that loses itself in an interminable horizon, the eye rests on dis-

[a] St. Jerome, Comment. in Isaiæ, cap. 13, 14.

[b] Benjamin's (de Tudela) Itinerarium, p. 96.

[c] Since this was written, Mr. Rich has published two volumes on Babylon. He found the whole face of the country covered with vestiges of buildings, brick walls, and a vast succession of mounds of rubbish: among which is only one tree; which is an evergreen, resembling the lignum vitæ. The ruins commence at Mahawil, nine miles from Hellah, and thirty-eight from Bagdad: and these ruins, he says, are the ruins of the ancient Babylon.

[d] In consequence of Lady Hester Stanhope having given the great shiek, who resides at Palmyra, an absurd paper of authority, no one is permitted to visit Palmyra without paying a thousand piastres! "In consequence of this," says Mr. Carne, "several travellers have left Syria without seeing the finest ruin in the world."

figured capitals, entablatures, and pilasters, all of Parian whiteness; which, exhibiting, in various quarters, broken and disjointed skeletons of a city, once the seat of a mighty empire, the imagination luxuriates in a thousand elevated contemplations. The dream of life assumes a more sublime character; and, beholding the noblest labours of man, the pride of his heart, and the finest monuments of his genius, lying prostrate and in ruins, desolate and deserted, the mind recognises the progression of time; and, reposing on these witnesses of human duration, the memory glides, in solemn awe, to dwell on the walls of BABYLON, the ramparts of NINEVEH, the hundred gates of THEBES, the seven-fold walls of ECBATANA, and the solemn wrecks, that still survive the fortune of PERSEPOLIS.

I asked of TIME, for whom those temples rose,
That prostrate by his hand in silence lie?
His lips disdained the mystery to disclose,
And, borne on swifter wing, he hurried by!
"These broken columns whose?" I ask'd of FAME:
(Her kindling breath gives life to work sublime,)
With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame,
She heaved th' uncertain sigh, and follow'd TIME.
Wrapt in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile,
I saw OBLIVION pass, with giant stride;
And while his visage wore Pride's scornful smile,
"Haply *thou* know'st:—then tell me whose," I cried,
"Whose these vast domes, that e'en in ruin shine?"
"*I reck not whose*," he said; "*they now are mine* [a]."

Indulging these associations, the soul, impressed with sublime imagery, loses itself in the unfathomable depth of infinite duration. Striking, august, romantic, and magnificent,—they form at once a sepulchre of human labour, and a monument of human genius:—affording some of the noblest subjects for meditation in the vastness of their bulk, and in the greatness of their manner:—yet bearing ample evidence of inevitable ruin.

[a] Io di chi fu non curo, adesso é nostra, &c.
PETROCCHI.—*Anon.*

The melancholy and interesting fate of JERUSALEM has a character of its own. Once the pride of Western Asia, it has often sat, as it were, silent, solitary, and desolate, amid the ruins of her walls and temples. Judah, being led into captivity and rendered tributary, Jerusalem, as the prophet Isaiah most affectingly expresses it, "sat as a widow; the tears were on her cheeks; and her daughters were in bitterness." Though often ruined, and once furrowed with the plough, fortune has never entirely forsaken her. She has risen from her ashes, and still lives; "shorn of her beams," it is true, but deriving consolation from her former greatness[a].

The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus! History presents no parallel. Previous to the siege, the city was a prey to the

[a] There never was exhibited, perhaps, in human language a more striking picture of a city than what is presented in the following description of Jerusalem and its environs:—"Mountains without shade, valleys without water, earth without verdure, rocks without grandeur, from time to time an olive-tree; a gazelle or a jackal creeping occasionally between the broken pieces of rock; and now and then a bouquet of pale olive shrubs, throwing a little spot of shadow on the steep sides of the more distant hills. Such is the earth:—the sky, pure, deep, unspotted—where never floats the smallest cloud, nor colours itself with the purple of morning or of evening. Not a breath of wind murmurs amongst the battlements, or stirs the dry leaves of the olive trees; not a bird sings; no cricket chirps in the furrow without herbage—a complete silence reigns in the town, on the high-ways, in the country."

* * * *

"The view from the Mount of Olives is the most splendid, that can be presented to the eye, of a city that is no more; for she still seems to exist as one full of life and youth; but on contemplating the scene with more attention, we feel that it is really no more than a fair vision of the city of David and Solomon. No noise arises from her squares or streets, no roads lead to her gates from the east or from the west; from the north or from the south, except a few paths winding among the rocks, on which you meet half-naked Arabs, some camel-drivers from Damascus, or women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads a basket of raisins from Engeddi, or a cage of doves, to be sold on the morrow under the terebinthuses beyond the city gates. No one passed in or out; no mendicant ever was seated against her curb-stones; no sentinel showed himself at her threshold: We saw, indeed, no living object, heard no living sound; we found the same void, the same silence, at the entrance of a city containing 30,000 souls, during the twelve hours of the day, as we should have expected before the entombed gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum"—LA MARTINE'S *Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*, ii. 17. 85.

most intolerable anarchy; robbers having broken into it, and filled almost every house with thieves, assassins, and broilers of every description. The best citizens were thrown into prisons, and afterwards murdered: without even so much as a form of trial. At this time Titus appeared before the gates; a vast multitude having previously arrived in the city to celebrate the feast of the passover. During this celebrated siege there were no less than three earthquakes; and an aurora borealis terrified the inhabitants with forms, which their fears and astonishment converted into prodigies of armies, fighting in the air, and flaming swords hanging over their temple. They were visited with a plague, so dreadful, that more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons were carried out of the city, at the public charge, to be buried; and six hundred thousand were cast out of the gates and over the walls!—A famine ensued; and so horrible was the want, that a bushel of corn sold for six hundred crowns: the populace were reduced to the necessity of raking old excrement of horses, mules, and oxen, to satisfy their hunger; and a lady of quality even boiled her own child, and ate it!—a crime so exquisite, that Titus vowed to the eternal gods, that he would bury its infamy in the ruins of the city. He took it soon after by storm: the plough was drawn over it; and with the exception of the west wall and three towers, not one stone remained above another! Ninety-seven thousand persons were made captives; and one million one hundred thousand perished, during the siege. Those, made captives, being sold to several nations, were dispersed over a great portion of the ancient world; and from them are descended the present race of Jews, scattered singly, and in detached portions, in every province of Europe, and in many districts of Africa and Asia. Thus terminated this memorable siege:—a siege, the results of which meet the eye in every Jew we meet.

## ANIMAL CHANGES.

VEGETABLE life resembles in many particulars animal life. Thus, for instance, many vegetables resemble certain animals in their annual exhibitions of change. The cork tree renews its bark; and, for eight seasons, its quality improves as the tree advances in age. The marine fan-palm has a new leaf every month; during the same period the Indian bamboo issues a new shoot; and many bulbous roots have concentric rings proportionate to the number of months, they have vegetated; while the cocoa-tree of the Maldive Islands every month produces a cluster of nuts. Of these, "the first," says an eminent French naturalist, "is in a state of incipiency; the second is coming out of its covering; the third is budding; the fourth is in flower; the fifth is forming a nut; and the last is in maturity."

Sheep renew their fleeces every year; lobsters their shells; and scorpions, serpents, snakes, grasshoppers, and many other insects, their skins. Stags, goats, and some other animals, also, shed their horns; though not, perhaps, at stated periods. The Asiatic hedgehog loses its hair during its four months' state of torpidity; and the peacock sheds its fine feathers in autumn, and renews them in the spring.

The corn-weevil undergoes several changes in the concavity of corn. The nut-weevil deposits its eggs in a nut, while it is green and soft. This egg is hatched, when the nut is ripe, and becomes a maggot, which feeds upon the kernel. When it has consumed the kernel, it bores a hole in the shell, creeps out of it upon a leaf, or falls to the ground; where it buries itself, and becomes, the next season, a small brown beetle.

The caterpillar changes its skin several times, before it enters its aurelia condition. When it is about to enter it, it spins a cone, in which it envelopes itself, and continues for some time motionless. At length it issues from its mail;

expands its wings; and becomes the sport of childhood, and the ornament of the woods and fields. Similar transformations may be observed in bees, wasps, ants, and other insects. Caterpillars become butterflies; and grubs moths. Silkworms, however, become moths, that neither fly nor eat.

Insects of the hemiptera order, as locusts, crickets, grasshoppers, the walking leaf of China, Peruvian lantern flies, and others of the fulgora genus, want little of perfection, when they issue from their eggs. They exhibit, therefore, but small change from infancy to age. But, in general, insects exhibit themselves in three separate states, after issuing from their eggs;—the larva, the pupa, and the imago states. These separate stages, however, only exhibit the gradual evolution of insectile parts. Every insect having, in its earliest state, all those parts in miniature, which they afterwards seem to acquire. In the most helpless of larva, therefore, may be recognised, through a microscope, all the rudiments of a perfect insect.

The frog proceeds from an egg, in the form of a roundish black or brown substance; having a tail. In ninety-seven days it exhibits eyes; and in two days more arms:—the tail drops; and the animal becomes a perfect frog. Toads are formed in a similar manner. The frog-fish of Surinam even returns to its original state. It is first a fish: then a frog: and, after many years, reverts to the shape and condition of a fish.

Caddice worms, enclosed in cases formed of sand, leaves, and slight pieces of wood, crawl along the bottoms of quiet streams; become perfect insects; rise to the surface; quit their houses; hover over the stream; drop their eggs into water; and die. The ephemera tribe reside, for three years, in brooks and rivers, in their reptile state, having gills like fish. After passing their aurelia, they emerge from the water in shapes, resembling that of the butterfly:—But their lives are prolonged only to the extent of a few hours: they

drop their eggs; fall to the earth or into the water; and die almost immediately after.

The larvæ of the libellula tribe, also, reside two or three years in the water. They then creep to the top of a plant, burst their covering, and fly into the air. Gnats, when they issue from their eggs, are worms, which reside at the bottom of standing waters. These worms change their forms, having large heads and hairy tails. They soon, however, divest themselves of this appearance by losing their antennæ, tails, and eyes: their heads become invested with a plume of feathers; and their bodies are defended by scales and hair. Minute feathers are attached to their wings; and they are endowed with a trunk of exquisite formation.

The pulex irritans issues from an egg in the shape of a worm of a pearl colour. In a short time it hides itself; spins a thread from its mouth; and having enclosed itself in the thread for a fortnight, issues from its confinement a perfect animal, defended by a species of armour.

The lion ant, after remaining in its reptile state from one to two years, spins a thread, which, being glutinous, sticks to small particles of sand, in which it rolls itself up like a ball. In the concave of this it resides for six or eight weeks; and gradually parting with its skin, feet, antennæ, and eyes, bites a hole in the ball, and appears in the form of a fly;—having a brown slender body, a small head, large eyes, long legs, and transparent wings.

The May-bug beetle deposits its egg in the earth, from which its young creeps out in the shape of a maggot, which lives in the earth for three years, feeding upon roots. While under ground it changes its skin every year; and at the end of the fourth digs itself a cell, casts its skin, and becomes a chrysalis. In the succeeding May it bursts from the earth, unfolds its wings, and flies round the tops and sides of trees.

The ox gad-fly deposits its egg in the skin of an ox, and produces a yellowish maggot. This maggot falls to the ground,

burrows, and enters into an aurelia state; whence it issues a fly of a pale yellowish brown colour, marked with dusky streaks, and about the size of a bee.

Some worms reside under the tongues of dogs; others in the nostrils of macaws: and some in the heads and even throats of Virginian deer. I once put a moth among some leaves under a glass. It deposited several eggs and died. In a few day the eggs, being placed in the sun, burst, and out of them crept insects with wings, as much resembling their parent as turtles resemble an elephant.

Animals are composed of gelatine, albumen, and febrine; formed out of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; oils, acids, salts, and other substances. Gelatine is the chief ingredient of the skin, membranes, bones[a], hoofs, and horns[b]: from a decomposition of which, in return, is obtained muriate of ammonia. Albumen constitutes that transparent, viscous, substance, which composes the nerves, the serum, and the blood; the curds of milk, and the whites of eggs. Febrine is the essential constituent of the flesh; and flesh and blood are the richest of all manures.

As the human being approaches old age the skin, flesh, and fibres, become more dry and hard. Digestion is more difficult; there is less perspiration; the circulation of the blood is languid; and life fades away by insensible degrees. This decay seems to arise out of the circumstance, that the carriers of matter for the repair of the vascular system do not carry matter wherewith to repair themselves.

It may here be remarked, that the stone, of which the ancient sarcophagi were made, was said to have the power of consuming the flesh, that was buried in them. This, how-

[a] M. Fourcroy says, that though phosphate of magnesia exists not in the bones of the human species, it does exist in the bones of quadrupeds.

[b] Black hair consists of nine substances, as M. Vauquelin has proved by analysation :—Animal matter, a white concrete oil, a greenish grey oil, iron, oxyde of manganese, phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, silex, and a considerable quantity of sulphur.

ever, may be questioned. But certain it is, that lime has the power of decomposing animal substances, without permitting them to undergo the process of putrifaction: and M. Mange has lately discovered, that the pyroligneous acid, obtained by the distillation of wood, prevents the putrifaction and decomposition of animal substances.

The act of converting food into animal matter is chiefly performed by the stomach: the gastric juice, found in which, constituting the chief menstruum. By a process, at once simple and intricate, food is converted into chyme; which, uniting with the bile and other juices, is formed into chyle;— a substance, resembling milk. This chyle is conveyed by the lacteal vessels into the heart. In this reservoir it begins to form blood; which, passing through the lungs, is modified and perfected by respiration: and, by one of the most beautiful of processes, is distributed by the arteries, and strained into the proper vessels; converting vegetable and animal substances into nerves, sinews, flesh, bone, and every other part of the human machine: as vegetable juice is indurated into amber; and the leaf of the mulberry converted into silk.

Other changes take place in the animal system, which would lead us too far into technical peculiarities. But there is one circumstance too curious to be overlooked in a treatise on changes. It belongs to the ear. For while all the other bones of the human frame increase and acquire strength by time, those, that lie in the cavities of the ears, are perfect in the womb. They may, therefore, be said to have a longer duration in respect to perfection, than any other part of the human body. As to those changes, which are caused by the vibratory motion of the nerves, begun by external objects and propagated to the brain, they are so numerous, and so delicate, that it would require a volume of no ordinary magnitude to explain them: and even then the subject would remain imperfect.

All animals are compounded of vegetable substances. For

as the sea is the visible Providence, as it were, that sustains, by the medium of the sun and air, all that live; so all, that live and breathe, are compounded of "grass." The hoof of the horse; the horn of the cow; the shell of a snail; the teeth of an elephant; the claws of a lion; the feathers of a dove; the wool of a sheep; and the hair of a camel, once grew, as it were, in the fields. Even the eyes with which we see; and the ears with which we hear. The blood of our fathers, the milk of our mothers, the arms of our sons, and the cheeks of our daughters, all sprung collaterally from those vegetables, which, having their roots in the soil, and drawing sustenance therefrom, prove the truth of that doctrine, which teaches, that man came from "the dust."

### CHANGES;—CHEMICAL, ATMOSPHERICAL, AND VEGETABLE.

THERE is no animal, vegetable, or even mineral, but undergoes perpetual increase or diminution of weight. They are expanded by heat, contracted by cold, or affected by the substances with which they are combined. It is no proof of a negative to this position, that many of these changes are neither visible to the human eye; nor sensible to human touch. Gold, platina, and silver are less liable to change than any other metals; but even their changes are frequently apparent. The ten simple earths are not only incapable of being converted into other apparent bodies; but they are equally unsusceptible of being converted into each other. They are also incombustible and infusible; and they enter into the composition of all substances, that fill up the space, beginning with gems, and finishing with sand. Yet even these have frequent increase and diminution. Some minerals impart their virtues without losing any of their sensible weight; but they lose weight nevertheless. It is only insensible to us.

The diamond is the most unchangeable of earthly bodies, when remaining in its quarry; and yet this hardest of all

bodies is a combustible substance, and furnishes pure charcoal; and charcoal itself, the most obstinate of bodies, may yet be melted by the gas blow-pipe.

The apparent changes in mineral bodies are exceedingly curious and beautiful. If nitric acid is poured on copper filings, the particles of copper will combine with those of the acid, and form a new body distinct from either. Mercury will dissolve in vapour in the common temperature of the atmosphere; or be shaken into dust. Iron is burnt by pure oxygen gas; and, when applied to a roll of sulphur, becomes obsequious and pulverizes. Gold and silver may be reduced to a calx; and then reclaimed to their primitive nature and form: and all bodies resolve themselves by chemical analysis into earth, water, salt, sulphur, or mercury. Shells, wherever found, in the sea, in rivers, or on the backs of animals, will ferment with acids and burn into lime; and limestone is formed by a combination of water, carbon, and oxygen. When a limestone rock appears, therefore, we may rest assured, that water once flowed there. Indeed the whole form and disposition of the earth prove, that it was once in a state of fluidity.

Silver is generally found combined with lead, antimony, and sulphur: Copper with many substances; iron mostly with sulphuric and carbonic acids: pyrites with iron and sulphur: tin with sulphur and copper: lead with sulphur and silver. Mercury is found among ores, stones, and clay; nickel with iron and arsenic; zinc with carbonic and sulphuric acids; arsenic with iron, gold, and silver; and cobalt with arsenic and sulphuric acids. Of these gold and platina are the most unchangeable. They are dissolved by oxygenated muriatic acid; silver and other metals by nitric acid and they all burn readily in oxygen gas.

Sulphur, plumbago, and several bitumens, coal, jet, and amber, are combustible; and, therefore, freely change their forms and natures. The harder metals are combined by the

force of chemical affinity; and decomposed by the same principle;—a power, supposed to arise from positive and negative electricity.

Some have even affected, not only to separate the component parts of objects—the science of chemistry—but even to change one body into another. The industry of alchymists took this direction:—hence their endeavours to discover a menstruum, which, being cast upon metals in a state of fusion, would convert their true mercurial parts into gold. This menstruum they called the powder of projection. The possibility of metals being transmuted into gold was entertained by Bacon; and, in some measure, countenanced by Boyle and Newton. The changes of mineral bodies may be supposed to arise from a union of the combined effects of electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont took a less objectionable ground, when they insisted, that in nature there existed a fluid, which has the power of reducing all bodies into their original elements[a]. The existence of such a fluid is doubtless not impossible; but it has never yet been discovered: and if it really exist, it will, probably, be given to accident to discover. Nature has trusted no animal with fire, but man; a universal dissolvent would, perhaps, be too powerful an agent for man to be entrusted with. The time may, however, come, when Nature may speak a more intelligible language, and entrust posterity with greater prerogatives. Indeed the time seems rapidly approaching: for M. Lussac has discovered the means of rendering the most inflammable substances combustible without flame or fire. By means of the gas blowpipe, rock crystal may be melted into a substance resembling pure mercury; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds may be reduced into one mass; and even magnesia and pure carbonate of lime, long supposed to be the most refractory substances to

[a] Davy affirms, that elementary bodies are but few; and that even those few may, possibly, be only one under different forms.

fuse, may be melted by it. This astonishing power is derived, as Clarke has demonstrably proved, from the mixture of hydrogen gas with that of oxygen gas, in the exact proportion, in which they form water [a]. By this art of burning the gaseous constituents of water, all things in Nature become fusible; and, in many instances, even volatizible.

Mercury is said to be the foundation of colours [b]; salt of savours; and sulphur of odours. Sulphur has such affinities, that it is found combined not only with minerals, but with vegetable and animal substances; also with hydrogen. When combined in a state of combustion with water, it produces sulphurous acid; burning it in pure oxygen gas produces sulphuric acid.

Phosphorus exhibits another beautiful instance of change. One pound of it will melt one hundred pounds of ice. When combined with hydrogen gas, it takes fire at any temperature, upon being exposed to the atmosphere; and when associated with sulphur it forms a compound so extremely combustible, that, when exposed to the air, it bursts into a vivid flame.

Oxygen gas assists combustion; nitrogen gas destroys it. Fire is detected in the fat of animals; in the wax of bees; in vegetables; in flints; and in minerals; but gold has the remarkable property of enduring its greatest power for several weeks, without any apparent diminution of its weight. Fire hardens earth, and softens metals; vitrifies rocks; reduces alabaster into a powder; purifies air; and evaporates water. It destroys vegetables; crystalizes; sublimes; and, in fact, seems to be Nature's most universal agent, not only of change and apparent ruin, but of fructification and reproduction.

The compression of air produces both fire and water [c].

[a] Two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas added to one part of oxygen gas.

[b] Metals in a voltaic battery burn with various colours:—zinc with a bluish light, fringed with red: silver, emerald green: lead emits a purple light: copper, a bluish light with sparks: gold, white tinged with blue.

[c] Newton observed, that all bodies, which possess high refractive powers,

Water is composed of fifteen parts of hydrogen and eighty-five parts of oxygen: and it is so impregnated with various extraneous matter, that none can be esteemed pure, that has not undergone the process of distillation. In fact, the four elements unite in a single drop of water: all of which may be separated at the discretion of a chemist. It is decomposed by throwing into it phosphoret of lime: while caloric forces itself in such abundance between its particles, as totally to destroy its attraction of cohesion.

Muriatic acid, on the contrary, has such an affinity for water, that whenever it meets with moisture, it assumes the appearance of a cloud; and so great an affinity for it has muriate of ammonia, that it cannot be collected in a receiver: it is, therefore, collected over mercury. Water has great soluting qualities. All vegetable acids, whether obtained from mucilage, cork, balsam, bark, ripe fruits, lemon juice, sorrel, amber, vinegar, and tartrate of pot-ash, are soluble in it: they are, also, decomposable by heat. But copal, mastic, and the gluten of vegetables, are not soluble in water, though they are in oil: nor is magnesia; though it is in every kind of acid.

The atmosphere is a transparent elastic body, compounded chiefly of two fluids, intimately blended; but differing essentially in their natures. These are oxygen and nitrogen gas. Oxygen gas constitutes about one-fifth; nitrogen four-fifths of the whole. Oxygen may be respired; but nitrogen is destructive of respiration. Nitrogen, also, destroys combustion; but oxygen so materially affects it, that, when pure, iron may be burned in it. Hydrogen, formerly called inflammable air, is specifically lighter than common air; and, from its levity, rises into the higher regions of the atmosphere; and being extremely combustible, produces, when ignited by

have an inflammable base; and as water and the diamond possess those powers, he predicted that both those substances would one day be proved to have an inflammable base also. Time has verified this prediction.

an electric spark, many of those luminous appearances, which are seen in the heavens.

In the atmosphere reside marine vapours; mineral, vegetable, and animal exhalations; acids and salts, separated from fuel by combustion; particles of light; and portions of the electric fluid. It is, also, the mansion of the winds. The clouds operate as aqueducts to convey the waters of the ocean, for distribution over the land: which, without them, would be a total desert; without men, quadrupeds, birds, insects, or vegetables. The great agent in this operation is heat; for heat, having the property of insinuating itself between the minutest globules of water, expands and causes them to evaporate. Thus the warmth of the sun causes the waters of the ocean to ascend in the form of vapour into the air; with which that vapour unites. The upper region of the air being the region of cold, and cold having the property of condensing bodies, in strict opposition to that of heat, which causes them to expand, the vapour condenses into its former fluidical state; and falls to the earth, by means of its own weight, in the more solid form of rain. But if the region, into which the vapours have flown, meet with an intensity of cold, they become still more condensed; and descend in the form of hail and ice. But it is to be observed, that in the process of evaporation the saline particles of the ocean, being of a more solid and fixed nature, do not rise. The water only rises; and having ascended, becomes still more purified by the air and heat of the sun.

Slowness of growth and rapidity of decay form two distinct features of most organised bodies. Vegetables are remarkable instances of this disproportion. The wheat, which is several months in arriving at maturity, dies after it has reached it, in the course of a few days. There is no simi-

* May not every wind and shower of rain be periodical? It is much more easy to imagine them so than otherwise; more simplicity being implied in the arrangement.

larity whatever between the seed and the plant. The change it undergoes, is in itself a miracle.

Who,—if the knowledge of these things were not familiar even to infancy,—would suppose, that the soft kernel in the hard concavity of a peach-stone would, one day, become a tree, bearing leaves and fruit? Who could have imagined, that the seeds of thistles, after lying for centuries in the womb of the earth, should revivify, upon being turned up with a spade to light and air; should again sink into the ground, by the weight of rain; and become plants more than two hundred thousand times larger than the parent seeds from which they sprung? It would appear an excursion of the imagination to assert, that from one acorn will arise a body, which, in the year it arrives at maturity, shall bear flowers in which reside more than ten thousand males and females, each sex having distinct corollas. And who, that sees the Indian fig, would anticipate, that it shall produce a tree, capable of living two thousand years; and of giving sustenance to innumerable birds; and occasional shelter to more than ten thousand men? These, and all other vegetables, at length die; and, at their death, are consumed by fire, or decomposed by heat and water, into hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen; their primitive elements. Sometimes, however, vegetables, previous to this their final change, become petrified.

Petrifactions are not substances converted into stone, as many persons suppose:—they are substances, encrusted, for the most part, with carbonate of lime. Sir J. Mackenzie lately discovered a fossil Scotch pine tree, in the village of Pennicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh, on the North Esk river. The strata, in which the remains of this tree stand, are slate clay; but the tree itself is encrusted with sandstone. There is sandstone both above and below the slate clay; but the roots of the tree do not appear to have penetrated the latter, though they reach down to it.

Whole forests, completely coated with strong or shelly substances, are found on Kangaroo Island; as well as on the continent of New Holland. These encrustations are supposed, by Mons. Perron, to arise from decompositions of shell fish; which, transported by the winds, are deposited on the trees and plants in the form of dust; and soon become solid pellicles round the branch on which they light. This causes the gradual decay of the tree; which, yielding to the influence of the calcareous matter, disorganises, and, after no great length of time, becomes a mass of sandstone; the arborescent form of which alone recals to the eye of the observer, its former vegetable state.

### GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.

It has been beautifully said—(by M. Necker [a],)—"The blissful idea of a God sweetens every moment of our time, and embellishes before us, the path of life; unites us delightfully to all the beauties of Nature; and associates us with every thing, that lives or moves." We may, therefore, contemplate Nature with satisfaction, in all her attitudes.

The effects of volcanoes are generally known; it is not, therefore, my intention to enter into a history of them; but we may just state a few of comparatively recent occurrence. A great part of the Passandayang, in Java, was swallowed in 1772, with explosions more than equal to the heaviest ordnance. Forty villages were destroyed, 2957 inhabitants, and fifteen miles in length, and six in breadth, ingulphed [b]. The terrible catastrophe in Borneo has been amply described [c]; also the convulsions in 1766, in which the whole city of Cumana was overturned; and a subsequent one at Caraccas,

[a] On the Mystical Poetry of the Persians and Hindus.—Asiatic Researches, vol. iii. p. 385. 8vo.

[b] Batavian Transactions, vol. ix.

[c] Pennant's Outline, vol. iv. p. 52.

in which nine-tenths of that city were destroyed, and 10,000 persons buried in its ruins, are described in Humboldt's best manner [a].

Earthquakes are frequently fatal in Peru; where entire districts are devoted, as it were, to incessant volcanic impulses: and the natives perpetually behold new territories lying on the wrecks and fragments of old ones.

Volcanoes are, doubtless, safety valves, as it were, for the want of which in many places there have been earthquakes. In 1600 a volcano in Peru covered an area of ground above thirty-four thousand square acres, with sand, ashes, and other matter. Bouguer seems to think, that, from the multitude of caverns and volcanoes, the solidity of the Cordilleras by no means corresponds with their bulk. It is curious to observe, that while volcanoes spread such wide and incessant destruction in the Southern, they are totally unknown in the Northern part of the American continent. Nor have any data yet been discovered, which can, in any way, lead to the conclusion, that there ever have been any.

Java, one of the finest islands in the world, is, on the contrary, almost entirely volcanic. Dr. Horsfield visited one of the craters. "Every thing," says he, "contributes to fill the mind with the most awful satisfaction. It doubtless is one of the most grand and terrific scenes, which Nature presents; and afforded an enjoyment, which I have no power to describe [b]." In that island there was an eruption in 1586 [c], which killed ten thousand persons. But a more extraordinary one was that of Tomboso, a mountain situated in the

[a] Pers. Nar. iv. 12. This philosopher considers the whole group of the Canary Islands, as being placed on one and the same submarine volcano (Ib. i. 249); that all the smaller West-Indian Islands were reared up by the operation of fire (Ib. iv. 41—43); and that every thing announces in the interior of the globe the operation of active powers, which re-act, balance, and modify one another (Ib. iv. 47).

[b] Batavian Transactions, vol. ix.

[c] Burnet's Theory, vol. ii. p. 80.

island of Sambawa, in the year 1815. So extensive was this explosion, that its effects extended over the Molucca Islands, a large portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand miles from its centre, by tremulous motions; and the report of the explosions [a] was heard at Java (three hundred miles distant), and inspired as much awe, as if the volcano had been present; while showers of ashes fell upon the island [b] and totally darkened the atmosphere. The ashes, too, lay an inch and a half deep at Macassar, distant two hundred and fifty miles. The sea was, for many miles round Sambawa, so covered with pumice-stone and trunks of trees, as to impede the progress of ships [c]: and the atmosphere was for two entire days in darkness equal to that of the darkest night. The wind was still; but the sea much agitated. The explosions were not only heard at Java and the before-mentioned islands, but at Banca and Amboyna [d]: the latter 890 miles distant, the former 986.

In 1783 a volcanic eruption broke out in Iceland: and for two months spouted out volumes of matter to a height of two miles; covering in its fall a tract of square land to the amount of three thousand six hundred miles. In this island, volcanoes have all the dreadful accompaniments with those of Italy: but few of their benefits. In Iceland they produce little fertility; but in Italy, volcanoes, during their periods of repose, seem to rest for the purpose of concentrating their power of producing new empires. The fertility, on one part, atones, in no small degree, for the previous desolation.

If we recur to earthquakes, the scene of change widens to an astonishing extent. A high mountain, in one of the Molucca islands, has been changed into a lake, of a shape answering to its base: St. Calphurnia in Calabria, and all its inhabitants, were overwhelmed by one earthquake: while by

[a] Raffles' Hist. Java, vol. i. p. 26. [b] Batavian Transactions.

[c] Asiatic Journal, vol. i. p. 92.

[d] Asiatic Journal, vol. ii. p. 117, 125, 166 and 167.

another (A. D. 1692-3), not only fifty-four towns and cities, besides villages, were damaged, or destroyed, but sixty thousand persons perished.

The earthquake of Lisbon!—Not more astonishing were its effects, than the extent of its operation:—at Lisbon and Oporto; in every province of Spain, except those of Valentia, Arragon, and Catalonia; at Algiers; in the kingdom of Fez; in the empire of Morocco; in the Madeira islands, and in those of Antigua, and Barbadoes in the western hemisphere. It was felt also in Corsica; at Bayonne, Bordeaux, Angoulême and Havre in France; in many parts of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Holland; England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Norway.

In China a whole province of mountains sunk into a lake [a]; and it is said, that an earthquake, in the year 1663, overwhelmed a whole chain of Canadian mountains, extending to the distance of three hundred miles.

That earthquakes are of volcanic origin, there can now, I should suppose, be very little doubt; the larger shocks being the consequences of the primary impulses, the causes of which have not yet been solved; and the minor ones the results of the undulations of the strata.

The interior of the earth is, doubtless, filled with various gasses; and those gasses, perhaps, are subsidiary to the purpose of making it roll more lightly, not only on its axis, but along its orbit: the valves, by a connexion with the atmosphere, being necessary to keep up, or to keep down, the necessary heat.

Thus Nature periodically assumes new attitudes; but in those changes she never outsteps the harmony of her own decisions [b]. Doves still reside upon the island of Cythera;

[a] A.D. 1556.

[b] Could the body of the whole earth be submitted to the examination of our senses; were it not too big and disproportioned for our enquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of the human body.

snow still covers the summit of the Caucasus; sands still rise in volumes over the deserts of Ethiopia; and grapes and apricots are still abundant near the city of Damascus. Myrtles, lavender, and the rose of Jericho, still grow upon the mountains of Keswaràn; the Danube, the Wolga, the Tigris, and the Ganges, still wind their serpentising lengths along; lizards still bask beneath the Pyramids; swans still glide upon the Euphrates; roses still delight the nightingales of Persia; bees still frequent the rosemary of Narbonne; and flowers still adorn the wilderness of St. John.

Yet are thy skies[a] as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olives ripe, as when Minerva smiled;
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air:
Apollo still thy long, long, summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare.
Art, glory, freedom fails:—but Nature still is fair[b].

There is no science, if we except Astronomy, that awakens so magnificent a conception of the divine power as that of Geology.

The Pythagoreans derived the greatest consolation from the ever-changing aspect of material objects; nor is there a finer passage in all Ovid, than that wherein he gives a history of the natural and moral philosophy of Pythagoras.

Beattie, also, has a magnificent passage.

Of chance or change, oh! let not man complain;
Else shall he never, never, cease to wail.
For from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears his lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the force of fortune's fickle gale.

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We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, that we discover in the body of every single animal.—*Spectator*, No. 543.

[a] Greece.

[b] Notwithstanding the various fortunes of Athens, as a city, Attica is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey. Human institutions perish; but Nature is permanent.—*Harris' Phil. Enquiries.*

Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale;
And gulphs the mountains' mighty mass entomb'd;
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

The sea now separates Britain from France; Sicily from Italy; Terra-del-Fuego from Patagonia; Sumatra from Malacca; Haman from Quantong[a]; Ceylon from the Carnatic; and the Island of Madagascar from the Continent of Africa. It is more than probable, that all these islands were separated from the main land by some vast convulsion of Nature. Herodotus even conjectures, that all Thessaly was anciently a lake; while Pallas conceives that, in remote times, the Crimea was an island, and that the Black Sea surrounded it. Java, Sumatra, Bali, Sumbaya, and Parang[b], are also believed to have formed one continent; and to have been separated by an earthquake. Indeed almost all the Asiatic clusters may reasonably be supposed to have been severed from the Asiatic continent. Some have even supposed, that from the circumstance of similar bones having been found in the alluvial soils of Cerigo, Cyprus, Italy, Sicily, Santorini, and Iceland, the whole space from Iceland to Cerigo was anciently one entire continent[c].

[a] "As the Lyra drew less water than any of the other ships, the duty devolved on Captain Hall to lead the way in the important and arduous service of sounding. On rounding the promontory of Shantung, the fleet entered the Yellow Sea, and the Lyra was dispatched with a letter to the chief of the mandarins at Ta-Coo, the proposed landing place of the embassy. It is well known that this is a remarkably shallow sea. In fact, the brig sailed along for some time with her keel in the mud, which was indicated by a long yellow train in her wake. This extreme shallowness, however, was attended with no danger, as it was ascertained, by forcing long poles into the mud, that it was formed of impalpable powder, without the least particle of sand or gravel. The water at every part of this sea is tinged by this mud with a slightly yellow colour,—hence its name. Captain Hall is of opinion, that 'in process of time the deposits from the innumerable streams which fall into this great gulf from China and Tartary must fill it entirely up, and that the Yellow Sea will become a vast alluvial district, like Bengal or Egypt.'"—*Monthly Review*, 1826, p. 131.

[b] Parang was separated from Sambaya A.D. 297. Its separation is recorded in the Javan annals.

[c] The five causes that have been mainly instrumental in producing the actual

Tournefort believes, that the Black Sea has been separated from the Mediterranean; Herodotus and Diodorus the Sicilian, state it as their opinion, that Egypt, particularly the Delta, formed once a part of the Mediterranean[a]. Many changes are recorded along the coasts of Greece[b]; while in 1446 the sea broke in at Dort, in Holland, and destroyed upwards of one hundred thousand persons.

The inhabitants of Cashmere have a tradition, that the whole of their country was once a vast lake. Abbé Fortis supposes, that Spain was once joined to Africa. The space between the shore of Kamschatka and the neighbouring islands was probably once dry land. Indeed the Kurili and the Aleutian Islands, with the whole Northern Archipelago, and the islands of Corea, may be esteemed as so many vast mountains, whose bases are embedded beneath the ocean. The Philippine Islands once formed a continent; their seas are shallow:—And that some capes of North West America, on the contrary, were once islands, there are many presumptive proofs.

America and Africa may even have formed one vast continent, notwithstanding the Atlantic flows between them. The sailors of Columbo, when they beheld the collection of weeds, four hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands,

condition of the surface of the globe are thus stated by Buckland:—" 1st, The passage of the unstratified rocks from a fluid to a solid state. 2ndly, The deposition of stratified rocks at the bottom of the ancient seas. 3rdly, The elevation both of stratified and unstratified rocks from beneath the sea, at successive intervals, to form continents and islands. 4thly, Violent inundations; and the decomposing power of atmospheric agents; producing partial destruction of these lands, and forming, from their detritus, extensive beds of gravel, sand, and clay. 5thly, Volcanic eruptions."—Bridgewater Treatise, i. 97.

[a] The ancients insisted that the Mediterranean was of recent formation:—that there was a time when the whole space it occupies was dry land; and that it was formed by the Atlantic rushing in between the opposite promontories of Ceuta and Gibraltar.

[b] See particularly Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce;—also a remark of Galbano; Hist. Mar. Disc. p. 13.

believed the land to have sunk.—It is not impossible, but that it may have done so; for the rocks of the Congo are primitive, and resemble those on the opposite shores:—and sienite at the falls of the Yellala, being covered by a thin black crust with a shining surface, composed of oxides and manganese, like the effects of the waters of the Oroonoko, Konig[a] conjectures, that the mountains of the Congo and the Loango were primevally connected with those of Rio and Pernambuco.

Whether America was really separated from Asia, or whether the two continents actually joined, who can ever know? But a union would be no more extraordinary, than that subsisting between Asia and Africa, at the isthmus of Suez. The points, which mark the two hemispheres, are flat; and the sea more inclined to shallowness than depth. Volcanic matter has been found on the shores of Behring's Straits: and it has, therefore, been reasonably conjectured, that the two continents may have been formerly connected. Earthquakes are frequent in Kamschatka; and some vast visitation of that nature may have rent asunder the isthmus that united them.

That the sea once covered the earth is clearly established by bones of animals, petrified fishes, strata of shells, and beds of vegetables, under those marine substances, having been found in many countries, in situations much higher than the sea; and not unfrequently on the sides and even summits of mountains. Some mountains in Chili[b] are formed entirely of shells; few of which are in a state of decomposition: and on the Descaheydo[c], one of the Andes, not much inferior to Chimborazo, are oysters and periwinkles, calcined and petrified.

Bivalve shells have been also found on Mount St. Julian in Valencia, enclosed in beds of gypsum, surrounded by detached pieces of slate: and petrified sea substances in a mine of

[a] Letter to Barrow, Nov. 5, 1817.

[b] Molina, i. 52. Ulloa.

[c] Molina, i. 50.

native mercury in a steep hill near San Felippe: And in a white crag of marble on Mount Olympus[a] have been observed petrified fishes, three hands long, and three fingers broad, with gills clearly discernible.

Though shells have been in all ages observed to be component parts of mountains, Bernard Palassy was the first, who asserted them to be real shells; and that they had once been inhabited by fishes:—and he defied the schools of Paris and all the arguments of the followers of Aristotle to prove the contrary. These beds of shells are sometimes discovered in positions horizontal, undulated, and vertical: and so thick as not only to check, but to suffocate vegetation. They are frequently divided into strata, the lower one consisting of shells, unlike those now found in the sea; the upper resembling those generally known.

On the clefts of the calcareous rocks of Gibraltar[b] are found brecchia, penetrated with bones of carnivorous and herbivorous animals. Indeed, many rocks in Spain appear to be almost entirely composed of river and oceanic shells, mixed with bodies beneath other rocks in beds of blackish earth. Even cornuæ ammonis, which are natives of very deep oceans, have been found in elevated regions. On the calcareous strata, near Bezières in France, are large beds of oysters:—and an assemblage of marine petrifactions have been discovered in the heart of a marble quarry near Aix[c], fifteen miles from the Mediterranean; and 648 feet above its level.

Large masses of sea shells have, also, been found on the

[a] Turner. Levant, iii. 185.

[b] Cuvier has some curious remarks on the osseous conglomerate, or brecchia, found in the limestone rocks and hills of Gibraltar;—Cette;—Nice and Antibes;—Corsica;—Dalmatia;—Cerigo;—Concud in Arragon;—and in the Vicentine and Veronese districts. Upon these phenomena he remarks, that the osseous brecchia, not formed by a tranquil sea, or by a sudden irruption of it, are posterior to the last resting of the ocean on our continent:—that the well-ascertained bones belong to herbivorous animals:—and that the greater number belong to animals, now existing in the neighbouring country.

[c] Muirhead's Trav. p. 352.

surface of plains in several parts of Asia;—and groups of tall trees under the great basin near Calcutta; at Dum-Dum not only trunks of trees, but the bones and horns of deer[a] in a soil of great depth. Fossil bones of deer have been discovered, also, in a deep bed of gravel on the Kylas mountain, one of the Himalaya range;—16,000 feet above the sea. Fossil muscles and other shells have been found, also, at nearly the same height on calcareous rocks, on strata of granite, and pulverized schist.

In the region between Rochester and Chester[b], in the United States, are several organic remains, indicating the former dominion of the ocean[c]. On the Missouri[d] backbones of a fish, forty-five feet long, petrified, are found; and bones of the mammoth in soil not above six inches deep, at Goshen, Orange County, sixty miles from New York. From the anatomy of these bones, the animal, to which they belonged, seems to have been larger than the elephant:—it has, therefore, been called the great mastodonton. Among the rocks between the Zand and the Orange river, north-west of the Cape in Africa, petrifactions of shells are seen; some of which lie in situations one hundred and fifty[e] feet above the level of the sea. And, as a still further corroboration of some vast change, it may be remarked, that in many places, where pebble strata have been examined, some have been found broken, whose pieces lie very near each other. A circum-

[a] Asiatic Journal, vol. ii. p. 57.

[b] For particulars see Dr. Mitchell's letter to Dr. Clinton, May 27, 1817.

[c] "It must appear almost incredible to those, who have not minutely attended to natural phenomena, that the microscopic examination of a mass of rude and lifeless limestone should often disclose the curious fact, that large proportions of its substance have once formed parts of living bodies. It is surprising to consider that the walls of our houses are sometimes composed of little else than comminuted shells, that were once the domicile of other animals, at the bottom of ancient seas and lakes."—BUCKLAND.

[d] Gass's Travels through the Interior of North America to the Pacific, 8vo. p. 52.

[e] Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 110.

stance, which proves to demonstration, that at some distant time, they have suffered a violence, which broke them into separate pieces; and in the very places, too, in which they have been found [a].

At the foot of Glydor Vawr, on the banks of Llyn Peris, are large fragments of stones, in which marine shells are imbedded. No volcanic specimens have yet been discovered in North Wales, where Llyn Peris lies; but detached places bear striking evidence of fluidical power.

Shells have often been discovered, also, in English clay-pits. Among which are the conchæ anomiæ, and the nautilus græcorum; materially altered from their original state, by being impregnated with stone and clayish particles: near Wakefield, in alluvial soil, shapes of muscle shells in a fossil state, lying in a stratum of block limestone. The marbles and limestone in the neighbourhood of the caves in Yorkshire are described, as being made up of testaceous and piscaceous relics: and some have even supposed that all the chalks, marbles, gypsums, and limestone of this kingdom are formed of marine shells and animals:—An idea once scarcely to be credited: and Hutton extends it even to the supposition, that the earth is, in a great measure, composed of the exuviæ of marine animals. Dr. Fisher, on the other hand, believes that shells, thus dis-

[a] It is curious that Linnæus, having a knowledge of these circumstances, should assert, that he perceived many vestiges of a former world, but none of a deluge!—But Cuvier,—the Newton of this science,—says, "I am of opinion with M. Deluc and M. Dolomieu, that if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than 5000 or 6000 years ago;—that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men, and by the other animals that are now best known;—that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which now forms all the countries, at present inhabited;—that the small number of individuals of men and other animals, that escaped from the effects of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and that the countries, which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this last revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more remote era, if not by man, at least by land animals."

covered, are real stones; and the plants, stone plants, formed after the manner of figured stones; and Misson inclines to the probability, that those shells never contained animals: but were generated, where they now are, in the same manner that chalks and other substances are:—a position contradicted by all the rules of analogy and experience; as well as by the certainty, that the veins of coal, called coal pipes, were originally small branches of trees.

Coal-pits and slate-quarries frequently exhibit impressions of vegetable substances. Even the trap rocks of Sweden are evidently of aqueous formation; impressions of ferns and fishes having been discovered in them. On the Ohio[a] are found leaves, insects[b], and marine shells mixed in limestone: in the caves of Green Briar[c], in Virginia, the bones of the megalonyx; and in the alluvial soil of Teneriffe[d] clayey calcareous tufa, containing similar imprints. Trunks of palm-trees[e] have even been thrown out of volcanoes:—and in the fissure of a lead-mine at Pontpian[f], near Rennes, a beech was discovered among a few sea-shells; the centre of which had been converted into coal; the bark into pyrites; and the sap-wood into jet.

In Touraine, there are 130,680,000 cubical fathoms of shells[g], unmixed with either stone, sand, or other extraneous matter, thirty-six leagues from the sea. The farmers manure their

[a] Palmer's Travels, p. 67.

[b] A superb specimen of zoophyte, three feet long and two feet wide, was lately discovered in blue lias formation, at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire.

[c] Americ. Transact. No. xxx.

[d] Humboldt's Voy. Equin. vol. i. p. 237.

[e] Mém. of M. de Fleurian, Humboldt, Voy. Equin. vol. i. p. 238.

[f] Journal de Physique, Mai, 1736.

[g] Buffon, vol. i. p. 222. As the genera of various classes of quadrupeds are indicated by teeth; so are the characters of shells indicative of the animals to which they belong. For this species of knowledge, we are indebted to M. de la Marck: and to him, also, are we indebted for the circumstance, that Geology owes no small obligations to Conchology for the determination of the origin of different formations. In fact Conchology furnishes some of the most infallible methods of ascertaining many of the leading facts in the structure as well as in the history of the globe.

land with them. The environs of Paris afford, too, many striking phenomena. The antiquities of Palmyra, Persepolis, Balbec, Memphis, and Thebes, are striking objects for the contemplation of man. But those of Montmartre, in the neighbourhood of Paris, are much more so; when our reason has leisure to think of them as they deserve. The former speak eloquently in regard to the vicissitudes of EMPIRES;—but the latter speak eloquently in regard to the antiquities and vicissitudes of a GLOBE. There bones of unknown animals occupy whole districts: near which lie remains of animals, now natives of other climates; and vast collections of marine exuviæ have been discovered, in the very neighbourhood of which shells of fresh water fish are deeply imbedded.

I. The first formation is that of chalk, in which are unconnected flints disposed in beds. There are also organic remains, of which twenty-two species have been described by Cuvier and Brogniart [a]. II. This stratum of chalk is covered with a bed of plastic clay, containing no calcareous, but some siliceous matter. It is, in some places, seventeen yards thick; in others not above three inches. III. The stratum in succession is that of coarse limestone:—sometimes separated from the clay by a bed of sand. In this formation have been found six hundred species of fossils. These have been described by De France and De la Marck. IV. The fourth stratum consists of siliceous limestone, lying parallel with the above: but no organic substance whatever has been discovered in it. V. Lying upon the siliceous limestone is a formation of alternate beds of gypsum, and of calcareous and argillaceous marls; in which have been discovered scattered bones, and entire skeletons of unknown birds and quadrupeds; and a few shells, evidently of a fresh water kind. A little above these remains, have also been found the bones of a tortoise, and of a crocodile; of a Parisian opossum; five species of paleotherium; five of anoplotherium; a species of hog, and

[a] Essai sur la Géographie Minéralogique des Environs de Paris. 1811. 4to.

of a Parisian dog; a few fishes, and four unknown species of birds. VI. The sixth formation is of marl; in which have been discovered not only the remains of shells and fishes, but of a palm-tree: and immediately above these, in marl of marine origin, twenty-six species of fossil remains. VII. The seventh stratum consists of sand and sandstone without shells: over which is found—VIII. Sandstone, containing objects of marine formation; sixteen of which have been described by French geologists. IX. Is that of buhr, used for millstones. X. Consists of marl and mill-stones [a], in which are found shells belonging to rivers and lakes; with twenty species of seeds, reeds, siliceous wood, and other vegetable substances. XI. The eleventh formation is a stratum of what is technically called "travelled earth;" consisting of marl, rounded pebbles, pudding-stone, clay, sand, gravel, and peat-moss. In these substances were trunks of trees, and the bones of oxen, rein-deer, elephants, and other large mammalia [b].

Upon minute investigation, Cuvier [c] ascertained, that of

[a] It is interesting to remark, that part of this formation * (fresh-water) extends not only into the departments of Cher, Allier, Nievre, Cantal, Puy de Dome, Tarn, Lot, and the Garonne; but that the same has been recently found in the Roman States, and in Tuscany; in the vicinities of Ulm, Mayence, and Silesia;—and in several districts in Spain.

[b] Webster has observed a series of rocks of the same general nature, resting on the chalk formation in the south of England: for a minute account of which consult the Geological Transactions.

[c] I once had the pleasure of seeing this celebrated man (1830): and you may imagine the interest with which I often turn my recollection to the portrait, sketched in my mind:—rather corpulent and stooping, aquiline nose, ample forehead, hair curly, fine eyes, and a peculiarly intellectual countenance; one of the noblest, in fact, I ever saw. My view of him was short; merely that of seeing him get out of a carriage at Surgeons' Hall, and walking up the steps. He was expected, and I waited to see him;—happy in an opportunity, which might never afterwards present itself, of seeing one, who, by establishing a correct classification, according to their nature, has effected that for the animal kingdom, which Linnæus and Jussieu have done for the vegetable one; given us a knowledge of animals, existing before the present disposition of things; and also a key, by which, from the examination and contemplation of

* Jameson.

the fossil remains, comprising seventy-eight different quadrupeds, forty-nine are of species distinct from any, known to naturalists of the present day. Eleven or twelve species are now known; and sixteen or eighteen belong to others bearing considerable resemblance to known species. He ascertained, also, that the remains of oviparous animals are found in more ancient strata, than those of the viviparous class. From these data it would appear, that, in the formation of 196 yards, being the depth from the top of the eleventh to the lowest point of the chalk, there have been no less than ten[a] geological epochs; in which the sea appears to have twice covered that part of the globe; and twice retired from it[b].

Leaves of trees, trunks of bituminous wood, vast quantities of shells, with bones of fish and other marine animals, are perpetually found among the Sub-Apennines of Italy. On the sides of Monte Sarchio, between Rome and Naples, are shells mixed with blue marl. Similar remains have been discovered in Monte Tabor. At the feet of the Ligurian mountains is a tract of breccia, agglutinated scales of mica, and pieces of quartz, in which are imbedded shells, bivalve and univalve; and a profusion of madrepores. Similar organic substances have been discovered on the Superga, near Turin, two thousand and sixty-four feet above the level of the sea; and along the Apennines overlooking Modena,

a fossil tooth, we may not only, by that slight indication, know the class and order to which it belonged; but even the prominent character of its nature.

[a] It is to be remembered, that the third and fourth strata lie parallel with each other.

[b] Geological science proves to demonstration, that God makes use of ages, perhaps of millions of years, to produce effects, that one simple *instantaneous fiat* might effect. Hence we learn, that there is a slow and successive development in the schemes of his providence; and hence a hope is excited, a vivid and animating hope, that this is his mode of dealing with individual man; and that it is the way in which he rears the highest faculties of his nature for an interminable growth; and eternity of increase.—Fellows. *The Religion of the Universe*, p. 96.

Parma, Piedmont, and Placentia. In Modena, the waters of the wells spring from beds of gravel mixed with marine shells. These shells are more than sixty feet in depth; and yet more than one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

The shells, thus found, have a general analogy with each other, though many of them belong to species, long supposed to be natives of other oceans. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved, that many of those shell-fish, which have for ages been supposed to belong only to the Indian, African, and Northern Seas, the insulated recesses of the Caspian, the bays of Nicobar, and the coasts of South America, have not only been found in the neighbourhoods of Naples and Ravenna; but, as above described, imbedded in strata of blue marl, in the bosom of the Sub-Apennines, sixty feet below successive strata of black earth, mixed with vegetable substances.

On a hill, distant about twenty miles from Verona, are found stones, disposed in slates; which being split, discover in each the half of a fish. Its species is known by the head, the eye, the spine, and the tail. Many of these were preserved in the collection of Vincenzio Bozza of Verona; who formed a collection of petrified fishes, taken from Mount Bolca: some of which the Abbé Fortis identified with fishes on the coasts of Otaheite. The borders of Mount Baldo, on the lake Du Garda, exhibit large pieces of greyish marble, full of sea-shells, converted into a substance of white spatha: near the sanctuary of Corona, flints mixed with fragments of star-fishes; and on the side of the Altissimo marks of fishes in calcareous stone. Entire skeletons of animals, supposed by some to be whales, have been dug up in Tuscany, Bologna, Piedmont, and Placentia, out of strata of blue marl. Indeed, so many of these fossil remains have been found in the Superiore Valdarno, that Targione called it "the Cemetery of Elephants." In this district, also, have been found bones

of rhinoceroses, and hippopotami; as well as near Leghorn, Viterbo, Verona, Rome, Naples, and in Calabria[a]. They lie, for the most part, not more than a few feet below the surface; but in one instance, near Rome, those of the elephant lie imbedded twenty feet deep in volcanic tufo. Some of those, found so near the surface of the earth, may, however, have been buried by the Romans, who were accustomed to collect great numbers of Asiatic and African animals for their savage exhibitions.

Those dug up in Valdarno Superiore and near Placentia were incrusted with oyster shells; which adhered so closely to them, that to break the bones was to break the oyster-shells at the same time. But it is probable, that as these bones are found among marine shells, they are really not the bones of elephants, but of some marine animals resembling them in anatomy.

It is to be observed, that the fossil shells, found near Paris, are, for the most part, totally distinct from those of the Sub-Apennines.

The ruins of Agrigentum stand upon a mountain composed of a concretion of sea-shells, as hard as marble;—and a stratum of bones has been found in Istria and Ossaro, under rocks of marble, forty feet in thickness. Marble itself, also, has been found in Egypt, Italy, and Scotland, in which sea-shells are compactly indurated. Elephants' teeth, too, have been dug out of a marble quarry in Saxony: they are preserved in the Royal Museum of Copenhagen. These marbles were, doubtless, once of a soft nature like mud; and have become hard by the retirement of the water.

[a] Immense beds of bones have been found, between the mouths of the Lena and Indigerka, of mammoths, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses.—A vast multitude are also seen in the caverns of the German mountains. These mountains form a chain, two hundred leagues in extent. The cave most rich in remains is that of Gayleureuth, in Franconia.

[b] For a descriptive catalogue of the fossil shells of the Sub-Apennines, vide Bracchi's Conchiologia Fossile Sub-Apennina con osservagioni Geoloche sugli Appennini sul Suolo adjacente. Tom. ii.

Sea-shells are witnessed in Peru, more than 10,000 feet above the waters of the ocean; on the summit of the mountains of Arsagar are seen the bivalve shells of the Caspian [a]; rings for cables are still observed in the rocks near Sevastopole in Tartary; where the inhabitants insist the sea once flowed. Thus, while fossil shells have been discovered in the quarries of Flanders, and among the Alps behind Genoa, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, Athos, Lebanon [b], Ararat, the Riphæan ridge, and the steep mountains of New Ireland [c],—the Andes present strata, either of shells, sea-weeds, or skeletons of fishes, amphibia, and other animals, not only at their feet, but in their girdles and near their very summits. Indeed, multitudinous are the evidences, in almost all parts of the globe, that what is now dry land, quarry, rock, and mountain, have, at separate periods of time, been in a state of liquidity.

The formations, to which the Parisian strata apply, were made at different epochs of time; each stratum was once the surface of that part of the globe in which it is now situated; and the animals, found imbedded, there lived, and there perished. It is, indeed said, that some species lie in a stratum, which extends several hundred miles, unmixed with the other strata above or below. Now this is very possible; and there ought to be little doubt as to the fact; but we are no more to apply this comparative greatness of extent to the whole globe, than the natives of the deserts of Asia can be allowed to insist, that, because deserts cover vast tracts, therefore deserts pervade the entire surface of the earth.

[a] The Caspian loses, by evaporation, the quantity it receives from the rivers, that flow into it. Between this sea and the Black Sea the Caucasus rises like an immense wall; yet M. Olivier imagines the two seas once to have communicated towards the north of the Caucasus.—Pallas inclines to the same opinion; and M. Dureau de la Malle has also shown the probability of its having once had a communication with the lake of Ural.

[b] Herodotus. Euterpe, xii.

[c] Labillardière, Voy. in Search of La Pérouse, vol. i. p. 258.

Strata, containing vegetable remains, seldom discover marine shells or bones. Little can be accurately inferred from this; the whole subject being wrapped in ambiguity; but it is not improbable, that each successive epoch has been marked by phenomena peculiar to itself: and, therefore, it is no great stretch of reasoning to suppose, that the whole has several times been peopled with animals and vegetables, different from those now in existence.

### ASTRONOMICAL CHANGES.

Is it possible, my Lelius, to travel where Nature does not speak to us? If we coast the shores of the Mediterranean, or behold the sun, setting in unclouded majesty in the Adriatic;—if we inhale the temperate breezes of the Levant, or drink the odours, wafted by the winds over an Arabian sea; if we measure the vastness of the Pacific[a], encounter the snows of the Northern, or the ices of the Antarctic ocean;—still do we behold Nature operating on her usual plan; her laws still fixed; her bounty still munificent. What ambrosial ideas of long, unbroken, universal slumbers fasten on the mind; when, as we muse along the sea-shore, the waters touch the beach without a murmur; and our spirit seems, as if it were capable of gliding to eternity, on the surface of the deep! In the east, the moon, rising like an immense exhalation, tinges the edges of the clouds with golden tints, and reflects her serene countenance on the bosom of the waters.—All is still.—To the north a distant cloud suspends in the horizon;—its blue tints gradually shade into a deep sable; thunder murmurs in remote volumes; the sea appears, for a while, to listen; its waves at length begin insensibly to agitate; its bosom swells, the waves break, the cliffs are

[a] It is the same hand-writing that we read, the same system and contrivance that we trace, the same unity of object, and relation to final causes, which we see maintained throughout, and constantly proclaiming the UNITY of the great divine Original.—*Buckland's Inaug. Lect.*, 1819, p. 13.

whitened by the surf; while the caves and rocks re-echo with the roar! It is a scene, which the good man contemplates with awful pleasure; the conqueror with a mixture of awe and terror; the atheist with fear, with horror and dismay.

Scenes, like these, observed in whatever part of the globe, —in common with ample solitudes,—create the most enlarged ideas of that infinity, in which the Eternal centres; in whom it originates; and to whom it is alone reserved to calculate its boundless measure. Extension being one source of the sublime, that science, which most expands our faculties of comprehension, is undoubtedly that, which is, in itself, the most noble and transporting. Nothing, therefore, can more indicate the vastness of those powers, which Nature has implanted in man, than the faculty of investigating the several branches of natural philosophy; and, above all, that most wonderful of all the sciences,—ASTRONOMY:—the science of devotion; the science of an awful silence;—a silence more sublime even than that, which reigns among the mountains, rising over the bay of Port des Français, on the north-west coast of America.—These mountains rear themselves to an immense height; while no verdure, no plant, forms a contrast to the snows of their peaks. All seem condemned to eternal sterility. The bottom of this bay is so deep, that no line can fathom it. The air is tranquil; the surface of the sea unruffled; and nothing disturbs the solemnity of the silence, which reigns there, but the occasional falling of the rocks into the bay; and the voices of the various sea-birds, which build in their cavities. This bay was discovered by Peyrouse. The olive-coloured inhabitants of the adjacent country have no priests, no temples, nor any place of public worship. Their religion is that of the heart: and the sun seems to be the great object of their gratitude, admiration, and idolatry. But they will lean for hours over the peaks of these crags, and gaze with an interest, like that of fascination, upon the stars, reflected on the bosom of the sea below.

When the poet beholds the evening star, he dwells upon the fate of Hesperus, who, journeying up Mount Atlas to observe the motions of the planets, and never returning, was fabled to have been transformed into the star of evening. When the eye glances over the group, forming Cassiopeia, we remember that splendid star, which appeared in its arena in 1572, with a size and a brilliancy equal to Jupiter, and which gradually disappeared in eighteen months: having, during that period, been an object of surprise and terror to every part of Europe. When we watch, in the middle of August, for the emersion of the Dog-star from the rays of the sun, we reflect, that from the rising of this,—the largest and the brightest of the stars,—the Egyptians and the Ethiopians calculated the beginning of their year. When Arcturus rises in the hemisphere, we listen in imagination to the lyre of Iöpas, singing the causes of the sun's eclipses; the varied motions of the moon; whence proceed showers and meteors; whence the rainy Hyades, and whence the bright Arcturus[a]. When we observe an eclipse, we behold the gigantic, yet ruined, form of the lost archangel,

——————— proudly eminent,
Standing like a tower!

When we mark the rising of a comet, the imagination wings into the infinite regions of space; and on its return from the excursion, dwells on the mortal combats, with which the world has occasionally been pestered. Cambyses in Ethiopa; Alexander in India; Brennus in Greece; Attila in Italy; Odin in Scandinavia; and Cortez in Mexico. All of whom, to the astonished nations, they invaded, seemed like comets, which

——————— from their horrid hair
Shake pestilence and war!

Then glancing with a poet's eye, through all the circle of

[a] Virg. Æn. i. 744.

the hemisphere, a splendour dazzles the imagination, far more transcendant than the magnificence of Theodoric, when he appeared in the amphitheatre of Rome, with his guards, his nobles, and his clergy, in the midst of all that was great and glorious in the world. Fulgentius gazed in silent astonishment and admiration on this splendid exhibition. "If earthly Rome," exclaimed he, at length, in an ecstacy, "is so glorious as this; how much more glorious and magnificent must be the heavenly Jerusalem!—And if men are capable of being so much transported with the pomp and grandeur of this world, how much more glory and delight must the saints derive, in the pleasure they enjoy, in the contemplation of the God of Truth!"

What were the awful raptures of a Galileo, a Descartes, a Copernicus, or a Newton, no one, but those, who are conscious of a flight as soaring, are capable of conceiving. But from the smaller impulse of an humbler mind, I am persuaded, my Lelius, that they assimilated in a much higher degree, than ourselves, with those of the Eternal mind. You, my friend, have a high delight, as I have often heard you declare, in the cultivation of astronomical science. For my own part, I am ready to confess, that, after venturing into the ocean of infinity, I desisted for some time out of pure cowardice. Satellites, planets, and suns, hanging on their centres in the arched void of Heaven by a single law; and systems, connected to each other by the revolution of comets,—all floating in the vast ocean of infinity,—were far too vast, too mystic and magnificent, for a mental ray, so limited as mine[a].—Passing the bounds of place and time (*flammantia mœnia mundi*), I

[a] "The progress of astronomy," says Laplace, "has been the constant triumph of philosophy over the illusions of the senses."—In some studies, the imagination can supply what is wanting to perfection:—in astronomy, imagination is in itself nothing:—it is, as it were, less than nothing. Those stars, which are observed to roll round other stars, must be suns rolling round suns; for were they merely as planets are to our sun, it is evident, they could not be seen at all.

could glance from earth to heaven, and give to the various orbs their various appellations, and calculate their courses. But when I began to perceive that the work of creation is always going on; that the alteration of one system produces the germination of another; that though light travels with an almost incredible swiftness, there exist bodies, which, from their immensity of distance, have not yet visited the eye of the astronomer[a]: when I began to perceive, that even if it were possible to transport myself to the most distant of those orbs, which are unmeasured suns to immeasurable systems, I should then be only standing in the vestibule of Nature, and on the frontiers of the creation; imagination ceased to have the power to soar: feeling became painful; and the faculty of thought, by being too much extended, wasted into nothing. —By seeking to know too much, we voyage out to sea with-

[a] Milton makes light to exist before the sun:—

——————— Before the sun,
*Before the heavens* thou wast; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Heat and light are not identical; though they are subject to similar laws of reflection, refraction, and polarisation; it having been decidedly proved, that all solar beams are constituted of rays, different in effect: viz. rays of heat, which are not luminous; and rays of light, which have no heating quality. This separation appears to have been, in some measure, known to Lucretius. At least such an inference may, I think, be drawn from the following lines:

Forsitan et roseâ sol alte lampade lucens
Possideat multum cæcis fervoribus ignem
Circum se; nullo qui sic fulgore notatus,
Æstifer, in tantum radiorum exaugeat ictum.
*De Rer. Nat.* v. 609.

Light is now supposed to be not a material substance, but the effect of etherial undulations. This ether is believed to pervade not only all space, but even the interior of all bodies. While it remains at rest, there is a total darkness, we are told; and when it is put into a peculiar state of vibration the sensation of light is produced. This vibration, according to Sir John Herschel, Professor Buckland, and other philosophers, may be excited by various causes; viz. by the sun, stars, electricity, combustion. &c.—See Buckland's Bridgwater Treatise, i. 32.

out a compass, and become bewildered and confounded. Like the peasant of the Alps, we gain nothing by our search:—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise [a]."

I have searched the depths of caverns; I have thrilled beneath high and impending rocks; I have contemplated the vastness of the ocean; and climbed one mountain, while the sun has risen from behind another, and all around has been one continued scene of wonder and glory. In those moments, I have been lost in admiration and astonishment, at the power of that tremendous Being, who alone was capable of forming such gigantic works as those. But what are high and impending rocks; what are the heavings of an angry ocean; and what the proudest summit of the Andes; when placed in the scale of such interminable vastness, as the creating, balancing and peopling of innumerable globes?—In contemplating systems, so infinite, who can forbear exclaiming, "[b] What a mole-hill is our earth, and how insignificant are we, who creep so proudly on her surface!"

Virgil describes the youth, Pallas, as enquiring of Æneas, as they sat in the galley, that was conveying them along the shore, the names of stars, by which the sailors guided their course[c]: and when I am sailing along a river or upon the sea, of a calm evening, when the stars shine brilliantly, I think of this. I sometimes think, also, of a passage in Marino, where he calls the lamps of the firmament flambeaux attending the funeral of day.

Sacre lampe dorate
Ch' i pulchri immensi,
Del firmamento ornate
De l' esequie del di chiare facelle.

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[a] *Scienter nescius, et sapienter indoctus.*

Grotius has a similar passage:—

*Nescire quædam magna pars sapientiæ est.*

St. Gregory said of St. Benedict, "Recessit scienter nesciens, et sapienter indoctus."

[b] Lambert.

[c] Æn. x. v. 160.

Some one having enquired of Anaxagoras, for what he was made? he answered, "To contemplate the stars[a]." All great poets, too, have turned their eyes, with admiration, to the heavens. Hence we have so many astronomical allusions in Scripture, in Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Virgil, Horace, Lucan, and Silius Italicus; Tasso, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Darwin.

Astronomers build intellectual arches over the universe.

Urania i son, coi calcoli divini
Ai sorpresi mortai degli astri insegno
Il revolubil necessario giro.

This passage frequently calls to my recollection, that Proclus declares[b], that heaven subsists terrestrially, and the earth celestially: thereby implying, that the earth and stars are of the same nature. In the hymns of Orpheus, too, the same opinion is implied: and is it possible to read those opinions without recalling to our recollection one of the finest passages in Akenside?

——————— Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night,
The moon suspended her serener lamp,—
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
Then liv'd th' ALMIGHTY ONE.

What life so delightful as that, passed in the exercise of investigating the laws, analogies, and resources of Nature? and yet many astronomers measure motions, distances, and magnitudes, as seamen contemplate their logs; and as architects measure their domes and columns:—with no poetry, no feeling! They behold Arcturus, Capella, Sirius, and Canopus; and consider that, probably, those vast apparently insulated bodies are, like our sun, attended with planets, satellites, and comets: they see a portion of the results of the

[a] It is amusing sometimes to watch the manner in which words are compounded. The words "a star" constitute an anagram of the Latin word "*Astra.*"

[b] In Tim. 292.

exquisite power, by which a sublime and surpassing harmony is preserved; and yet gaze as upon a desert. Far, however, is it from being thus with all. Others behold a present Deity in every movement of the vast machine. Where some see *vastis moles*, they behold activity, order, tranquillity, beauty, strength, infinity, omniscience, omnipresence, omnibeneficence. To them all things present the sublime effects of divine workmanship; where the splendour of the materials yield to the magnificence of the architect, who moulded them into form, gave them symmetry, and warmed them into activity.

At Athens, Astronomy was persecuted; in Rome it was not only neglected, but almost despised: at Alexandria it was cherished. In modern times it has been persecuted; then tolerated; now cultivated; but seldom greatly patronised. To whatever age, however, we direct our view, we behold astronomers remote from ordinary men: less subject to violent passions; less devoted to worldly interests; more alive to moral beauty, and more sensitive to the splendour and magnificence of elevated actions.

Though these results are not to be doubted, it is, at the same time, not to be denied, that we do not read of many remarkable or noble actions having been performed by astronomers. This circumstance, however, is not to be attributed to their general want of volition; but to their general want of power. They are seldom rich; seldom employed in great affairs; seldom consulted on worldly interests; seldom thought of; seldom appealed to on any subject; not even on those connected with charitable institutions. They are left, for the most part, to pursue their meditations in silence; and, for the most part, in poverty; but as it is a poverty allied to the highest species of honour, it is endured with pride and conscious satisfaction.

The Stoics, who were ignorant of the power, which electricity possesses of giving life, as it were, to the elements of matter, resolved air, earth, fire, and water into each other:

and as magnetism is said to have the faculty of suspending gravitation, so they imagined (as Nature delights in circles and ellipses), that there existed a quality, which had the power of suspending the progress of events; and which, after a certain era, caused them to revert into their respective original channels: as water resolves into vapour by heat; and vapour resolves into water by cold. So that every accident and event was supposed to be bound perpetually to recur; the same number and description of plants, insects, birds, and other animals, again to animate and adorn the earth; and the same beings, feeling their prior passions, again to exercise the same virtues and vices, and to be liable to the same calamities and disorders, to which they were subject, in their state of antecedence.

It may reasonably be believed, that no really new plant, fish, animal, or mineral, has been introduced into the world's economy since the first creation of its present form, though it has subsisted for such a multitude of ages. This is sufficient to prove, that the world is perfect in its *kind*:—and, as the whole system of nature is founded upon the principle of motion, and upon a system too extended even for the doctrine of fluxions, it is not absolutely absurd to suppose (though from such a state of immortality, may righteous Heaven defend us!), that there may be a circle[a] for the movements of events and passions, as well as for bodies: and that as they are drawn to one end of the circle's diameter by an attractive force, they may be thrown back by a repulsive one:—in the same manner, as globes ascend and descend by a centripetal and centrifugal necessity.

This opinion was maintained by the Brahmins[b], and Egyptians, and is still entertained by the modern Siamese. Plato and Virgil[c] admitted it, with some modifications. It is implied in Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy[d], and is fully

[a] Vide Herodotus. Clio. ccvii. [b] Philos. Trans. confirmed by Geeta, p. 94
[c] Virg. Æn. vi. 74. Ecl. iv. 5. [d] Lib. iii.

described in the Dabistan[a]. The period of revolution is supposed to close, and another to begin, when all the planets are in conjunction; alternately in the signs Cancer and Capricorn[b]:—at which times new impulses are supposed to be given, and new circuits to commence. Darwin, in the following passage, seems to have imagined, that all the planetary bodies would be drawn into one vortex, and thence expectorated after the revolutions of certain periods:—

"Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush;
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And Death, and Night, and Chaos mingle all!

---

[a] Asiat. Miscel. p. 99.

[b] The Druids believed in these periodical changes (Strabo, lib. iv. p. 197), which were sometimes to arise from the power of fire; and at others from that of water. Cicero entertained a similar belief*; as well as Seneca†, and Berosus taught, that when all the planets meet in Cancer‡, the world is changed by a conflagration; when in Capricorn by a deluge.

Nicias believed, that the sun during the space of eleven thousand years had changed his place of setting from east to west, and from west to east. Some have taught, that in 12,960 years, the north pole will be viewed as the south pole; and that in 25,920 it will again revert to the north.

Ptolemy, Tycho, Riccioli, and Cassini, believed our system to have a fixed period of career, varying from 24,800 years to 36,000 years: Copernicus to 258,000. It has been calculated, that from the time in which Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are next in conjunction, they will be in conjunction again after a period of 280,000 years;—after having made the following revolutions:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Saturn | 9,516 |
| Jupiter | 23,616 |
| Mars | 148,878 |
| Earth | 280,000 |
| Venus | 455,122 |
| Mercury | 1,162,577 |

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* In Somn. Scipionis. † Epist. ix. ‡ Senec. Nat. Quæst. iii. 29.

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form;
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines another and the same!"

*Botanic Garden*, cant. iv. p. 1.

The Jews believe, that when the world has attained the age of six thousand years, there will be an eternal sabbath [a]. Newton appears to have coincided with the idea of a complete period, and the beginning of a new era [b], so far as to suppose, that the fabric of the universe cannot subsist for ever without being renewed by the hand of the Creator. This idea was started by Hipparchus, immediately upon discovering the precession of the equinoxes. Timæus, on the other hand, insisted, that the universe was perfect in beauty; and that it would never stand in need either of correction or renewal: and this opinion has of late years been confirmed by the splendid discovery of La Grange, and the masterly calculation of La Place; proving that all planetary movements, whether regular or apparently irregular, are periodical.

It is remarkable, that though we see change to be the law of the globe, yet in the heavens all appear to the naked eye to retain unvarying aspects. The sun rises and sets; the moon exhibits her periodical changes; planets perform their stated courses;

[a] This prophecy is received from Elias, the Cabbalist. Two of these before the law: two under the law: and two immediately under the guidance and protection of the Messiah.

[b] The Scandinavians believed in the destruction of the world, which they called the "twilight of the Gods;" and in the renovation of it. Then sprang into existence another universe, of a far more perfect formation; another earth, springing from the cause of causes; emerging from the bosom of the ocean, rolling in the blue expanse, and producing, with a voluntary impulse, every description of flower and fruit.

This renovation was believed by the ancient Brachmans, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Persians. Orpheus imported the hypothesis into Greece; and Pythagoras transplanted it into Italy. Chrysippus called it apocastasis*; Marcus Antoninus palingenesia †; and Numerius ‡ resurrection and restitution. The natives of Pegu also believe in an eternal succession of worlds.

* Lactant. lib. vii. c. 23. † Euseb. Præp. Ev. lib. vii. c. 23.
‡ Burnet—Theory of the Earth—ii. p. 211.

and their satellites undergo their respective series of eclipses. On earth every object has its period of decay: but the planets and the fixed stars seem formed for unchangeable eternity. And though there are portions of the heavens,—particularly in the southern hemisphere[a],—attesting ample space for new creations, yet no new creations are observed to be formed.

But the monotony, observable to the unassisted eye, is not a monotony to the reason. Nature never withdraws the veil, while she creates, or is teeming. She never dies; and never waxes old. Ever various in the midst of simplicity in form and colour; ever active even in the midst of apparent repose; the glass of the astronomer discerns globes, or bodies, wearing an appearance of recent creation. How large—Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the Sun[b] may assist us to imagine;—how small, Venus, Mercury, and the Asteroids.

Changes, too, in other instances, are evident to the eye of philosophy. The rings of Saturn vary in breadth; and are sometimes even invisible: the belts of Jupiter and the zones of Mars have motions, and are variable: the Moon has its volcanic eruptions: and the sun has spots so large, that they are visible to the naked eye[c]; and sometimes so

[a] A catalogue of the nebulæ and clusters of stars in the southern hemisphere, amounting to 629, has recently been made by Mr. Dunlop.

[b] Some of the fixed stars are supposed to be as large as the entire area, occupied by the solar system; but the fact is, no real datum exists on which to conjecture with any thing like accuracy; and the only chance, likely to afford any, will be the discovery of a parallax, and the quantity of light, which each star affords, compared with that, which we receive from the sun. Several stars appear to have changed their magnitude; but this phenomenon is easily accounted for by the supposition, that, being in motion, they are more distant from the earth at one time than they are at another.

[c] Spots on the sun are said to have been first discovered by Galileo or Scheiner. They are not difficult to be accounted for. The sun is a solid, dark, body, covered with an atmosphere, in which clouds of a luminous nature are floating. What are called spots are no other than interruptions of those clouds; viz. spaces, through which parts of the real body of the sun are visible. In Dec. 1823, Brioschi of Naples saw a spot, equal to one and one-half of our globe. In 1824, Pastorff of Frankfort observed spots like eggs,

numerous, that fifty may be seen at the same time. These do not move parallel with the equator, nor have they equal velocities. Many of what we call fixed stars, too, have motions, and periodical variations in their lustres and apparent magnitudes[a]. There are many stars, known to ancient astronomers, now invisible[b]; and others are visible, which were not so formerly. Some have appeared only for a short time; and some have gradually increased in brilliancy as others have gradually decreased[c].

with penumbræ, which he says he could ascertain to be on the surface of the solar globe.—*May* 26, 1825, M. Pons observed numerous white spots, and one surrounded by a penumbra, like Saturn's ring.—*May*, 1828, there were 22 or 23 spots visible at the same time.

Some have imagined, that these spots may become so numerous, as to hide a great part of the face of the sun: and to this is ascribed the circumstance alluded to by many of the Roman poets and historians*, viz. that in the year of Julius Cæsar's assassination, the sun's light was so faint, that it might be gazed at, steadily, with the naked eye; and Procopius says, that during the reign of Justinian, the sun for a whole year shone with an intensity, not greater than that of the moon.

[a] The variable star in the Whale has a period of 331 days; that in Perseus two days; Leo 311; Virgo 146; Hydra 494; North Crown 335; Hercules 60; Sobieski's shield 60; Lyra 6; Antinous 7; Cygnus 47; Cepheus 5; Aquarius 382; the Serpent eleven months. I have not stated the hours. In most of these the increase of light appears to be more rapid than the decrease. Dr. Herschell justly says, that dark spots on large portions of their surfaces, less luminous than the rest, turned alternately in certain directions, either towards or from us, will account for all the phenomena of periodical changes so satisfactorily, that we need look for no other.

[b] The following stars, with some others, are no longer to be seen:—55. 71. 80. 81, Hercules; 56, Cancer; 62, Orion; 19 and 34, Berenice's hair; 19, Perseus; 108, Pisces; 8, Hydra.

These have undergone some mighty change; or, what is more probable, they have reverted into the depth of space, to return and revert in regular periodical times.

[c] Whence the stars derive their light is the most difficult of all enquiries. Newton believed, that all the systems of the fixed stars mutually impart light to each other; receiving it, in the first instance, from some unknown source in the universe. It is probable, however, that the light of each system may differ

* Vid. Virg. Georg. i. 466. Ovid. Met. xv. 782. Tibullus, ii. El. v. 75. Plut. in Vit. Cæsar, 471. Dion Cassius, xlv.

Several stars have appeared, and subsequently disappeared; in Cassiopeia[a]; in Serpentarius[c]; in the neck of the Whale[b]; in the head and breast of the Swan; in Andromeda's Girdle; in Leo, and in Argo. Montaner asserts, that he had observed more than a hundred changes in the fixed stars, and modern science supports the assertion[d].

The Solar system, vast as it is, gives place to Binary, Ternary, and other systems, traced in the heavens; in which two, three, or more stars are formed into one system by the laws of attraction; all revolving round one common centre[e]. To trace these, and to extend the whole to a consideration of the various nebulæ observable in the heavens, would occupy more space than the plan of this work admits; we shall, therefore,

from that of our own; since the more a telescope magnifies, the less the stars appear *; which is not the case with planets. Did they shine by the same light, they would be as invisible to the naked eye as the satellites of Jupiter are; for these satellites appear larger, when viewed with a good telescope, than the largest stars do. See note (a) p. 220.

[a] This star was so large as to appear like Venus, and was visible in the day-time. It continued sixteen months, when it gradually dwindled, and at last disappeared, in March 1573. During the whole time of its being visible, it never seemed to change its place. It is supposed to have appeared, also, about the years 1264 and 945.

[b] Discovered Sept. 30, 1604, by Kepler. It broke out with great lustre, and was every moment changing its colour It surpassed Jupiter in magnitude. It ceased to be visible in Jan. 1605, and has not since been seen.

[c] The periodical time of this star has been calculated at 331 days, 10 hours, 19 minutes. It was found to appear and disappear seven times in six years.

[d] Though the naked eye discovers only six stars in Pleiades, the astronomer sees 188;—and 2000 in that of Orion; whereof twelve comprise the single star in the middle of his sword; and 28 the nebulous star in his head. The nebulous star, Præsepe, consists of no less than forty. And how vast the multitude in the various strata of the heavens may, in some measure, be conceived from the circumstance, that 116,000 stars passed over the field of Herschell's telescope within one quarter of an hour!

[e] Their periods of revolution vary from 19, 22, 23 and 46 years; to 342, 375, 708, 1200, and 1681 years.

* This, however, is not invariably the case, some small stars being distinctly increased by an increase of magnifying power.

close this part of our subject, by referring to a note in page 238, relative to the successive steps into space, visible through the best instruments, that human skill has yet been able to invent.

### THE GREAT;—THE LITTLE.

Natural Theology is the most elevated and sublime,—therefore, the most delightful—of all human studies; for it embraces all that can be seen, felt, imagined, and reasoned upon; its empire being the universe, both of matter and mind.

The phenomena, presented by nebular appearances, give us the best, and indeed the only idea we possess, in regard to the first condition of the material elements, that compose a system of stars. When we meditate on the comparative diameters of Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the Sun, we are astonished; but our curiosity is much more excited by the diminutive proportions of the Asteroids[a]. They best suit the limited compass of our understanding. Man most admires the great; but he most loves the little.

Admirable as the structure of the larger animals undoubtedly is, I cannot but think that the elegant disposition, the minute mechanism, and the perfect adaptation of parts, distinguishable in the smaller creations of Nature, are even still more astonishing to the judgment, and fascinating to the imagination. And this reminds me of what Galileo said to some one, who thought the Mediccan stars too small to engage the attention of philosophers. "No," answered Galileo, "they are the works of God; and may, therefore,

[a] A vast number of falling stars, (or meteors,) have been seen radiating from the point $\gamma$ Leonis. Arago thinks, that, besides the large planets and satellites, there are myriads of small bodies, which are not visible, except when they penetrate into our atmosphere; where they become visible from taking fire. "Some of these Asteroids," says he, "move in a certain sense in groups; and others are insulated."

well be considered as sublime subjects for the study of man." "We admire the tower-bearing shoulders of elephants," says the elder Pliny; "and the necks of bulls, the roarings of tigers, and the manes of lions; but Nature is never more complete than in her smallest animals[a]."

I admire insects, too, the more since they exhibit three stages of existence; those of larva[b], pupa[c], and imago[d]. They typified, therefore, among the Greeks, —"*Non omnis moriar*;" answering to the precept of "*Resurgam*" on modern escutcheons.

All sciences illustrate each other; and though the analogy may not be apparent to an untutored eye, there is, beyond all reasonable doubt, a connexion, not only between a grain of sand and the most distant planet of the universe; but between the highest intellectual being and the smallest infusoria in what may be figuratively styled the infinite little.

The telescope has one great superiority over the microscope. The latter chains us, as it were, to the earth; while the former carries us far beyond. The microscope, however, exhibits almost as wonderful phenomena in a drop of water, as the telescope does in all the heavens. The telescope displays myriads of suns, but no visible living matter; whereas the microscope displays myriads of animated beings in a globule; endowed with parts and organs, as curious as those of an eagle, an elephant, or a man.

Each secret spring, each organ let us trace:
They mock the proudest art of human race[e]!

Exquisitely minute as some animalcules are, they have numerous stomachs, distinct vision, and acute taste: and so wonderfully formed are they, that 80,000 extremities have been

[a] "Qua propter quæso," continues he, "ne hæc legentes, quoniam ex his spernunt multa, etiam relata fastidio damnent, cum in contemplatione naturæ nihil possit videri supervacuum."—*Nat. Hist.* lib. xi. c. 2.

[b] Caterpillar, grub, maggot. [c] Chrysalis, aurelia, nymph.

[d] Perfect animals. [e] Young.

counted in a peculiar species of sea star; 27,000 lenses have been counted in the eye of a dragon-fly; and 500,000 infusories have been counted (by means of a micrometer), in a drop of water; and so universal are they, that there is not a spray of the sea, a globule of rain, a drop of vegetable or even of animal fluid, that is not crowded with them.

Magnitudes are all relative. Who does not feel the size of the earth, on which we tread? And yet so small is it, in the general scale of the universe; an area—

> ———— Without bound,
> Without dimension, where length, breadth and height,
> And time and place is lost[a];—

that by no instrument, yet invented, has man been able to detect, that one point of the earth is nearer, or more distant, from what are called the fixed stars, than another! We, in fact, occupy a speck in the universe not larger, comparatively, than a grain of sand: whence—

> Sinking to earthly from ethereal things,

we must often consent to remember, that the infinitely little can no more be conceived than the infinitely great. The largest body, yet contemplated by man, is a star, supposed to occupy a space larger than that occupied by the entire solar system! The smallest animal is even of less dimensions than those presented by infusoria; one species of which (*Monas termo*) having a body the diameter of which is only $\frac{1}{48000}$ of a line; and the thickness of whose skin of the stomach is calculated to be at from only $\frac{1}{4800000}$ to $\frac{1}{6400000}$ of a line[b]!

[a] Milton.

[b] Their powers of reproduction, also, are so great, that from one individual 1,000,000 were produced in ten days; on the eleventh 4,000,000; and on the twelfth 16,000,000. Vid. BUCKLAND.—*Bridgewater Treatise*, i. 446. In regard to the number of animals in a given space, it has been calculated, that in a space of sea, in the arctic regions, of only two miles square, and 250 fathoms deep, there were marine animals amounting to 23,888,000,000,000!

Whether matter can be infinitely divided has been, in all ages, a subject of controversy. I am inclined to suppose that it can; for as every substance has necessarily an upper side, it must, by the same necessity, have an under one. Having two sides, the one can, of course, be divided from the other.

The larger the system, the more wonderful is the appearance of *power in the architect;* the finer and more minute, the more delicate and more exquisite the *skill of the designer.* Everything, in fact, proves an intelligence, capable of adapting means to ends; and equally wonderful, with the objects beheld, are the life and the thought, by which they are perceived.

### PLANETS IN A PROGRESSIVE STATE OF IMPROVEMENT.

I GAZED, for a long time, the other night, upon SIRIUS, the brightest of all the stars; once counted among the red stars; now amongst the white ones; of a size 324 times that of a star of the sixth magnitude; and supposed by Wollaston, to throw out a light more than equal to fourteen [a] suns: doubtless, too, accompanied by a community of satellites, all united, to other systems, by the passing and repassing of cometary substances.

If we read Plutarch's Essay on Isis and Osiris, we shall discover, that some of the ancients believed, that spirits fell, by degrees, not as Vulcan did from heaven;

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve;"

but from the fixed stars to the region of the planets [b]; from the sphere of the planets to that of the earth; and thence to the regions of Proserpine and Pluto. Some even believed [c], that all mankind came from the stars, and that every soul would return to that, from which it descended.

[a] Herschell says *two.*
[b] Vid. Rittang. Cab. denud. de revel. anim. part i. c. 1.
[c] Vid. Cudworth, Intellect. System, p. 791.

Addison makes Nature to grow old, to sink in years, and to dissolve; in answer to which let me refer you to Milton's poem, "*Naturam non pati senium.*" Geology teaches that, in the history of our planet, many changes have taken place [a]; and it is reasonable to suppose, that all those changes were improvements, and for the better.

The Greeks and all the eastern poets animated every department of Nature; and the stars were, in consequence, far from being neglected [b]. Virgil goes even so far as to hint, that as bees and other animals came from them, each animal, after death, would return to its own peculiar star [c].

Anaxagoras, also, believed the stars to be inhabited. "Have you no concern for your country?" enquired a citizen of Athens. "O yes!" answered the philosopher, stretching his hands towards the heavens, "I have a very great concern for my country." Origen entertained the same belief. The Spirit of God, in fact, moves on the face and depth of the universe, and leaves no part of the creation, destitute of life.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah whither strays th' immortal mind?
It cannot die; it cannot stay;
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace,
By steps, each planet's heavenly way;
Or fills at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Conjectures, relative to the size, nature, qualities, and qualifications, of the stellar inhabitants, are idle to the last degree. We know nothing in regard to them. Whether larger,

[a] The myriads of petrified remains, which are disclosed by the researches of geology, all tend to prove, that our planet has been occupied in times preceding the creation of the human race, by extinct species of animals and vegetables, made up, like living organic bodies, of "clusters of contrivances," which demonstrate the exercise of stupendous intelligence and power.—BUCKLAND. *Bridgewater Treatise, pref.*, p. viii.

[b] Philo and Origen thought stars had souls immortal and incorruptible, and Kepler believed that each body had an intelligent spirit residing in it.

[c] Georg. lib. iv.

or smaller, possessing fewer or more senses; of less or of more enlarged capacities, where is the use of indulging even the shadow of a supposition? Their senses may be different; their whole natures, in fact, may be so different, as not to present the slightest analogy to any thing, we ever heard of, saw, dreamed of, imagined, or have the power to imagine: and this, I have no doubt, is actually the case. For true is the assertion, that the skies

> Inform us of superiors numberless,
> As much, in *excellence*, above mankind,
> As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.

As to the number of inhabitants in the stars, fluxions would be unequal to the calculation; but there may not exist the same difficulty in calculating the number of inhabitants in the planets. Let us select Jupiter. The earth contains about 365,000,000 human inhabitants. Jupiter is 1400 times larger than the earth. Supposing, then, an equal space to contain an equal number, there will be in Jupiter, for each on the earth, 1400; therefore in all, 511,000,000,000.

The day is the period of action, night the season of meditation. Though we may acquire more knowledge of man during the day, we acquire a wider knowledge of Nature during the night. Day makes us sectarians; night universalists. Scenes by day rivet us; scenes by night clothe us with wings. The pall, the coffin, and the spade tell us we shall perish; the planet, the satellite, the comet, and the star, whisper to our imagination—*There is room for myriads of myriads of myriads!*

As the state of man, there can be little doubt, is progressive; that of planets and suns are, doubtless, progressive also. They may not, (any of them), have come to their full maturity of excellence. Nature may not have put her finishing hand to any one of them. Thus, with our earth: common experience teaches us, that it is improving every day. Violent animals are decreasing; fens are drained; forests no longer cover one-

third of the globe; rivers are kept better in their channels; and the climates of almost all regions appear, in consequence, in a state of progression. For the earth to be in its youth is no more a subject for wonder with me, than that an acorn is not yet an oak.

The stars, no doubt, are peopled with beings, in harmony with their place of abode; and of which we have no more knowledge, than an insect, at the lowest deep of the ocean, has of lions and eagles, apes, monkeys, and men.

### SPACE;—MOTION.

All the globes, that the utmost power of the telescope can display, are but as globules of mist, in the range of the universe.

What a wonderful and astonishing change it would be, were the Great Power to suspend all motion; and the satellites, planets, comets, and all the bodies, which those orbs contain, should become fixed; and, after remaining in a state of perfect quietude for a term, to receive a new impulse, and begin again to move in new and reversed orbits!

Audite, Cœli! num modulaminis
Tales triumphos aula refert Jovis
Stellata? spherarumve tales
Lucidus et numerosus ordo.

*Thompson of Brough.*

Who can imagine a Being—

That hath no eyes to see, no ears to hear,
Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear;
That no where is contained, and yet is every where*?

Space, being unlimited, can have no centre: but where bodies exist, and are limited in number, there may be a centre; yet even then, unless there be a true circumference,

* Giles Fletcher—"Christ's Triumph."

there can be no absolute centre; since true centres can only exist where outlines are equal in all their parts.

Space being unlimited, a gravitation, in search of a centre, might pierce the recesses of the universe, fifty millions of years, (and with the rapidity of gravitation), and yet be no nearer, than at the moment, in which the flight began[a].

Secondary motions may be understood, because they are communicated. Primary motion cannot be defined; because it cannot be imagined. Operating invisibly to human scrutiny, and the mind being itself a mechanism, it cannot, by any principle of possibility, contemplate that, which is probably not only not a mechanism; but which is the origin of mechanism.

[a] STEPS INTO SPACE.

SOLAR SYSTEM.

1st step into space, the Moon.
2. Venus.
3. Mercury.
4. Mars.
5. Sun.
6. Vesta.
7. Ceres.
8. Pallas.
9. Juno.
10. Jupiter and his 4 Satellites.
11. Saturn and his 7 Satellites.
12. Uranus and his 6 Satellites.

SIDEREAL SYSTEM.

13. Sirius, and other Stars of the first magnitude.
14. α, Cygni; β, Tauri, &c.
15. γ, Cygni; ε, Bootis, &c.
16. Stars of the 4th magnitude.
17. ———— 5th do.
18. ———— 6th do.
19. ———— 7th do.
20. The white cluster in the sword-handle of Perseus.
21. The small nebula north, following H. Geminorum.
22. Nebula between η and ζ Herculis.
23. Nebula in the girdle of Andromeda.
24. Stars of the 1.342d magnitude.
25. The clusters of stars, only seen through a reflector of 40 feet. These are calculated to be above 11¼ millions of millions of millions of miles from us; viz. a distance exceeding that of the nearest fixed star at least 300,000 times.

When a newly-born child can imagine, know, and speak of its own conception, there may be some hope of approaching one step nearer to that knowledge, of which Newton himself was as ignorant, at seventy years of age, as he had been when existing an embryo in the womb.

Primary motion, in fact, involves all the mysteries of the creation. We may as prudently, therefore, search for its end as for its beginning. The mind can attain to neither. Changes and modifications we witness every day; in all that move; in all that are in rest. We can, therefore, imagine ten millions of secondary motions; but we cannot imagine ONE ORIGINAL.

There is, doubtless, some spot in the universe, round which all bodies roll. There is, also, doubtless, a thin, subtle, elastic, attenuated fluid, invisible to us, filling all parts of space, which acts as a medium of communication from one to all. Whether this fluid has a retarding influence at one time, and an accelerating one at another, remains to be verified; and whether successions of particles are emitted from each body, or motions communicated by them to particles in their vicinity, and transmitted by successive impulses to other particles, remain, also, subjects of uncertainty.

The orbits of planets may be changed in the succession of ages; nay, the whole solar system, as it exists at present, utterly annihilated:—but this involves no destruction of matter: and whether they exist separately, or form one vast union, what does it import? The system may be changed;—Uranus may fall into Saturn; both into Jupiter; and these, successively, may carry the Asteroids, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury, into the Sun; and what avails? Nothing is annihilated. As to changes—they are seen every moment. The destructive and the preservative principles are ever working. Destructive as to form; preservative as to essence. In the wildernesses of space, the mind finds no resting place; for

creation on creation still multiplies; attesting, at every step, not only unity of design, but identity of operation; not only life for to-day, but life for the morrow.

### VIEWS FROM THE PLANETS.

One thing is exceedingly agreeable to my imagination; and may be equally so to every one's:—we all see the same stars, that were beheld by Moses, Pythagoras, Aristotle, and Hipparchus; Kepler, Copernicus, and Newton. Some astronomers have had a still more elevated privilege. Galileo, for instance, was the first to see the satellites of Jupiter; Horrocks and Crabtree to behold a transit of Venus; Herschell to see the satellites of Uranus[a], as well as those of Saturn; and Piazza, Olbers, and Harding, to behold Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. Herschell was the first, also, to gaze on myriads of suns!

> Range where we will, in water, earth, and air,
> God is in every thing, and every where.

I pity the man, who, from whatever cause, feels an internal impulsion to think otherwise. I pity; but not condemn. For all men believe to the best of their knowledge, however they may act.

We gazed, last night, on several splendid objects. Arcturus, for instance; and another star, in the constellation of Boötes, eminently attractive to the imagination; since, though it seems to be one, it is actually two; of different colours; one sun rolling another sun; as if the smaller were a planet.

Then we gazed on No. 24 in Berenice's hair (double), the larger one of a ruddy complexion; the smaller green. Sometimes the former appears white; and the latter blue.

Then we turned the telescope on $\xi$ Hercules, another double star; one ash-coloured; the larger one of a bluish white.

[a] Uranus had been noticed before; though not recognised as a planet.

One of these stars sometimes eclipses the other; and the observation of it, therefore, forms an epoch in the history of the universe.

Turn now to No. 48 in Cancer, and we find that, also, to be a double star; the larger one of a fine yellow; the smaller of an indigo blue. Sometimes the latter is of a deep garnet; and sometimes bluish and blue. With these alternations, the question arises whether they are to be attributed to the stars being liable to change in colour and intensity of light, or to the varieties of our own atmosphere. If the first, there is sometimes a yellow day; sometimes a blue one; and sometimes a day of deep garnet.

In the Crown there is a star, forming an equilateral triangle; placed precisely in the centre of a small nebula, which extends a little beyond the stars, on all sides surrounding them like an atmosphere. How beautiful!

> Thou great FIRST CAUSE, least understood,
>   Who all my sense confined
> To know but this, that thou art good,
>   And that myself am blind.

Engaged thus, we, at length, brought our imaginations from the more distant regions of space, to the more confined circle of our own system; figuring to ourselves the various objects, presented in the firmament above, to the inhabitants of the various planets beneath. For ourselves,—we behold a thousand worlds; and are yet indifferent to most of them. We are on the wrong side of the mirror in many respects; and being incapable of estimating the harmony of arrangement, which governs the sphere above;—this, of itself, is sufficient to convince *me*, (however it may operate upon others,) that we are on the road to another, and an improved, state; where we shall behold objects with clearer optics, and a more transparent understanding.

Were we in the planet MERCURY, the solar spots would appear seven times larger to us, than they do here; the sun

would rise and set with an unimaginable splendour; while, by night, Venus, the Earth, and its "fair attendant" satellite, would exhibit themselves, each many times larger, than Mercury does to us. The moon, too, would be often seen to transit the earth; and, every now and then, to glide into, and emerge from, its shadow.

Were we transplanted to VENUS, Mercury would present to our eyes phenomena, similar to those, which Venus presents here: sometimes full; sometimes gibbous; at other times a crescent; now a morning star, and now an evening one: while the Earth and Moon would shed a light more brilliant than that, which is communicated, or received, by night, by any other planet of the solar system.

Towards the extreme south of OUR horizon, some stars are visible only for a short period of the night; others for a longer period; till the eye rests on those, which rise exactly east. Then directing our vision to the polar circle, our vision rests on stars, which never set; presenting, therefore, no aspect of change, but that arising from an apparent alteration of position.

The MOON! When the sky is clear in the south and west, and the moon rises in "clouded majesty" in the east, exhibiting her "freckled face," at a distance of not more than 240,000 miles, what a magnificent body does she appear! What a splendid appearance, too, does the earth present to her! It seems the largest body of the universe; with a surface thirteen times larger than the moon appears to us; immovably settled in the sky, while the fixed stars are seen to pass slowly, both beside and behind.

We have four seasons: but the moon's axis being nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she has scarcely any change: perhaps no clouds, no snow, no rain, no air; having no atmosphere. Those who live on her surface, therefore, can neither have the face, figure, nor faculties of man. Whether inferior, or superior, who shall determine?

They behold our seas,—smooth, and apparently destitute of storm; but they have no seas themselves; no rivers. They behold our Teneriffe, Olympus, Andes, and Himalayahs;—we, in return, see their Ida, Horeb, Athos, and Berosus; some of which rise to the altitude of from three to five miles; with caverns sinking to the depth of more than 18,000 feet; wearing an appearance similar to those, which would present themselves, were our seas and oceans to lose their waters, and disclose their beds.

There are no phenomena more calculated to excite wonder, in respect to order and precision, than eclipses, and returns of comets;—nothing more indicative of design; and nothing more eloquent of an universal predominating intelligence. We gaze upon the zodiac, the starry firmaments on each side, and the galaxy, forming "a broad and ample road [a]," as it were, "*ad Regalem domum* [b]," and reflect on the "*Densa stellarum corona* [c]," which they present; till we feel as much lost,

> As the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.

When we gaze on the moon in her second quarter, through a good reflector, the shadows of her mountains are not only clearly to be seen, but they are observed to move; and specks of light on some of her mountain tops. They cannot be mistaken. The surface of her orb resembles burnished gold: but I think she cannot be of the same substance as the earth. So beautiful, so calm,—who would not desire to be transported to her surface? And this desire changes the scene to a remembrance of Bishop Wilkins' idea in respect to a voyage to the lunar regions [d]; to Lord Bacon's [e] and John

[a] Milton. [b] Ovid, Met. i. 168. [c] Manilius.

[d] Bp. Wilson wrote a treatise to show, that the moon may be a world. "It is even possible," said he, "for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance thither; if there be inhabitants to commerce with them."

[e] Works, i. p. 321, 4to. If I remember rightly, he says nothing in regard to the moon's influence on the tides.

Hunter's[a] opinion in regard to the influence of the moon on the body; and that part of Dante's Paradisio[b], wherein he describes the lunar sphere, with Beatrice and himself gazing on its inhabitants.

As the moon appears next, in lustre and utility, to the sun, there can be little doubt, that she obtained a very early share of veneration. Indeed, we find, from historical record, that, in most countries, she has been worshipped as a deity, under various names. Some lines of Orpheus represent the moon as an earth; having cities on its surface. Xenophanes held the same opinion[c]; and so also, did Macrobius[d], and Achilles Tatius. Pythagoras went farther. He believed it to have not only mountains, valleys, woods, rivers, and seas; but animals fifteen times larger than ours; plants of rarer beauty; and men superior not only in size, but in energy and virtue[e].

Some philosophers,—or rather poets,—have believed the moon to be the abode of dreams; and some, that thither the souls of men are carried after death. Some have even supposed the upper lunarian regions to have been the Elysian fields, inhabited by genii, who descended to earth to the assistance of just men, and the punishment of wicked ones. Even Christians,—amongst whom we may instance Vitalis,—have regarded its surface as the paradise, wherein our first parents were created; and whence they were thrust for their unfortunate transgression. "Can we hesitate to believe," said Helvidius, as we were walking, one clear evening, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, while the moon hung over the cross of St. Paul's, and shed its placid light over the whole hemisphere; "Can we hesitate to believe, that body to be peopled with

[a] Hunterian Reminiscences, p. 34, 4to.

[b] C. iii. Gray wrote tripos verses on the subject—*Anne Luna est habitata?*

[c] Acad. Quest. lib. iv. [d] In Somn. Scip. i.

[e] Plut. de Placit. Philos. ii. 30.

beings? Nay, we may go thither, perhaps, ourselves; when the hour of change comes."

"One excellent thing is;" answered a friend, who was with us, "let us go whither we may,

——————— We cannot go,
Where universal love smiles not around,
Sustaining all you ORBS, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression[a]."

"You remind me of Pope," exclaimed Helvidius.

"In reference to the subject on which we are conversing?"

"Even that. Happy are those,

Who look on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bid their free souls expatiate in the skies;
Amid the kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess their home[b]."

"Have we power to touch, not with our imagination only, but with our corporeal fingers, a portion of the moon's actual surface? And have we all three absolutely touched one?"—"You allude to the aërolite, which fell in America, and is now at the British Museum?"—"I do. That large stones have fallen from the air has been known from the earliest period of history. They have even fallen in our own times. One, for instance, at Sienna, in Tuscany; a second at Wold Cottage, in the county of York; a third at Villa Franca; a fourth at Smolensko; a fifth in Moravia; a sixth in Catalonia; a seventh in La Vendée; an eighth at Adare; and a ninth at Agen, among the Pyrenees."

"Aërolites, on being analysed, are found to consist of silex, lime, sulphur, oxyde of iron, magnesia, and oxyde of nickel. Whence have these bodies come? Are they formed in the air? are they vomited by volcanoes? or are they pro-

[a] Thomson's Hymn, l. 111.

[b] Windsor Forest, l. 253. See, also, a passage in one of his letters to Mr. Blount, Feb. 10, 1715-16.

jected from the moon, or a comet? Have they fallen upon the earth at all? Is not the whole an imposition? There can exist no doubt. Their being formed in the atmosphere is scarcely to be credited. That they have issued from volcanoes is equally improbable; since no volcanoes have been in the neighbourhood, where they have fallen, nor within hundreds of miles. Besides, if I mistake not, there has been found no unison of the same materials on the face of the globe, nor even in the interior of it. The moon and a comet must, therefore, for the present, divide the opinions of mankind. That a comet may project such objects is rendered, in some degree credible, from the circumstance, that visiting, as they do, regions of intense heat, and of equal intensity of cold, they may be subject, in their passing, to chemical changes of a very violent nature. It is more probable, however, I think, that aërolites should come from the moon. For on the lunar surface volcanoes have been actually detected. Portions, therefore, may have been projected at times, when that body has been in opposition to the sun. These portions may have passed the moon's sphere of attraction; entered that of the nearest body to it, (the earth;) and there excite our wonder by displaying a combination totally different from any other, known upon its surface."

"Have you read Fusinieri's discoveries?" "I have not." "He throws some light upon this mysterious subject. We all know, that the earth is surrounded by magnetic currents. Fusinieri has discovered, that lightning carries with it iron, carbon, and sulphur; that it deposits those substances on every thing, which it strikes; and not only this, but that it carries from these fresh materials of transport." "Doubtless. In rain, too, there are found iron, manganese, and nitrous salts; and sulphuret of iron in hail-stones."

"Well. Can we not easily imagine these and other substances to be combined with the force of a metallic current?" "We may certainly imagine such a thing. During

a thunder-storm those substances may be ignited, fused, and amalgamated, but I nevertheless think, we must wait a little longer for an entirely convincing hypothesis."

" Let all this be as it may," exclaimed Helvidius, " certain, I believe, it is, that every star has its appropriate inhabitants. Nor do I think it at all improbable, that the moon may be, for a period, the destined habitation of some of us. The more we know of the universe, the more probable do some improbabilities appear. I never gaze on the moon, therefore, but in reference to its being a place of future residence. I call it my home ! What says Byron ?

————— Sweet Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air ;—an island of the blest.

Charlotte Smith, too, has an eloquent passage :

And oft I think, fair planet of the night !
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.

" Before you can convert the world to such a doctrine, you must have better authority than the poets."—" I endeavour to convert no one : I only desire the privilege of thinking for myself."

To the inhabitants of Mars—Venus and the earth appear, in most respects, as Mercury and Venus appear to us ; exhibiting similar phases, with this exception :—they never present themselves at a full. Sometimes our moon is seen by them on one side of the earth ; sometimes on the other. Sometimes they are observed to pass over the disc of the sun, in the shape of two unequal black spots, at no greater distance from each other than one-third of a degree. The fixed stars are beheld much as we behold them : while the Asteroids, with Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, present surfaces somewhat larger than they do to us.

The Asteroids are supposed by some, as I have before said, to have been originally formed out of one large planet. I cannot accord with this hypothesis. They have, doubtless,

existed from the creation and adjustment of the system, as well as Jupiter and the other planets. All these planets enjoy a view of each other: also of the earth (but not of the moon), and Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; all their satellites; and the stupendous rings of Saturn. This is not all. Their diameters are so small, that every star of their firmament, from pole to pole, may be seen by the mere travel of a few hours. Their diameters have been thus estimated;—Juno, 1,425 miles; Vesta. 238; Ceres, 163; Pallas, 80[a]! The

[a] In a note to my Life of Akenside are the following remarks:—Dr. Olbers, and several other astronomers, have given into the idea, that a large planet once existed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and that it separated into four parts, forming what are now called the Asteroids. Much learning has been called into action on this subject. It is argued, that Bode's law, and the law of Nature, are one; and that they both require the existence of such a planet. If so, why does not this large body exist? If it were wanted in times past, it is wanted in times present; for all the apprehensions of NEWTON, in regard to the solar system being susceptible of decay, have long since been dissipated by LA GRANGE's discovery—the most splendid in modern times!—that all the irregularities and inequalities, which flow from planetary action, are, in reality, so harmoniously adjusted to the various parts of the vast machine, as to be, in all cases, constant in periodical return:—while the labours of La Place having established the knowledge, that the time of a planet's revolution, as well as its mean distance from the sun, are constant properties, it follows, as a natural result, that all planetary existences are beyond the reach of accident, and therefore unassailable by time.

If four planets will answer the purpose of the one, supposed to have burst, as, it appears, they very effectively do, *what difficulty can there be in supposing, that they have existed from the creation and adjustment of the system; as well as Jupiter and Mars and all the other primary and secondary planets?* Why, in fact, should we suppose Nature to have done an act, which is not only unnecessary, but which is in decided opposition to all the laws, by which she can be recognised*?

Since the phenomena of gravitation cannot, in any way, be accounted for, either by matter or motion; if philosophers guard themselves against being shackled by the bonds of system, and from being paralysed by the authority even of illustrious names; if they keep themselves free to observe, with

* In a work on Astronomy, published subsequently to the publication of these remarks, by Sir John Herschell, are the following remarks: "It has been conjectured, that the ultra-Zodiacal planets are fragments of some greater planet, which formerly circulated in that interval; but has been blown to atoms by an explosion. This may serve as a specimen of the dreams, in which astronomers, like other speculators, may harmlessly indulge."

diameters of their three external neighbours, however, are—Uranus, 35,112 miles; Saturn, 79,042; and Jupiter, 89,170. What stupendous disproportions!

Now let us suppose ourselves on the surface of JUPITER [a].

unclouded eyes and unbiassed judgments, the varied phenomena, presented to their view, and feelingly awake to every light, that may hereafter emanate from the experience of the ever-teeming laboratory of the human mind, it is not impossible but that the masterly,—nay, the divine—discovery of LA GRANGE may be found to lead to the propriety of reconsidering the views, that have hitherto been entertained of gravitation. And it is not impossible, that such reconsideration may open the door to the knowledge of *an Agent, hitherto unknown and unthought of, acting with it, though of a nature altogether different from it; and of a subtlety and minute power of application, immeasurably its superior.*

[a] Some inconvenience having arisen from the circumstance of the satellites of SATURN having been numbered, not in the order of distance, but of discovery; and the names, given to those of Jupiter by the illustrious Galileo, Simon Marius, and Baptista Hodierna, having fallen into disuse; I took the liberty, a short time since, of proposing *another nomenclature, more in consonance with that already established for the larger planets.* The use and propriety of this nomenclature having been conceded by several eminent persons, perhaps the reader will excuse me for endeavouring to acquire for it a still more extended consideration.

*Satellites of Jupiter.*

| | |
|---|---|
| First in the order of distance . . . . . | Hebe. |
| Second . . . . . . . . . . | Astræa. |
| Third . . . . . . . . . . | Flora. |
| Fourth . . . . . . . . . . | Pomona. |

*Satellites of Saturn.*

| | |
|---|---|
| First in the order of distance . . . . . | Cybele. |
| Second . . . . . . . . . . | Thetis. |
| Third . . . . . . . . . . | Doris. |
| Fourth . . . . . . . . . . | Hygeia. |
| Fifth . . . . . . . . . . | Echo. |
| Sixth . . . . . . . . . . | Psyche. |
| Seventh . . . . . . . . . . | Fortuna. |

*Satellites of Uranus.*

| | |
|---|---|
| First in the order of distance . . . . . | Urania. |
| Second . . . . . . . . . . | Calliope. |
| Third . . . . . . . . . . | Clio. |
| Fourth . . . . . . . . . . | Melpomene. |
| Fifth . . . . . . . . . . | Thalia. |
| Sixth . . . . . . . . . . | Erato. |

The stars rise to our vision; and, in the course of three or four hours, set. They move, as it were, not in a gradual course, as with us; but with a precipitation, that would dazzle our eyes and bewilder our senses: for the entire heavens appear to the inhabitants in a state of almost mercurial activity. The day, however, is not so splendid as ours; being so much farther from the sun. The eclipses on Jupiter are of three kinds:—solar, lunar, and satellital: and the tints of the satellites have an extremely beautiful effect; for two are white; a third blue; and the fourth orange: and, when all of them are above the horizon, the shadows of objects are cast in four different directions.

Transport ourselves now to the FIRST SATELLITE of Jupiter. What a scene presents itself! Three moons rise, instead of one, as with us:—with all their diversified phases; one a crescent; one gibbous; one at the full!—and the nearest with twice the diameter of our moon to us: while Jupiter himself hangs like a huge ball, turning rapidly on his axis, now rising, now waxing, now waning, now a crescent, and now a full and ample shield, as it were, covering a vast space of the firmament; and all this in the short space of forty-two hours and a half. Having, it is presumed, no atmosphere, the heavens present a field as black as ebony; and each star shines with a brilliancy more intense than that arising from the concentration of ten thousand diamonds. In 1770 a comet swept through these satellites, without, in the smallest degree, deranging their motions. The Biela and Encke comets, too, ranging through the solar system between Jupiter and the earth, their aphelion and perihelion are equally harmless.

SATURN! when beheld from our globe with his attendants through a telescope, he appears to occupy a space of the heavens not larger than a Spanish dollar. Instead of one moon, he has seven; all presenting varied appearances; and casting seven shadows upon his surface. Sometimes they are beheld eclipsing each other; or appearing, disappearing, and reap-

pearing from between and behind two stupendous rings, that surround his orb; and which frequently eclipse a great part of it; and those eclipses, varying from a minute to the whole length of a day: and coming on with a suddenness, that would appal the mind, did not their frequency take from the wonder. The day of Saturn, too, occupying only a little more than ten of our hours, the whole phenomena of the firmament above him pass with a rapidity more than double that presented in our own hemispheres. The rings, too, sometimes cast shadows upon him; and sometimes shine with even greater splendour than the planet itself. Above, below, and between these vast arches, if we may so call them, the stars are seen; and, possibly, many planets, of which we have no knowledge. These rings are not perceptible at the poles of Saturn; nor within several degrees of them; but where they are visible, nothing, that we know in Nature, presents so noble, or so wonderful and astonishing an appearance; illuminating the nights with a splendour more than equal to that of several thousand moons like ours:—Indeed Saturn knows no darkness; except when these rings eclipse the sun.

Pass, now, into the regions of URANUS. The sun appears of a size, not larger than Venus. Six satellites, however, rise in his horizon; and what is still more wonderful, they are observed to move in orbits, perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic; and in a direction contrary to that of all other secondaries, as well as primaries; indicating, perhaps, an approach, if not an actual beginning, of another province of the solar empire. Uranus, however, sees only one of the planets, that we behold—Saturn. To make up for this, his inhabitants, doubtless, see many other worlds beyond their own orbit we, from distance, are unable to behold.

Now let us suppose ourselves on the surface of a COMET. But first a few words in regard to the comets of 1811 and 1835.

As we were walking, one evening, many years ago, over a bridge, stretching over a river in South Wales, we saw the

reflection of a large star in the water below. Looking up, we saw the reality in the heavens; rising over one of the mountains to the west. From its appearance, and the circumstance of its not having been seen the night before, I knew it, instantly, to be a comet; and, having proclaimed it to be such, my fair friends laughed, and called me an "exceedingly wise man!" They could not believe it.

This comet,—(that of 1811,)—emerged suddenly, as may be well remembered, from the sphere of the sun's rays, and became visible in one day. It remained several months, and, at length, disappeared in the Great Bear. We watched it night by night at the bottom of the garden; hailing it as a herald, as it were, sent from the bosom of space, to confirm the truth, that a sublime POWER exists beyond the reach and thought of man.

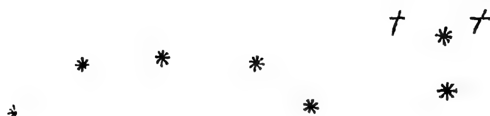
This was the most splendid comet, that had yet appeared within the memory of any living person. Its tail (when at its greatest apparent height) reached more than 120 millions of miles. Its envelope was supposed to have been 30,000 miles in thickness; and the centre of its head was separated from its interior surface by a space of 36,000 miles. Its size was calculated to be 527-3 times smaller than than that of the sun; but 17 times larger than that of Jupiter; 25,104 times larger than that of the earth; 1,255,000 times larger than that of the moon; and of an orbit exceeding those of all the planets of our system added together: while its period of revolution is supposed to be not less than that of 3380 years! At the end of that period, therefore, it may be expected to return, and become visible again. For Nature is

—— A solemn institute
Of laws eternal, whose unaltered page
No time can change[a].

(*Oct.* 10, 1835). Our little boy came running from the garden opposite, between six and seven, almost breathless, crying out—"God has made a new star all at once." On looking

[a] Beller, Injured Innocence.

out, we found it was the comet, which had been anxiously expected; but which we had not been able to get a sight of, owing to the continual mist. This comet was Halley's[a]; and you may judge of the speed of it by a diagram, made the same evening of its progress during the space of three hours.




When this comet is nearest[b] to the sun's centre, the sun appears to its inhabitants about four times larger than it does

[a] Astronomers represent Halley as having been the first to foretel the precise return of a comet, and to have that prediction verified. Whiston, however, attributes it to NEWTON, in regard to the comet of 1736. The data, on which he predicted this return, does not appear; but Whiston says—"As far as we yet know, Sir Isaac is the first man, and this the very first instance, where the coming of a comet has been predicted beforehand, and has actually come according to that prediction, from the beginning of the creation to this day."

Whiston is not entirely the only writer, who mentions this prediction and fulfilment; for Thomson alludes to both:

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The comet, through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till to the forehead of an evening sky
Returned, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations strike dismay.

It is very curious, that neither Bradley nor Arago, nor indeed any other astronomer, except Whiston, has said one word as to the circumstance of this comet's return having been predicted by Newton.

Soon after the return of this comet in 1230, there was a great pestilence; and similar visitations attended its return in 1305 and 1380. As it passes from the region of the Bear, through the middle of Boötes, and thence through the Serpent and OPIUCHUS, it is not impossible that this is the very comet, that was in Milton's mental eye, when he wrote the following passage:—

——————— On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood,
Unterrified; and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of OPIUCHUS huge,
In th' arctic sky; and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

[b] Forty-seven millions of miles.

to us; when at it greatest[a] distance, it cannot appear larger than a star of the first magnitude.

Now let us suppose ourselves, I say, upon the surface of a COMET. If comets are self-luminous[b], as in numerous instances I am disposed to think they are, we shall see nothing beyond our own globe; our eyes being partly blinded with excess of light. If, however, they are dark spheres, illuminated by other bodies, we for ages behold nebulæ, systems of stars, suns, and comets, unseen by mortal eyes. We, enter, at length, the solar regions. We behold Uranus, and his satellites, moving in a course contrary to all other analogies; we pass the empire of Saturn, encircled by his seven moons and double ring; we come within the orbit of Jupiter and his four companions: we pass the Asteroids, and gaze with delight on their diminutive masses, as we had before with amazement on the immensity of others;—we invade the orbit of the earth; we dart through it to those of Venus and Mercury; and then, navigating the more immediate regions of the sun, we pass over on the other side; and commence our return to our secret aphelium in the bosom of space[c].

[a] 3,372,000,000 of miles.

[b] I published some remarks on this subject, three or four years ago, in the LITERARY GAZETTE; wherein I stated my belief that comets carried their own light. This idea seems to be confirmed by what a learned writer in the Quarterly Review states of M. Struvé's observations on the Halley comet:—"It has an elliptical nucleus, the greater diameter of which was from 1″.5 to 3″ of a degree, and the lesser diameter 0″.4. It resembled a burning coal; from thence issued, in a direction nearly opposite to that of a tail, a divergent flame varying in intensity, in form, in direction, sometimes even double;—one might fancy that luminous gas was issuing from the nucleus."—*Quarterly*, cix. 221.

[c] I cannot imagine any comet to move in an hyperbola or a parabola; because those courses appear to be entirely inconsistent with attraction; viz. that comets, so moving, enter our system for the first time, then depart, and never return. This is beyond the boundaries of our present geometry to prove; whatever we may think. The probability rather is, that if once seen here, the one seen has been seen before, and will be seen again.

## THE INVISIBLE UNIVERSE.

Till the invention of the microscope and micrometer, the invisible universe contained, with its other secrets, more than half the wonders of entomology.

The belief in invisible beings is many thousand years old. Hesiod and Plato frequently allude to their existence; and Epicurus admitted beings into his philosophy, of a purer nature, and more ample faculties, than those enjoyed by man [a]. Our late illustrious chemical philosopher, (Davy,) too, distinctly allowed, that there may be beings,—" thinking beings,"—nearly surrounding us, which we can neither see nor imagine. Milton, also, has several passages, implying the same.

> Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth,
> Unseen; both when we wake and when we sleep [b].

In another place, he speaks of creatures, playing in the colours of the rainbow [c]: in a third, thus:—

> ———— Time may come, when men
> With angels may participate, and find
> No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
> And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
> Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit [d].

Poetry sometimes is philosophy: and who can dream of what may be embodied or enveloped in those astonishing agents, heat, light, electricity, and attraction? In all Nature, there is no vacuity. To insist, that nothing exists,

[a] Hesiod makes them wander over the earth, keeping an account of actions, both just and unjust. Maximus Tyrius entertained the same belief. St. Chrysostom, also, believed that every Christian has a guardian angel.—*Homil. de Diabolo*, &c, xxii. Cardan insists, that he was attended by one, as Socrates and Jamblichus had been, *et innumeris aliis.*—*De Cardano Judicium*. Hermes, a contemporary with St. Paul (Rom. xv. 14), in his work entitled Pastor, often quoted by the Fathers, assigned to every one not only an angel-guardian, but a devil, who is his tempter.—Vid. *Butler's Lives of the Fathers*, v. 148.

[b] P. L. iv. [c] Comus. [d] P. L. v.

but what the human eye can see, is more worthy the intellect of a Cloten, or of a Caliban, than that of a Milton, a Newton, a Laplace, or a Davy [a].

[a] The wonders, that are in store for the future knowledge of man may be, in some measure, imagined by what is stated below.

EXTRAORDINARY ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.—A great sensation was produced at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol in August, 1836, by the account which a gentleman named CROSSE, gave of the result of a series of electrical experiments which he had been pursuing unnoticed for the last thirty years.

Several rooms in Mr. Crosse's country house are filled with electrical apparatus of great power, and he has also suspended wires from the trees in his park, for the purpose of collecting the subtle fluid with which he works. So powerful is the enginery—if we may use such a phrase—which he has erected, that he can use it with the greatest ease to ignite combustible bodies, tear metals in pieces, and reduce chemical compounds into their elements. The current of electric matter will sometimes cause his "great battery" to make twenty discharges in a minute as loud as cannon; yet he can tame it in the midst of its energies, by simply turning an insulating lever, when the stream descends silently and innocuously into the ground.

The experiments detailed by Mr. Crosse to the Bristol Meeting related to the processes by which *Nature forms minerals.* In the recent inquiries of the geologist, great difficulties had been experienced in accounting for the insinuation of veins of metallic minerals into minute fissures or openings in other masses, and for several other phenomena in the formation of crystals. Becquerell and Mitcherlich had succeeded in forming crystals by electricity, and thus so far had explained those mysteries of nature. But the subject was still a wonder when Mr. Crosse, prompted by a fine sagacity, conceived the idea, that as nature appears to have produced most of the results, which we observe by a great power operating with a small intensity, and throughout a great space of time, it might be proper to try what could be effected by the same mode in the making of *artificial crystals by electricity.* It was with this view that he provided himself with apparatus of the power which has been described, some part of which he found he could keep in undiminished action for a whole year, and this by *the agency of pure water only.* Observing, in a cavern in the Quantock Hills, some calcareous spar formed by water percolating through limestone rock, he collected some of the fluid, and subjected it to the action of his Voltaic apparatus. For nine days he anxiously watched for a result, and was about to resign hope of any occurring, when, on the tenth day, a *mineral exactly the same as the calcareous spar appeared.* He had thus gone through an exact imitation of what was to our ancestors one of the most mysterious processes in nature.

Latterly, Mr. Crosse has produced many such results. A gentleman, who visited his house after the Bristol Meeting, found one battery which had been for six months in operation on *fluat of silver*, and was producing large crystals in six-sided cubes at the negative pole, and crystals of silica and chalcedony

## DURATION.

THE duration of life appears far more arbitrary, than the duration of unconscious bodies. Some plants rise from seed

at the positive; another, which was acting on nitrate of silver and copper, and producing crystals at the negative pole, and malachite at the positive; besides six or seven others, engaged in the like operations. From fluo-silicic acid he had produced quartz. He found that light was not favourable to the production of the crystals, and that they could be brought to perfection in a much shorter space of time, or with less power, in the dark. He was nevertheless able to observe what no mortal eye had ever before, perhaps, observed, the gradual progress of a quartz crystal from its first foundation to nearly its completion. First, he traced it as a thin six-sided figure—then lines radiated from its centre—then lines parallel to the sides were formed: it increased in thickness; but owing to some disturbance in the operation, a second crystal arose, and prevented its arriving at the perfect form.

These experiments are simply attempts to imitate the processes of Nature, and thus ascertain what those processes are. The earth, it appears, is at all times positively electrified; and electricity is every day found to be a more and more important agent in bringing about the results which we observe upon it. Mr. Crosse's experiments give us reason to conclude that this subtle fluid, the very existence of which was not known eighty years ago, is constantly at work beneath our feet in putting matter into new arrangements and new combinations. It is a curious fact, that the rocks of igneous origin, as granite, and the aqueous, as slate, affect opposite states of electricity. Two sheets of rock of these various kinds probably operate in the same way as the alternate plates of copper and zinc in the Voltaic apparatus; and thus, by a process like that of Mr. Crosse, form the singular veins of metallic minerals which pervade their masses. It is to be hoped that, by further experiments, we may be able to come to more distinct conclusions on this interesting point.

In the course of his experiments on crystallisation, towards the close of the year, Mr. Crosse produced results of a still more remarkable kind. He had prepared a fluid for crystals by heating a flint to a white heat, and saturating the powder with muriatic acid. The mixture was placed in a quart basin, and caused by a siphon of flannel to drop upon a piece of ironstone from Mount Vesuvius, which was placed between the two wires of a powerful Voltaic battery. To pursue Mr. Crosse's own account of the experiment:—"At the end of 14 days I observed two or three very minute specks on the surface of the stone, white and somewhat elevated. On the 18th day, fine filaments projected from each of these specks, and the whole figure was increased in size. On the 22d day, each of these figures assumed a more definite form; still enlarging. On the 26th day, each assumed the form of a perfect INSECT, standing upright on four or five bristles, which formed its tail. On the 28th day, each insect moved its legs, and, in a day or two afterwards, detached itself from the stone, and

in the spring, flower in the summer, shed their seeds, and die in autumn, or in winter. Some last two years; and

moved at will. It so happened that the apparatus was placed fronting the south; but the window opposite was covered with a blind, as I found these little animals much disturbed when a ray of light fell on them; and, out of about fifty which made their appearance at once, at least forty-five took up their habitation on the north side of the stone. I ought to have added, that when all the fluid, or nearly so, was drawn out of the basin, it was caught in a glass bottle placed under a glass funnel which supported the stone, and was then returned into the basin without moving the stone. The whole was placed on a light frame made for the purpose. These insects have been seen by many of my friends, and appear when magnified very much *like cheese mites, but from twice to eight times the size, some with six legs, others with eight.* They are covered with long bristles, and those at the tail, when highly magnified, are spiny. After they had been born some time, they became amphibious, and I have seen them crawl about on a dry surface"

He thus describes a second experiment—"I took a saturated solution of silicate of potash [the same substance as in the first experiment], and filled a small glass jar with it, into which I plunged a stout iron wire, connected with the positive pole of a battery of twenty pairs of cylinders, filled with water alone, and immersed in the same a small coil of silver wire connected with the negative pole of the same battery. After some weeks' action, gelatinous silex surrounded the iron wire, and, after a longer period the same substance filled up the coil of silver wire at the other pole, but in much less quantity. In the course of time, one of these insects appeared in the silex at the negative pole, and there are at the present time not less than three well-formed precisely similar insects at the negative, and twelve at the positive pole—in all, fifteen. Each of them is deeply imbedded in the gelatinous silex, the bristles of its tail alone projecting, and the average of them are from a half to three-quarters of an inch below the surface of the fluid. In this last experiment we had neither acid, nor wood, nor flannel, nor iron ore. I will not say whether they would have been called to life without the electric agency or not. I offer no opinion, but have merely stated certain facts."

These extraordinary experiments naturally attracted much attention, and became the subject of discussion among other men of science, one of the most distinguished of whom, Mr. Faraday, found himself obliged to decline giving any opinion as to the mode by which the insects had been produced. According to the report of a contemporary, "the animals were at first supposed to be *infusoria* [the animalcules which are found in water], similar to those observed by the microscope of Ehrenberg; but upon being shown to naturalists in London, they are discovered to be of a much higher order [that is, more complicated in structure], very closely resembling the well-known *acari* which infest cabinets, with the exception that they had no hairs." More recently, Mr. Crosse has sent the following communication to the newspapers: "With respect to those experiments of mine in which insects made their unexpected appearance, I have given no opinion whatever as to the cause of their production; having, as I at

others three:—but the principal portion are perennial; as grass, all manner of shrubs, and every description of tree. Some blossom only for one day; and others for only one night. The chrysanthemum putrescens bears flowers for the greatest part of the year; the thuyan of China keeps in full leaf in winter and in summer; while the amaranth and rose of Jericho may be preserved for several years. Most plants live independent of the partial loss of either leaves or flowers; but the death of a blade of the papyrus involves that of the bud, and root attached to it. Some flowers, kept in cold water till they droop, may be restored to life and freshness, by being placed in hot water. Then if the coddled stems be cut off, and put into cold water again, they may be preserved even to a third stage of existence[a].

first stated, mentioned 'facts, but not opinions.' Without more data than we at present possess, I do not see how it is possible to form an opinion on the matter, or to say whether the electric agency is or is not the secondary cause or accelerator of their birth. Since my two first experiments, I have met with eight other results in which similar insects have appeared; in the whole, ten separate formations. Five of these have been in silicious solutions, and five in other fluids, one of them a concentrated solution of nitrate of copper. In all of these the electrical action was long continued before the insect made its appearance; but this might have been the case otherwise."

After the publication of Mr. Crosse's two first experiments, an attempt was made to account for the production of the insects, by supposing them to have sprung from germs imbedded in the silex or flint at the time of its formation, and which, after a dormancy of numberless ages, had at length come under the circumstances calculated to awaken them to life. It appears, however, from the last quoted communication of Mr. Crosse, that he has been successful in producing the insects from other fluids—one of them a solution of nitrate of copper, a mineral poison. Before any decision can be come to, it is evident that a few more experiments, as much varied as possible, must be made.—*Chambers' Journal.*

[a] The Indian fig is subject to a curious kind of paralysation. Sir James Smith alludes to this circumstance in his Introduction to Physiological and Systematical Botany, p. 260.

"This plant is affected by gangrene, and a still more serious disease, called by Thierry '*la dissolution.*' This seems to be a sudden decay of the vital principle, like that produced in animals by lightning, or strong electricity. In an hour's time, from some unknown cause, a joint, a whole branch, or sometimes an entire plant of this species * changes from apparent health to a state of

* Cactus coccinellifer, Indian fig, or nopal.

The Italian cypress lives two hundred years; there is a linden tree at Basle two hundred and fifty years old; the oak is one hundred years in arriving at perfection, and lives to the age of three hundred. Date-trees in Spain attain a similar age. Many plantains in India are one thousand years old; and the cedars on Mount Lebanon have an age of not less than two thousand years.

In respect to insects, some have their duration in proportion to the duration of a leaf; some to that of a flower; and others to that of a plant. Earth worms live three years; crickets ten years; bees seven; scorpions from seven to twelve; and toads have been known to arrive even to thirty. Wasps and spiders, on the other hand, live but one year: an ephemeron, in a flying state, only one day.—But naturalists speak incorrectly when, on the authority of Cicero and Aristotle, they say that those which die at nine in the morning expire in their youth; those at noon in their manhood; and those at sunset in their age. For, previous to their winged state, they had existed for two, if not for three, years. The flying state is merely a transition, which Nature has decreed to them for the greater facility of ensuring a succession.

In respect to fishes, crayfish live twenty years; pikes have frequently attained ninety; the carp one hundred and fifty; and the amphibious tortoise three hundred.

Hens live ten years; nightingales sixteen; linnets forty[a]; geese fifty; parrots sixty; ravens ninety; cockatoos one hundred and two years; falcons two hundred; and swans two hundred and ninety.

putrefaction or dissolution. One minute its surface is verdant and shining; the next it turns yellow, and all its brilliancy is gone. On cutting into its substance, the inside is found to have lost all cohesion, being quite rotten. The only remedy in this case is speedy amputation below the diseased part. Sometimes the force of the vital principle makes a stand, as it were, against the encroaching disease, and throws off the infected joint or branch. Such is the account given by Thierry, which evinces a power in vegetables precisely adequate to that of the animal constitution, by which an injured part is, by an effort of nature, thrown off to preserve the rest."

[a] Suite des Mémoires, 98.

Squirrels live seven years; hares eight; cows fourteen; cats eighteen; fallow deer twenty; stags forty; the ass from thirty to fifty; the lion to seventy; the one-horned rhinoceros to eighty; and elephants to two hundred years.

Some have considered that life never originates, but began with the first man, propagated from parent to child. We may, however, I think, safely agree, with John Hunter[a], that life is a property we do not understand.

Many plants, insects, fishes, birds, and even quadrupeds, are peculiarly sensible of injury; others are strikingly vivacious. Some animals will live, after the spleen has been taken from them. Dr. Hook hung a dog; then cut away its ribs, its diaphragm, its pericardium, and also the top of its windpipe; and yet restored it to life for some time, by infusing air into its lungs. The sloth will even live for some time after the extraction of its heart and bowels[b].

Tortoises, serpents, moles, and bats, are able to live for some time without continuing to breathe. This faculty they derive from the circumstance of the lungs having been left out in the circulation of the blood. The opossum of Brazil is so difficult to kill, that when it has been broken or crushed, it will creep away.—And when the breast of a frog is opened, and its heart and intestine parts taken out, it will yet leap as if it had sustained no injury; while land tortoises, and the whole tribe of lizards, will continue to live, not only when deprived of their brains, but of their heads. Some animals will exist even in vacuo. This will best be proved, by leaving some tenebrions in an air pump for several days. Sir John Pringle

[a] Treatise on the Blood, p. 89.

[b] "In general," says Mr. Brodie, "we see life combined with action; and living beings present an endless multitude of phenomena in perpetual and rapid succession. Life, however, may exist independent of any action which is evident to the senses. A leech, which was immersed in a cold mixture, was instantly frozen into a hard solid substance;—at the end of a few minutes the animal was gradually thawed; the leech revived, and continued to live for thirty-six hours after the experiment."

says[a], that he cut off the heads of several large moths with a pair of scissors, and that some lived from three to sixty, and even seventy days. Blumenbach records several curious facts. The wheel-worm, kept in a dry state for a year, may be revivified by placing it in contact with a drop of water; and this for several times[b]. The cerambyx will live a month after being fixed with a pin[c]; and the legs of the opilio spider have a vital motion after they have been a day torn from the body[d].

The cause of this may be attributed[e] to the circumstance of Nature having given little or no concentration of life to certain animals. In man, quadrupeds, and birds, the brain is the centre of the nervous system; but in reptiles, and in some if not all insects, the nervous irritability seems to be diffused over the whole system. Caterpillars will live in an exhausted receiver; and though for several days they will appear dead, exhibiting no motion, yet upon being let again into the air, they will revive and recover their wonted activity.

But Nature affords phenomena still more wonderful even than these. Living shell-fish are sometimes found in solid stones in the harbour of Toulon, where they are called Dactyli; and are of exquisite flavour: shell-fish, called Solenes, are also found in stones near Ancona in Italy. Fulgosus relates, that a live worm was once found in a flint; and Alexander Tassoni says, that some workmen of Tivoli, having cleft a large mass of stone, found a cray-fish in the middle of it, which they boiled and ate. M. Seigne saw one in the body of an oak near Nantes. Bacon and Plott mention similar instances. Mons. Hubert found one in the trunk of an elm near Caen: and a live beetle was, not long since, found in the heart of a tree near Carlisle. The eggs of these animals must have accidentally been insinuated into the trees, when young; where, as Hubert conjectures, they must have grown with the tree;

[a] Letter to Mr. Small. Minorca. April 25, 1780.
[b] Elements, 276. [c] Ib. 189. [d] Ib. 22.
[e] Cuvier.

and fed upon its substance;—deriving air from the moisture of the tree. A woodman, lately splitting a large cherry-tree at Haming, in the county of Selkirk, found a living bat of a bright scarlet colour.—The cavity, in which it was enclosed, was surrounded by wood perfectly sound and solid. Not long since a living toad was found in the heart of a cedar at West Chester, in America, about half grown. The cavity was just large enough for it. The tree was solid, of thirty years' growth, and there was no communication for the circulation of air. In 1773, a toad was found even in a large block of coal, in the bosom of which no fissure could be perceived[a]. They have also been found in flints.

An insect, resembling a worm, was also found in a cell, the size of a sparrow's egg, in a fragment of coal (1820), dug out of Woodey-field pit, at the depth of twelve fathoms. When touched, it moved its conical part to any side: thus showing it had a rotatory motion. It had five or six circular horny rings, connected by moveable membranes. The tree, which contained the toad seen by Mons. Seigne, was about an hundred years old: but in respect to the age of the worm found in the coal, it would be impossible to form even the slightest probable conjecture[b].

[a] Two toads were locked up in a box, by way of experiment, at a village near Wakefield, in 1806; taken out in 1807, when they were found alive and healthy, after living all this time without air or food.

"The Vorticella rotatoria," says St. Pierre, "is found in a state of such thorough dryness, as to fall into powder, on being touched with the point of a needle. It may be preserved for a number of years in an apparent state of DEATH; continuing to retain life without seeming to take any nourishment. A little drop of water let fall upon it is sufficient to break it, so delicate are its organs; but if this water reach it through particles of dust, the insect opens its members by degrees, and swims in this single drop as in an ocean."

[b] "For aught we know," says Sir John Herschell, "the same identical atom may be concealed, for thousands of centuries, in a limestone rock; may, at length, be quarried, set free in a lime-stone, and mix with the air; be absorbed from it by plants, and, in succession, become part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consign it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again returning to its former activity."

Nature has the curious custom of suspending the animations of certain animals and vegetables. Some quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and insects, at the autumnal equinox, earlier or more late according to the relative state of the atmosphere, enter into a state of dormity, and remain so till the following spring. This remarkable suspension, perhaps, arises from the influence of galvanic power.

Frogs have recovered their animation after having been buried two years in snow [a]; and snails have revived even after a suspension of fifteen years [b]. Similar effects have been obobserved in the seeds of plants. A seed of a royal Scotch thistle was planted, after having been laid up more than sixteen years. It sprung, vegetated, and produced a plant, the foliage of which was resplendently beautiful.—Sensitive plants are said to retain the virtue of germination from thirty to forty years; and oats even to a thousand! The olive resuscitates from the smallest fibre of the root. The mustard and wild radish will remain for many ages without germinating; after which, if turned up, they will grow. But a still more wonderful circumstance was stated, a short time since (July 1830), by Mr. Houlton, in his introductory lecture as Professor of Botany to the Medico-Botanical Society. "A bulbous root, which was found in the hand of a mummy, in which situation it had been for 2000 years, germinated on exposure to the atmosphere, though, when discovered, it was in appearance perfectly dry. The root was subsequently put in the ground, when it grew readily and with vigour."

The principle of life, the connexion between function and structure, the constitution of the intellectual faculties, the principles of mind, and, perhaps, also of sensation, are unknown. But that the human frame is subject to a suspension of animation [c] is evident from many instances recorded on testi-

[a] Spallanzani's Experiments on the Circulation of the Blood, p. 136.

[b] Darwin, Zoonomia, vol. iv. p. 237.

[c] Though we may suspend the action, and have power over those organs

mony, at once faithful and decisive. Dr. Crichton[a] relates an account of a young lady, who was in such a state of suspended animation, as to be to all appearance dead. She was put in her coffin; when the horror of being buried alive gave such an activity to sensation, that it exhibited itself by a slight convulsive movement of the hands. While in this state, as related afterwards, she distinctly heard her friends lament her death[b].

If from the works of Nature, we recur to the labours of man, we recognise duration chiefly in the labours of the architect and medallist. Of the latter there are no Hebrew MEDALS older than the age of Simon Maccabeus. No Roman copper and silver medals go higher than the 484th year of Rome; and no gold one higher than the 546th. All others are spurious.

In respect to ARCHITECTURE, the veneration of ages belong to the ruins of Palmyra, Persepolis, Memphis, Thebes, and the Pyramids[c]; but a greater antiquity, I think, may be

which are not essential to life, and shut out the senses, we have no such power over those organs which are necessary to life; the action of the heart and of the lungs being entirely independent of the will.

[a] On Mental Derangement, vol. ii. p. 81.

[b] "We have witnessed," says a Bavarian letter, "the superb funeral of the Baron Hornstein; but a shocking result is what induces me to mention it in my letter. Two days after the funeral, the workmen entered the mausoleum; when they witnessed an object which petrified them! At the door of the sepulchre lay a body covered with blood. It was the mortal remains of the favourite of princes. The Baron was buried alive! On recovering from his trance, he had forced the lid of the coffin, and endeavoured to escape from the charnel-house. Finding it impossible, it is supposed that he dashed his brains out against the wall. The royal family, and indeed the whole city, are plunged in grief at this most horrid catastrophe."—*Whiter's Dissertation on the Disorder of Death*, p. 276.

[c] Going, one day, into the exhibition of the tomb of PSAMMUZ, I met BELZONI, coming out of it. Having some personal knowledge of each other, he returned with me into the sepulchre; and, with a very agreeable politeness, explained all the figures of that scene: and then inquired, if men, capable of such astonishing works as the Pyramids, must not have been "the most wonderful of the human race?" I confessed, that I did not agree with him in that particular: since I thought St. Peter's at Rome, the Cathedral at Milan, and the

applied to the fragments at Stonehenge. That they are not Roman, as some have supposed, is evident from the undeniable circumstance, that the Romans never built in that manner;—the entire history of their architecture being known even from the days of Romulus. Nor are they Saxon, or Danish. In fact, there is no religion upon record, in which temples of this description were used: and as no evidence can be adduced to prove, that either the pully, the lever, or the wedge were known to the Britons, previous to the time of Cæsar, I am inclined to believe, that these fragments belong to a period even antecedent to that of the Druids.

From architecture we may recur to EMPIRES. The Babylonian lasted sixteen hundred and eighty years: the Assyrian fourteen hundred and fifty: the Median two hundred: the Persian two hundred and twenty: but the Macedonian, including a larger extent of territory than either of the preceding, lasted only thirteen years: the Spartan Republic lasted seven hundred years. The Roman empire was seven hundred and twenty years in growing to its most effective strength. From the age of Augustus to the division of the empire elapsed about three hundred and sixty years; and thence to the capture of Rome by the Goths, one hundred and ninety.—The Eastern empire, from Constantine to the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, however, lasted eleven hundred and forty-seven years.

The human frame, up to the period of five years, vegetates so quickly, that it has attained nearly as great a height, as it

immense structure at Cologne, much more wonderful edifices, than either of the Pyramids; since those immense structures had little to excite admiration but antiquity and greatness of parts; whereas the structures, I had named, added greatness of manner to greatness of bulk. "The Pyramids are little better than huge tumuli," said I; "the cathedrals, on the contrary, are worthy of being associated with ages, rich in the possession of every human qualification." Belzoni took my observations in good part: he had too noble a mind to be offended. He asked the question; and did not dispute, or feel lessened, by the reply. He was a noble-looking man; of high qualifications; of an excellent heart, and of engaging manners.

does in sixteen years afterwards. With man, as with all other objects, time never assumes the attitude of repose. His life resembles a ship, that never anchors. For whether he eats, drinks, walks, speaks, slumbers, or meditates, time is ever on the wing, and constitutes the best portion of every man's estate. And as those objects are the most sublime, which are only partially visible to the eye, time is one of the most mysterious subjects on which the mind can meditate; since, constituting what has been called "a moveable image of immoveable eternity," the transparent solitude of interminable space seems the only mansion for its residence. But time is only an imaginary quality. To two persons, differently situated, time has either the wings of an eagle, or the feet of a snail. To a man in expectancy, a day appears a week; and a month a year. To one in possession, the sun seems no sooner risen, than it has set; and summer has scarcely arrived, before autumn seems ready to appear.—Infants count by minutes; children by days; men by years; planets by revolutions of years; comets by revolutions of ages; Nature by revolutions of systems. The Eternal meditates in a perpetual present.

Who shall presume to calculate the respective ages of the fixed stars? No one! Yet when it may be proved, by the velocity of light, that when we look at Sirius, the rays which enter the eye cannot have been less than six years and four months and a half coming from that star to the observer, it follows that when we see an object of the calculated distance, at which some of the Nebulæ may be perceived, the rays of light, which convey their images to the eye, must have been nearly two millions of years on their way. So old, therefore, at the least, must be the stars, composing those Nebulæ, viz. two millions of years! How much older need not be conjectured. The records of our own globe do not exceed six thousand.

The highest order of poetical mind seems to have been

that which originally conceived the idea, that matter exists only as it is perceived. Though Berkeley has been esteemed the father of this dogma, it is of Eastern origin. It was taught by Vyasa, a Hindoo poet and philosopher, who flourished in the eleventh century:—and, not improbably, it has an antiquity even higher than that. Indeed, I think, it may be traced to Plato.—But opinions, manners, customs, laws, languages[a], and governments,—all have their striking changes and vicissitudes. Stability is not the quality, or the fortune, of created things. Even what we call science partakes of the same fluctuating character:—and art, having attained its zenith, retrogrades.—One system of philosophy falls before the ingenuity, or extravagance, of another; and hence it arises, that no small portion of a contemplative life is lost in detecting the errors of former observers, reasoners, and hypothesists.—Geometry seems alone to be the science of eternity.

Living in an age, which has witnessed the temporary overthrow of all, that was esteemed great and permanent, and crowded with events, equal in magnitude and interest, to those of the ten preceding centuries; the whole, even in this recent stage of its history,

"Seem like the relics of some splendid dream."

The page lives, the marble breathes, the canvass speaks;

[a] Nothing can give a more correct idea of the mode, in which a new language is formed by a barbarous nation, who inherit the institutions of a civilised people, than the process, which we see, at the present day, taking place at St. Domingo. There the French is, what the Latin was, in Europe, till the 8th century; the AFRICAN languages are the Teutonic dialects, and the CREOLE is the Romance. If, in future times, the CREOLE should become a polished language, abounding in orators and poets, its history in these times will present the same obscurity and the same contradictions, which perplex us with regard to the origin of the Romance. We see, in like manner, in St. Domingo, the JALOFF, the MANDINGO, and the other AFRICAN languages, abandoned by the conquerors, whose mother-tongues they are, the CREOLE universally employed without being written, and the FRENCH reserved for the acts of government, its proclamations, and its journals.—*Sismondi, Hist. View of the Literature of the S. of Europe*, i. p. 32, 33.

not only for years, but for ages; the hand, that wrote, wrought, or sketched, however, passes away like the winds of the desert. Even while we live, Time glides; and before we can answer a question, perhaps we are called into another state of existence, in another part of the universe.

In this period Nature has presented to us new ruins; and introduced us to minerals, plants, insects, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds, of which our forefathers knew nothing. And not only all these, but new stages of society; and almost every variety in the present capacity of the mind to contemplate:—Opening, as it were, new empires, which, constituting continual triumphs of civilisation over barbarism, and knowledge over ignorance, exhibit a magnificent panorama to the mind; and exhibiting to men, who now live, undoubted evidence, that the very best of their attainments, whether in art, philosophy, or the science of legislation, are but the ground-works, on which future attainments shall be built.

Nature—secondary to that Being, "of whom, through whom, and to whom, are all things,"—not only changes shapes and properties herself, but she has delegated to MAN a power of operating after a similar manner. By observing the properties of vegetables, the qualities and affinities of minerals; and having gained a knowledge of the effects of fire, water, and fermentation, he produces, at will, the most curious transformations in bodies, determines the limits of quantities, and decides the nature of qualities; by all the different methods of solution, deliquation, and depuration; by precipitating, distilling, and evaporating; by the arts of crystallisation, sublimation, and exsiccation: by pressure, pulverising, fusion, and calcination. While, by the uniting of bodies, he is capable of combining the most volatile of all fluids; and by the application of acids and salts, of dissolving the most obstinate of all minerals.

In regard to events—every single incident may have its retrospective and perspective relations as far as we can tell;

and what occurred ten thousand years ago may have a relative connexion with something, which may happen a million years to come. Doubt this, if you please;—but, in Nature, there are many much more extraordinary things than this! For though Nature appears to suffer some of her works to decay; yet, delighting in variety, and in resolving matter into new creations, she is only varying her attitudes;—nothing being permitted actually to be lost:—matter, as well as spirit, and that intermediate something between those definite and indefinite qualities, existing to eternity. For in the dunghill of putrefaction are secreted the germs of future reproduction; and from the ruins of vegetation bursts organic existence.

Ever attentive to her interests,—Nature replaces in one spot what she has displaced in another. Ever attentive to beauty,—and desirous of resolving all things into their original dependence on herself,—she permits moss to creep over the prostrate column, and ivy to wave upon the time-worn battlement. Time, with its gradual, but incessant touch, withers the ivy, and pulverises the battlement. But Nature—ever magnificent in her designs!—who conceives and executes in one and the same moment;—whose veil no one has been able to uplift;—whose progress is more swift than time, and more subtle than motion;—and whose theatre is an orbit of incalculable diameter, and of effect so instantaneous, as to annihilate all idea of gradation;—jealous of prerogative, and studious of her creations,—expands as it were with one hand what she compresses with another. Always diligent—she loses nothing. For were any particle of matter absolutely to become lost, bodies would lose their connexion with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropt. Besides—so delicately is this globe balanced, that an annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it totally out of its sphere in the universe. From the beginning of time, not one atom, in the infinite divisibility of matter, has been

lost; not the minutest particle of what we denominate element; nor one deed, word, or thought, of any of his creations have ever once escaped the knowledge; nor will ever escape the memory of the Eternal Mind;—that exalted and electric mind, which knows no past, and calculates no future!

### MAN A RECENTLY CREATED BEING.

According to some men's creed, in former times, God,—when he made Adam,—planted in him all the souls of the future.

Plato called man a "god in exile;" and the Hindoos are said to explain the love of music by supposing, that it recals the music, which they heard in a pre-existent state[a]; and this may serve to recal to recollection that passage in Petrarch wherein he says, that Laura became invested with her beauties and virtues from the planet she inhabited, before she came upon earth[b].

All present knowledge, according to the Platonists, is but a recovery of what we once possessed. I knew one,—and an admirable man he seemed to be,—who believed, or affected, for the sake of argument, to believe, that he had lived before; that he had breathed the air of Uranus and its satellites; then of Saturn and Jupiter, and their satellites; then of the Asteroids and Mars: that he had thence passed into the moon, and was now a sojourner upon earth: that when his soul shall quit its earthly habitation, it will pass to the orbs of Venus and Mercury; and, lastly, be received into the body of the sun, there to enjoy the summit of felicity.

That souls may exist before they take up their residence in this frail frame is, by no means, impossible; and that

[a] Macrobius has a similar idea. Vid. Somnium Scipionis.

[b] In tale stella due begli occhi vidi
Tutti pieu d'onestate, e di dolcezza.

there are more species of creatures between us and the Deity, than there are between us and the lowest of animalcules, who shall be so presumptuous as to attempt to deny? LOCKE thought so; and so, probably, did MILTON.

Sir Humphrey Davy said, in a letter from Rome[a], that he had a conviction full on his mind, that intellectual beings spring from the same breath of infinite intelligence, and returned to it again, by different sources. Such, also, was the opinion of many Christian Platonists.

In reference to the multitude of BEINGS, of whom, or of which, man knows nothing; surely, it can be no stretch of human reason to imagine, nor of human faith to believe, that the sun, planets, satellites, comets, and what are called fixed stars, are replete with inhabitants, as different from each other, as man is from animalcules, that feed upon a leaf.

Whether, in a future state, we shall have any remembrances of the present, is more than any one can say, whatever he may wish. "We are now standing, face to face, in the churchyard of St. Peter and St. Paul," said M. Herder to M. Falk; "and I hope we shall stand, face to face, in Uranus: but God forbid that I should carry with me the history of my sojourn here. I should regard such a gift as the greatest of punishments[b]."

I will not say so much as that: I shall merely remark, that the chief pleasures of my remembrances would be those connected with the progress of the insight,—small as it is,—I have been able to obtain into the regions of Nature. I would rather, for instance, remember the charm with which I have gazed on the countenances of children; with which I have analysed flowers; listened to the music of birds; and beheld the majesty of the ocean, and the awful and sublime pictures, presented in the firmament; than any other impresses with which the present world has furnished me.

[a] Feb. 6, 1829.
[b] Characteristics of Goethe, i. 80.

The belief of a pre-existent state is very old, and very recent. Pherecydes and Empedocles entertained it among the Pagans; Origen, St. Augustin[a], and Nemesius[b] among Christians; and Mr. Hope[c] in the present day: and it certainly is very difficult to imagine, that our being should have commenced in this state only. Surely we occupy a station too exalted and important, for it to be a primary one; seeing, as we do, so many things inferior. Nature seems, to me, to be progressive in all things.

In the survey, hitherto taken by geologists, it has been observed, that no organic remains have been discovered in the interior substances, of which the stones of primitive mountains are composed:—they being found only in those mountains, called secondary, which rest on the sides, and which sometimes even cover the summits of primitive ones. It has also been observed, that all fossil remains of viviparous land animals have been found in alluvial soil; or near the surface of the earth:—and as no remains of the human species have yet been discovered in ancient alluvial ground, it has been inferred, that the changes, so frequently alluded to in former pages, took place before the present race of man was formed. Skeletons have been dug up in various places: but from no position invalidating the correctness of this argument: for they have been evidently imbedded and agglutinated at no

[a] Ex quibus humanæ vitæ erroribus et ærumnis fit, ut interdum veteres illi . . . qui nos ab aliqua scelera suscepta in vita superiore pœnarum luendarum causa natos esse dixerunt, aliquid vidisse videantur. Cicer. in Hortensio apud S. August. contr. Julian. lib. iv. cap. 15, n. 78.

[b] De Natura Hominis.

[c] He believes man to have existed before (vid. his work on the Origin and Prospects of Man), and that he exists, at present, in progress to a future state; where all mankind shall be blended together, constituting one great whole; existent in a central department of the universe; where all shall enjoy a felicity without bounds, in a tranquil and perpetual contemplation of the harmonies observed to exist in worlds, not to be numbered; and in which shall be recognised, in regular connection and concatenation, all that has been, from the beginning, not only of time, but of space.

very distant period. In the Villa Ludovici, near Rome, is a skeleton, encrusted with stone; and in the British Museum is a fossil human skeleton found in Guadaloupe, imbedded in limestone. At the founding of Quebec, a savage was dug up, petrified, from the lower strata, with his arrows and his quiver. A skeleton was, also, found in a lead mine, mixed with stags' horns, in 1744; and in a mine at Falun, in Sweden, two human bodies were, at different times, found impregnated with vitriol of iron:—at Andrarum, impregnated with sulphur: and in Norway, impregnated with copper, on a bed of loadstone. Others have, also, been found in mines, wearing a mineralised appearance.

Whether the changes, that have taken place on this globe, took place, prior, or subsequent to the formation of man, it is now impossible to ascertain. What is now sea, as we have before observed, was once dry land; and what is now land was, probably, in great part, an entire ocean [a]. This supposition involves difficulties of the first importance; but it is the only rational one, that, in the present state of geological science, can reasonably be entertained. Future discoveries will afford more correct data: and time, and unwearied application to the general subject, may render that evident, which is now mysterious; this science being still in its infancy.

That vast deluges, and mountains rising from the bed of the sea, have occurred at distant epochs, comprising periods, embracing, perhaps, myriads of years between each one, is certain. The last great change is supposed to have occurred about six thousand years ago. But what are six thousand years? Mere days! being little more than seventy summers and winters of the planet Uranus. And here a fine passage arises to my mind, from Berkeley's

[a] The Egyptians told Herodotus, that since the creation the sun had altered his course four times: and that the earth and sea had as often changed into each other.—*Herod.* lib. ii. c. 123. *Diod. Sic.* lib. i.

Minute Philosopher[a] :—"Though I cannot with eyes of flesh, behold the invisible God; yet do I, in the strictest sense, behold and perceive, by all my senses, such signs and tokens, such effects and operations, as suggest, indicate, and demonstrate an invisible God." Is it possible to be blinded by them?

Man, it is believed, is but a *recent sojourner on the earth!* "Between the first creation of the globe," says an eminent philosopher[b], "and the day, in which it pleased God to place man upon it, who shall dare to define the interval?" Of all the animal species, man is supposed,—and the idea is in a great measure confirmed by geology,—to have been created *last*.

That man is only of recent existence may, also, be deduced from the comparative infancy of his present mind. The swallow travels, and the bee builds, just as they travelled and built in the days of Job, Moses, and Sanchoniathon. But man—his capabilities and acquisitions are all progressive; not only, as an individual, from infancy to age; but as a species, from the beginning of time to the end of it. This, I think, is, in no small degree, shown by every discovery he makes, and by every new invention. What treasures of capability yet lie hid in the womb and structure of the mind, who can imagine but by the thread of analogy?—a thread, however, ever fluctuating; ever assuming new combinations; while the woof is perpetually clouded with

"Vain hopes, vain ends, and feverish desires."

To enlarge our moral and intellectual capabilities, therefore, appears to me to be the best end of human existence. All others are but excrescences, allowed to vegetate, for a purpose, of which no one knows the origin or end: our vision only resembling that of a bird, gazing on a perch through the wires of its cage.

Who shall be so assuming, as to fix a boundary to intellec-

[a] Dial. iv. c. 5. [b] Sedgwick.

tual power? We may, ere long, be able to steer balloons in opposition to the winds; and, perhaps, even to live at the bottom of the sea. We can sleep there already.

The present disposition of things has had an existence only of rather more than six thousand years:—that is, a fraction only of the time, that light takes in passing from Arcturus to our vision. Nay, it comprises, as I have before said, only seventy summers and winters of the planet Uranus; and yet we all speak of the antiquity of things!

MEN are in possession of ages;—but MAN is only in his infancy of faculty. To accelerate progression, we must sow in the expectation of the excellent harvest, that time will give.

Des Cartes believed that a person could so manage his life, that he might extend it to the length of a thousand years[a]: and Condorcet states his conviction, that man will, one day, be perfect in form and mind; and that, when he has become so, he will acquire immortality on earth[b].

These opinions,—brilliant as they are,—it is permitted to doubt. Nay, doubt is imperative: but to assert the negative is neither within the law, nor within the policy, of philosophy.

Magnificent ruins, impending rocks, impenetrable forests: torrents, and cataracts, over which hang double, and treble, prismatic semi-circles:—all these are attractive to the imagination. If, from these, we extend our flight to the clifts of Staten-land, the pinnacles of Nova Zembla, and the summits of the Himalayahs;—and, from these elevations, permit it to measure, as it were, the bosoms of the Arctic, Antarctic,

[a] See Hartlib's Letter to More, Mar. 16, 1649.

[b] Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain.

This Essay has been greatly ridiculed, and no doubt some part of it is sufficiently chimerical; but the power it displays is not unworthy the genius, from which it emanated; more especially since it was written during a period not only of great distress, but of great personal danger.

Atlantic, and Pacific Oceans, and reflect that all those vast universes of liquid matter are no other than collections of minute drops, having diameters, not more extensive than the ten thousandth part of an inch; what an amplitude is conveyed by the conception! But if we stop not here; if we give still wider wing to thought, and contemplate the empire of vegetative matter; and thence to that species of animated nature, of which three millions make up the size inferior to that of a grain of sand, what a still more wonderful panorama is extended to us! and yet all those—what are they?—mere congregations of atoms; when compared to the faculty of reasoning, and the still more wonderful impresses of the imagination, existent, yet invisible, in the general conformation of man!

But if, from *general* man, we select *individual* man; how much more wonderful! The minds of those, who plough the soil, or sail upon the water; who ductilise metals; frown at the bar, or thunder in the senate; are what may, emphatically, be called, mere general miracles; but when we open our thoughts to such minds as those of Pythagoras, Euclid, Aristotle, and Archimedes; Homer, Sophocles, Euripides; Dante, Tasso, Shakspeare, and Milton; Kepler, Newton, La Grange, and La Place;—how comparatively mean and bare do all other parts of the mental universe become!

If NATURE,—and, when I speak of Nature, I, (ALWAYS), mean and have meant, by that term, the general and particular fundamental laws of the DIVINITY, operating throughout the universe—If Nature can produce *one* Newton, she can produce a thousand: if a thousand, a million; if a million, myriads of millions. The producing a GROTIUS, a MOZART, and a BIDDER,—whose early indications of faculty are more wonderful to my mind than even the comprehension of a Galileo, at a maturer age,—evidently prove what Nature *can* do; and what, possibly, she may hereafter do. The mind of man, I say, is still in its infancy of power; and may, there-

fore, hereafter, when it shall be in its zenith, be, in comparison with its state at present,

> ——————— like another morn,
> Risen on mid-noon.

No two men have,—strictly,—the same bodily organisation; no two men have the same mental associations, or capacity of associations; and, what is equally wonderful, no one man was ever of the same mental power, even for so short a period as two consecutive minutes. There is a distinct change every moment; and this perpetual change is,—there can be little or no doubt,—essentially necessary to what may be figuratively called the harmony of things:—to observe which, to trace analogies, and to deduce, from minute individualities and unconnected observances, general results, constitute the highest exercise, which the mind of man, in its present infantine state, can desire; and of which it is, indeed, susceptible.

When man shall be able to imagine and trace the spot,—as on a map,—in which four parallel lines can meet, two travelling to the east, and two to the west, and all flying from the globes, they meet, in tangents;—then will he, perhaps, be able to trace the future wonders of his universe within. Till then, let him doubt, if he please; but never let him presume to say, "Nature has struck a circle for the ant, and a circle for the bee; a circle for the fish, and a circle for the bird; she has, therefore, struck a circle for man:—and the limits of that circle I know; I can see it from every part within; and Nature assures me, from my own internal convictions, that, beyond that circle, no man's mind will ever be permitted to travel."

Never let man say this. Mind is man's best inheritance. It is the only part about him that is immortal. Take away the mind, and what remains? Better, say some, diffuse the knowledge, we already possess, than extend the boundaries of

science. I say,—"*do both*." The best fruits of human intelligence can only be matured by a succession of ages; and the first foundations of happiness must be laid on the knowledge of *what, truly, it is our interest to desire*. How many ages may pass away, before that plain, simple, axiom shall be intrinsically acted upon, who, in the amplest extent of human wisdom, shall attempt to determine? It is, however, not difficult to point out the first step. It is this:—the permitting minds to associate, freely and agreeably, together. A thousand mental bridges must be built!

Though the world is very beautiful, I am, sometimes, disposed to imagine it possible, that the Being, who framed it, has reserved its final excellence to another touch, as it were, of his finger. I cannot suppose, that in this department of the universe, qualities are yet

> As full, as perfect, in vile man, that mourns,
> As in the Seraph, that adores and burns.

Though man is the highest of visible creatures, and the high-priest, as it were, in the visible temple, in which he worships; that there are degrees of perfection superior to the nature, which he enjoys or witnesses here, I feel fully assured.

That we have all existed in a former state, no one can either assert or deny. All I shall say is, that as I have no power to contemplate an end, I have no power to contemplate a beginning. We have faculties here, adapted to our organisation, the part we have to act, and the agencies we have to fulfil. If we have lived before, we have, no doubt, dropt the faculties, or acquired superior ones to those, we possessed in a former state. So, when we quit this scene, and enter another, we shall, doubtless, have our present faculties and qualifications improved into increased power and influence, or acquire new ones altogether: fitted to the station we shall occupy; the scenes we shall have to contemplate; and the duties we shall have to perform.

## THE INTELLECTUAL UNIVERSE.

Among the Arundel MSS. is one, written by Leonardo da Vinci, (in his own hand), containing unconnected observations and demonstrations on subjects of mixed mathematics; viz. reflection, refraction, and optics in general; astronomy, gravity, motion, percussion, and the mechanical powers and forces, illustrated by diagrams and delineations. It is written backwards[a] in Italian. It is a most remarkable collection; having been composed a full age before the Novum Organon.

This MS. reminded me of the monument of Galileo, in the Santa Croce of Florence; supported by the statues of geometry and astronomy; and, also, of the eloquent declaration of La Grange, that, had he been born to a fortune, he would never have studied the mathematics. It reminded me, too, of the circumstance, that, though the mathematics may afford no great assistance to our search into Nature; it cannot be denied that they are of positive and indispensable use to confirm the knowledge of what has already been discovered.

Geometry renders even the Venus de Medicis an object for measurement; that is, of truth:—yet Bossuet thought it totally useless in religion; and Fénélon even wrote to a ward:—"Do not suffer yourself to be bewitched by the *infernal attractions* of geometry; for they will extinguish in you the spirit of grace." May we not say, the deeper the knowledge, the clearer the water; the fleeter the knowledge, the more dull and obscure?

Fontenelle has asserted, that Newton never studied Euclid; because his problems were too plain and simple; therefore not worth taking up his time. This is absurd! Newton must have studied Euclid in the first instance. When he had mastered him, of course he studied him no longer. It is very

[a] It commences March 22, 1508.

easy to disdain our masters. But Newton never disdained Euclid. They were of a kindred genius: for they had a very curious perceptive felicity in the art of demonstration; in common with Copernicus, Napier, La Grange, Condillac, and La Place.

The principle of analysis has been employed to pre-eminent advantage, in a vast variety of instances; but some are disposed to believe, that, in many respects, philosophers have endeavoured to carry it beyond its natural power. The Greek geometry, as pursued by Plato, Pappus, Euclid and Apollonius, is, it is true, rigid and severe; but its beauty will ever prevent it from losing its attraction with the highest order of minds. Nor will the Calculus ever be able to destroy that taste.

Though the mathematics are essential to advancement in any of the higher departments of practical science, Gray was of opinion, that a knowledge of them is not entirely essential to ensure maturity to the understanding. He thought, that a fixed attention to any works of deep reasoning might produce similar accuracies. He, nevertheless, felt their power in leading to a true knowledge of Nature; and therefore signified to a friend [a], that, though late in the day, he should devote his mind to the study of them.

Fuseli said, that were the angel Gabriel sent to teach him mathematics, he would fail in his mission. For my own part, I should be happy to resemble Rituparna, in being endowed with such felicitous powers of calculation, that, as driving along a forest, I could number the leaves of every shrub and tree, that I passed.

Mathematicians open to genius an horizon so interminable, as no imagination of man will be ever able to compass or explore. Notwithstanding this, mathematicians have never

[a] See Mathias, v. ii. 606. 4to.

been able to operate largely on the manners or destinies of mankind. The power of poetry, united to a skill in mathematics, is said no where to have been found: and Gibbon went even so far as to assert, that the mathematics so harden the mind by the habit of rigid demonstration, as to destroy those finer feelings of moral evidence, which must determine the actions and principles of life. Who does not know, on the contrary, that Euclid, Archimedes, Galileo, Napier, Newton and Euler, were not only in the first class, as mathematicians, but, also, in the first rank as excellent men? For my own part, though I think that the chief use of them is to strengthen the power of continuous thought, I conceive that no one can exalt his capacity for all good more, than by adopting that course of education, which will enable him to derive the best benefit from Newton's Principia, D'Alembert's Calculus of Variations, La Place's Traité de Mécanique, and his Théorie Analytique des Probabilités. And since seven crotchets are sufficient to enable us to cause almost infinite combinations of sound; eighteen characters to express all our wants, sensations, and ideas; and nine ciphers to calculate numbers almost to infinity: truly may it be said, that the mathematics operate as a passage, or as an arch, to true theology, and, for the most part, as the best vestibule to a comprehensive knowledge of the Deity himself.

We must, however, consent to remember, that no nation has been redeemed from barbarism by the mathematics; and that Religion, Poetry, and the useful arts, have ever been the links that have called and held society together. Geometry, when applied to the higher objects of the universe, is, nevertheless, the most beautiful of the sciences, because it is the most perfect: the cultivator feeling, in its study, not only that he is right, but that he cannot be wrong.

It must, nevertheless, be conceded, that if the grandest object of an aspiring mind is to cultivate the nobler faculties

in the highest possible degree; the mathematics are far from ensuring that magnificent result: quantity only being its basis, diameter, and circumference, height, width, and depth. Quality is unrecognised in its empire; the feelings have no exercise; the imagination,—the noblest of all the faculties!—no existence. It has not only no existence: but it is not allowed to exist. The mere mathematician not only expels the imagination; but disdains it.

Cuvier assures us, that in an insect, which he dissected, not one inch long, there were 494 muscles, 494 pairs of nerves, and 40,000 antennæ! Pythagoras might well say, that a knowledge of numbers was a knowledge of deity.

The number three[a] is remarkable, since it has been in all ages a number, that has recommended itself to theologians of almost every creed.—The Chaldeans, for instance, respected it as being illustrative of *figure*, *light*, and *motion*:—the Egyptians—of *matter*, *form*, and *motion*;—the Persians—of *past*, *present*, and *future*:—Orpheus—of *life*, *light*, and *wisdom*;—the Greeks—of the *God of Heaven*, the *God of Earth*, and the *God of the Sea*;—the early Cretans—of *life*, *cause*, and *energy*:—and the Hindoos—of *power*, *understanding*, and *love*. With Christians this number is illustrative of the Trinity—"three persons in one God."

The number nine is so wonderful a number, that it may be safely employed as an emblem of the Divinity; for *multiply* it in whatever shape we will, it has the astonishing property of resolving all the other numbers into itself[b].

The number nine, too, has the remarkable quality of resolv-

[a] Part of this was published, some years since, in a periodical paper.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| [b] 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 |
| 9 | 18 | 27 | 36 | 45 | 54 | 63 | 72 | 81 |

ing other numbers, when joined with itself, into themselves also [a].

The Magi [b], who were at Athens at the time of Plato's death, sacrificed to him; because he died at the age of eighty-one; figures, which consummate a perfect number: viz. nine times nine.

Plato considered the number TWELVE [c] to be an image of all-perfect progression; because it is composed of a multiplication of three by four, both which numbers the Pythagoreans considered as emblems of perfection. The number twelve has been a great favourite with the poets and philosophers. Plato's laws are in twelve books; also Virgil's Eneid, and Milton's Paradise Lost. SPENSER carried the preference still farther. "I devise," says he, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, "that the Faerie Queene kept her anual feaste xii days; upon which xii several days, the occasions of the xii several adventures happened; which, being undertain by xii several knights, are in these xii books severally handled."

The number ELEVEN is remarkable, inasmuch as it is entirely unknown in BOTANY;—botanical arrangements ought, therefore, to leave the number entirely out:—thus 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, — 12.—There being no flower, that has eleven anthers, or eleven pistyls.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| [a] 9 | — | 1 | — | 10 | — | 1 |
| 9 | — | 2 | — | 11 | — | 2 |
| 9 | — | 3 | — | 12 | — | 3 |
| 9 | — | 4 | — | 13 | — | 4 |
| 9 | — | 5 | — | 14 | — | 5 |
| 9 | — | 6 | — | 15 | — | 6 |
| 9 | — | 7 | — | 16 | — | 7 |
| 9 | — | 8 | — | 17 | — | 8 |
| 9 | — | 9 | — | 18 | — | 9 |

[b] Seneca, Epist. 63.

[c] De Legibus, Taylor, p. 139. 4to.

Euclid, by connecting the elementary parts of geometry, as it were, in one circular chain, established the only perfect part of human knowledge. Napier invented logarithms; and so perfect did they emanate, that only one material improvement has been invented since: and of that improvement he had the honour of inventing a part:—while Taylor, in one analytical formula, compressed a whole science into a single proposition, from which almost every method and truth of the new analysis may be deduced.

These instances appear to me to afford greater examples of the intellectual unity of power, than any others with which we are acquainted, save one; for though Newton's discovery of fluxions might seem to bear as great an analogy to intellectual unity as either of these; yet the simple circumstance of Leibnitz having, nearly at the same time, made the same discovery, proves that the road leading towards the invention had been so sufficiently opened, that two persons, to use a homely expression, could walk a-breast.

But there is yet a greater instance of intellectual unity, than even all these combined. Johannes, well known in Trinity College, Dublin, was nearly blind; and yet he could answer the question relative to the name of the day of the week, on which any day of the month fell in any year, whether in the new or the old style, *instanter*;—and Buxton, the calculating peasant, could give the product of any arithmetical question, by the simple operation of his mind, as well as the best calculator could with his pen; and this, too, after employing a circuitous method.

These are extraordinary instances; but that of Bidder, the calculating boy, amounts so much to the wonderful, that, to me, he is the greatest phenomenon, that has ever exercised the intellectual faculties.

The most wonderful things have been recorded of this boy's arithmetical genius; but he has never yet been able to explain the method by which he is enabled to solve the various

questions that have been proposed to him. In reference to these, one would imagine (says an elegant writer) that, "by some peculiar organization of his brain, a ray of omniscience had shot athwart it, giving us a glimpse of its divine origin; as when the clouds are opened by lightning, we appear to get a momentary insight into the glories of heaven."

Pascal invented an instrument for facilitating arithmetical processes. Leibnitz two. These reached, from addition and subtraction, with some difficulty, to multiplication and division. Brown's Rotula Arithmetica was more simple; but it reached no farther. What was wanted in these instruments, it is hoped, will be supplied by one, invented by a philosopher of our own times (Babbage); who, by substituting a mechanical operation for a mental one, is endeavouring to relieve the progress of science of what has been properly styled "the overwhelming incumbrance of numerical detail."

The mind has been described to be that, which feels, thinks, wills, hopes, fears, and desires: and some philosophers insist, that we have the same evidence for its separate existence, that we have for that of the body. Though this is very difficult to prove, I cannot but feel,—conscious, as I am, that no evidence can ever arise from anatomy,—as positively assured of the existence of my own mind, as separate from the body,—as I do of the existence of steam, before it is applied to the turning of an engine. Added to which, I cannot but think, that nothing is more instinct of a God, than the mental faculties of man. Man, nevertheless, wants many more organs than he yet possesses, to enable him to see a thousand things. He connects two worlds, as it were; present life being the mere bud of the future flower.

The seat of the intellectual faculties has been variously supposed;—in the pineal gland [a], or the cerebellum [b]; in the vapour of the cerebral cavities [c]; in the aqueduct of Silvius [d];

[a] Des Cartes. [b] Drelincourt. [c] Soemmerring. [d] Serveto.

in the heart[a]; in the stomach[b], in the corpora striata[c], and in the commencement of the spinal marrow[d]. Some have placed it in the great commissure of the brain; others in the cavities of the brain; and some in the cerebral membranes; but Pythagoras, Galen, and, above all, Haller, supposed it to be seated in the brain itself. Let the mansion of the mind, however, be where it will, the mind itself eludes research.

> Non vero, immensus quanquam in se vertitur orbis
> Ætheris aurati terramque amplectitur omnem,
> Quanquam tot populos urbisque ingentibus ulnis
> Continet, includit meditantem assurgere, supra
> Cœlum omne, et proprium naturæ accedere fontem,
> Æternum cœli regem, vitæque parentum.
>
> HEINSIUS, *de Contemptu Mortis.*

The history of the philosophy of an age has been, for the most part, little better than the condensed essence of man's credulity: and this reminds me of Garofolo's picture of St. Augustin's vision. The dream was, that as the saint was meditating by the sea-side, a child, sitting on the shore with a table in his hand, told him, that it would be as easy to empty the sea with his table, as it would be to penetrate the sublime mystery of the Trinity. This appears to me to apply, in some degree, also, to the science of METAPHYSICS:—if that can be called a science, in which all is conjecture. Simonides made an excellent remark—"there is but one metaphysician; and that is the Being that formed us." We must all, indeed, consider it no other than,

> As a region all unknown;
> Having treasures of its own,
> More remote from public view
> Than the bowels of Peru.

In regard to physics there are two methods of travelling in them. Plato selected one road; and Bacon the

[a] Aristotle. [b] Van Helmont. [c] Willis.
[d] Wharton and Schellhammer.

other. Plato ascended into generals, in the first instance; and thence descended into particulars. Bacon, on the other hand, began with particulars, and ascended into generals. That is, Plato began, as it were, in algebra, and descended into arithmetic; while Bacon began with arithmetic, and ascended into algebra. Plato endeavoured to enter by the cupola; Bacon by the portico.

The study of METAPHYSICS is divided into two parts. The *first* engages to examine the faculties, operations, essences, and powers of the mind; with the determined object to discover and explain the limits of moral and physical action, and the point of transition, that exists between them. The *second*, beginning with external objects, endeavours to arrive at the same point of transition. The one may be called the science of thought; the other of sensation. The one glides from mind to matter; the other from matter to mind. The point of connexion and union has, nevertheless, not yet been discovered. Both voyagers indicate, perhaps, equality of sail; yet the region is still beyond "the western wave;" and still calls for some mental Columbus, to penetrate the extent between. But,

— ———— who shall attempt with wandering feet
The dark, unfathom'd, infinite abyss,
And, through the palpable obscure, find out
His uncouth way? Or spread his airy flight,
Over the vast abrupt?

We may attempt to ascertain the laws, which regulate the connexion between mind and matter; but we are constrained to leave, untouched, the manner in which they are united. In every region of Nature we recognise matter; in all the regions of Nature, too, we behold the effects of powers, which seem as if they cannot belong to what we call matter. There we stop. The mind, in fact, seems lost in a desert, over which our mental camels,—if such an expression may be used,—have no power to pass. It is, nevertheless, not absolutely impossible,

that some Bidder (in metaphysics) may perceive, and even explain, that the mental constitution is governed by laws as fixed, permanent, and invariable, as those of the material system itself.

Sensation and reflection appear to be the foundations of all knowledge; perception the first step and degree towards it, as well as the inlet of all its materials. But though sensation and reflection seem to be the foundations, as it were, of all we know, or possibly can know, in this sphere of existence, they do not enable us to form any positive idea, in respect to infinite number, infinite expansion, infinite duration, infinite presence, infinite knowledge, or infinite power.

Before we can expect to have even the most remote idea of all these, or any one of these, we must be touched, as it were, with Ithuriel's spear; and our optic nerves purged, like those of Adam, with "euphrasy and rue." For all the faculties of man must combine in us; attention, perception, consideration, reason and reflection; discrimination and discernment; investigation, conception, contemplation, and abstraction; imagination, comprehension, judgment and concentration;—all in unity! It is sufficient for us, that the great business of life is,—what Antoninus[a] says it is,—to improve our minds and govern our manners; since we are born for, doubtless, a more enlarged theatre; and carry (as Massillon has so finely expressed,) on our very hearts "the indelible title of our origin."

In bearing the burthen of life and ignorance, let this be our lever of consolation. As seamen, voyaging between the Tropics, see, of a calm night, a long line of fire, stretching along the surface of the ocean, through which their ships plough; now brilliant and dazzling like diamonds; and now steady and mild, like a vast profusion of pearls;—a light, occasioned by the phosphorescence of those animals, which seamen call "glow-worms of the sea;"—so let the hopes of a future existence, and the surety of an eternal and all-beneficent Creator, guide us on our way through this dark and

[a] Lib. xii. 33.

agitating arena; light us through the arch and portico of death; and finally lead us, free and renewed, to the TEMPLE of THE LIVING GOD." We are all instruments, in his hand, to effect designs, the final purposes of which we have no organs wherewith to enable us to form even so much as the slightest probable conception.

The secrets of the mind are, assuredly, among the primary classes of human knowledge. To those, who awaken or develope, fix or concentrate, our ideas; and to those, who discover truth, as well as those, who assist others to discover it; I feel immeasurably indebted: but I have seldom what is called a metaphysical inclination. Two thousand years have been engaged in forming opinions, as to the real process of reasoning; and little worth the attention of mathematical minds has, in my estimation, yet been discovered. Notwithstanding all this, metaphysicians still go on, like searchers after the perpetual motion; pleased with their own labours; ever hoping; often discovering, as they call it; and, therefore, never weary of their own hypotheses. The chase is agreeable to the hunter, even though the stag be lost. But do not you, my dear friend, be of the number: you are too young for the pursuit; and when you grow old enough for it, I hope you will have become wise enough to perceive, that something is joined with the body, which lives with it; but which, being invisible, is not to be comprehended. Use your mind; but do not lose your time in speculating upon it. It is far,—immeasurably far,—beyond the reach of all: and of none more so, perhaps, than of those, who assure us, they have conquered the secret.

### THE INTELLECTUAL UNIVERSE:—DREAMS.

THAT there exists an intermediate state, between life and death, is proved by the phenomenon of SLEEP. There may be even another state of neutrality; and this may exemplify itself in animals, found in trees, stones, and rocks.

Sleep is one of the most agreeable inventions of Nature.

How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie:
Thus, without dying, oh how sweet to die [a].

Not only ourselves, and all other animals sleep; but plants. The lotus of Euphrates, for instance, sinks below the water of a night; and, rising above its surface, expands its blossom, when the sun returns.

The Spartans were accustomed to place the image of Somnus near that of Mors [b]. To lie down, tranquil; gradually to fall into a state of helpless existence; to pass a third (intermittent) portion of our whole lives in that state; to wake again, (intermittently) and become active parts of life and matter, is, indeed, one of those miracles of continuity, which mark the power and beneficence of Him, who, in the language of the wise, "*viget, regit, et moderatur.*" And yet,—from its frequency and regularity of occurrence,—this astonishing phenomenon excites neither surprise, notice, nor gratitude! We rest like the wheel; and become active again like the wheel; careless and thoughtless, as to who or what lulls us into rest, or rouses us into action.

As I lie in my bed, calling for sleep in the language of Della Casa,

——— A me ten' vola, O Somno, e l' ali
Tue brume sovra me distendi e posa;

my imagination often pictures the two sisters at Lichfield, asleep in each other's arms; not the deathly sleep of life; but the lifeful sleep of death:—sleep, beauty, innocence and death, all personified.

The author of Zenobia sings, that to dream of what we love relieves our waking sorrows:

So che sognata ancora
Gli affanni altrui ristora
La sola idea gradita
Del sospirato ben.

---

[a] Warton. Walcot.    [b] Pausan. lib. v. c. 18.

Milton, however, makes the Tempter work upon Eve, by assailing her imagination[a]. He makes him, in fact, the parent of dreams.

——————— I lend them oft my aid;
Oft my advice, by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and *dreams*,
Whereby they may direct their future life[b].

Porphyry says, (in his epistle to Arebo,) that in sleep he was enabled to obtain a knowledge of future events. This was the belief of his age: and it reminds one of Franklin's having once discovered, in his sleep, the bearings and issues of certain political events, which had baffled his sagacity, when awake. Condorcet, too, is said to have had presented to him, in a dream, the final steps of a difficult calculation, which had greatly embarrassed him during the day[c].

These circumstances recal to my imagination several masterpieces, descriptive of dreams and visions;—Andrew Comodi's vision of Ezekiel, for instance; much after the manner of Raphael;—Guido's Saviour, dreaming of his passion;—and Domenichino's Jacob, and Vision of St. Francis. Then I remember, that Eneas is warned in a dream to forsake the beautiful Carthaginian; as Rinaldo (in Tasso) is warned to leave the Queen of Media.

Metastasio, in one of his best sonnets, assures us, that the themes of poets are not the only fictions; for that every thing in life is a dream; and that all men are no other than shadows:—

Ah! che non sol quelle, ch' io canto e scrivo,
Favole son; ma quanto temo e spiro
Tutt' e mensogna, e derilando io vivo.
Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.

---

[a] Par. Lost, iv. 800. [b] Par. Regained, i. 393.

[c] Cardanus says, he learned the Latin language in a dream! We now laugh at Cardanus: but had we lived in his age, we must have been struck with admiration at many passages of his works. No reader, even now, could be said to lose his time wholly in reading his *de Sapientia; de Exilio; de Senectute; de Utilitate et ex Adversis; de Solitudine; de Amicorum Paucitate; de Consolatione;* and his large work, *de Rerum Varietate.*

Calderon has something analagous :—

> Que es la vida ? Un frenesi.
> Que es la vida ? Una ilusion, &c.
> *La Vida, es Sueno Jorn.* ii.

> What is life ? 'Tis but a madness.
> What is life ? A wild illusion,
> Fleeting shadow, fond delusion :
> Short-lived joy, that ends in sadness ;
> Whose most steadfast substance seems
> But the dream of other dreams.—*Anon.*

Most persons despise dreams ;—yet it is very certain, that we sometimes dream of that, which is useful to us, when awake[a] ; and that even were it not so, it would still be certain, that dreams constitute one of the most important secrets in the philosophy of mind.

Pausanias says, that Æschylus applied himself to tragedy, in consequence of being exhorted in a dream[b] ; that he was himself deterred from giving an account of the Eleusinian temple, at Athens, by a vision[c] ; and that Socrates dreamed, that a swan, without wings, sat on his bosom ; that it soon acquired wings, and soared into the sky. Plato had a dream, still more extraordinary : for he dreamed, a short time before his death, that he *appeared* to *himself.*

Cullen supposed,—and he was, I believe, the first, that did so,—that the organs of sense sleep successively ; and with different degrees of intensity. Cabanis entertained the same opinion ;—the organs of sight, according to him, falling asleep first ; then those of taste, smell, and hearing ; lastly those of touch.

Dr. Phillip says, that the peculiarities of dreaming arise

[a] One night Dr. Duppa, finding Charles II., when Prince of Wales, greatly troubled, got up to awake him. " I have been dreaming of my grandfather," said the prince ; " and it affrighted me." He slept again, and was again disturbed ; on which his tutor again woke him. " My grandfather," said the prince, " appeared to me again ; and told me, that he had left my father three kingdoms : but that my father would leave me none."—*Dr. Lightfoot's MS.*

[b] Lib. I. c. ix. [c] Ib. c. xiii.

from the partial operation of the causes of disturbance, and some of the sensitive parts of the brain being capable of excitement without disturbing others. "And thus it is," continues he, "that the nearer we are to awaking, the more rational our dreams become; all parts of the brain beginning to partake of the excitement; which has given rise to the adage, that morning dreams are true[a]."

Cleon and Thrasymenes are stated never to have dreamed in their lives. Plutarch, who records this[b], was occasionally credulous; and I should have hesitated in believing so remarkable a circumstance, had not Mr. Locke assured us[c], that he knew a gentleman, who was bred a scholar, and had no bad memory, who told him, that he never once dreamed, till he had attained his twenty-sixth year. Herodotus and Pliny, however, go still farther;—for they speak of a *whole people*, (in Africa,) who never dreamed; and, therefore, could not be made to understand how others could. It is, nevertheless, scarcely possible, that Nature should have denied to a whole people, what she has given not only to dogs[d], cats, pigs and horses; but even to birds[e].

One reason, why dreams are so little understood, arises out of the circumstance of their being permitted to be fugitive. Were we to give them "local habitation," by placing them on record, *something*, after a series of observations, might, perhaps, be elicited, relative to the general construction of mind; and its dependency, or independency, of what is called

[a] Phil. Trans. 1833. p. 87.

[b] De Orac. sub fin. [c] V. ii. c. 1.

[d] The effects of dreams upon dogs are well described, in Lucretius, *De Rer. Nat.* iv. 989; and still better by Thomson, *Summer*, 232.

[e] Beckstein says—"A bull-finch, belonging to a lady, being subject to very frightful dreams, which made it fall from its perch, no sooner heard the affectionate voice of its mistress, than it became immediately tranquil, and re-ascended its perch to sleep again."

I have a dormouse, who passes much of his time in dreams. He is a beautiful little fellow, with brilliant eyes and mild manners, and I should exceedingly like to know what it is he dreams about.

matter. It would be well, then, were persons of different ages and countries, to record certain of their dreams; preliminary circumstances; and also remarks, relative to the impressions which those dreams leave on their senses.

De Thou frequently recorded his dreams; and Archbishop Laud recorded many of his[a]. Zimmerman, also; one of which, —on the state of the soul after death,—he published in the Journal de Zurich[b]. Lord Bacon, too, says[c], that, being at Paris, and his father dying in London, two or three days before that event, he had a dream, importing, that his father's house was plastered all over with black mortar.

Byron also was once in the habit of noticing his dreams; and he did this, we are told, partly for his amusement, and partly to see if any picture could be made out of them. "It made a book," said he to an American, that called upon him in Italy, "and it read very strangely; yet helped me to some ideas, that have told well in poetry." He then said,—"No man can tell what tags and jags and hints may not be picked out[d]."

Philosophers dream as wildly as other persons: and this reminds me of the well-known German philosopher, KANT. He appears to have been troubled with dreams beyond most men's imagination: for Wasianski informs us that they were absolutely appalling; and that single scenes or passages in those

[a] Two of them are curious. "*Dec.* 14. I did dream, that the lord-keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men, that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen; and he rotten already." "*March* 8. Dreamed, that I was reconciled to the church of Rome. This troubled me much."—*Diary.*

[b] Nov. 5, 1775. [c] Works, vol. iv. 526.

[d] Plautus represents a sick merchant, causing himself to be carried to the temple of Æsculapius, in the hope of dreaming of some remedy; and we learn, not only from Plutarch but Pausanias, that the ancients frequently slept in the temples, in order to have agreeable dreams. Even the magistrates of Sparta did the same; and that in the hope of receiving important revelations. Deare, the sculptor, doubtless, remembered this. For he died in consequence of having stretched himself, all night, upon a block of marble, in order to avail himself of any dream he might have; "knowing," we are told, "how inspiring such suggestions have been to men of the highest talent!"

dreams were sufficient to compose "the whole course of mighty tragedies." They alarmed him, however, so greatly, sometimes, that his servant often caught him out of his bed, endeavouring to escape to some other part of his house.

I shall now give you some account of my own dreams. I had lost my mother more than five-and-thirty years; and though I remembered her figure, manners, and almost every thing about her, I had entirely forgotten her countenance. This countenance I recovered in a dream; from which it would appear as if the mind were more perfect, (occasionally) in dreams, than when widely awake.

One night I thought I was walking in the dark, along a lane, overhung with bushes and high trees, between the village of TRETOWER[a] and a beautiful little farm, called LANDEGAMMON VACH, I once had, in right of my wife. As I walked along, I heard a voice over a hedge, as from one who knew me, and whom I had known in former years. He came striding over the hedge into the lane; and said, "Walk by my side." I immediately did as I was commanded. "You are in very great trouble," said he, in a placid tone; "and have been so for many years. It is necessary." "Necessary?" "Are you not engaged in a great enterprise? I know you are! You have undertaken an unlimited subject. You can only know a small part of that subject, unless you undergo great trials, and see men in a multitude of attitudes. If you were at ease, nothing would strike you. All would appear monotonous. They would have some surface; but no depth. Make up your mind, then, to undergo whatever Fortune may be pleased to impose upon you, and that with cheerfulness." So saying, he disappeared, and my dream vanished.

I have related this address with strict fidelity; for the impression was so vivid, as to be stamped in letters of gold upon my imagination and memory. It struck me the more, when I awaked, because it recalled to my memory that affecting passage in a letter from Columbus to Ferdinand and Isa-

[a] Breconshire.

bella, where he relates a dream, he had had on the sea, when a celestial voice encouraged him to go on though in the midst of a tempest. His dream invigorated him; mine, also, invigorated me. Drowning men, they say, catch at straws: and straws have saved many[a].

[a] I was deeply engaged,—and now, also, am,—in writing a work, on which an elegant author has been pleased to honour me with the following lines. I publish them, because I am proud of having been made the subject of so beautiful a production. I only wish that I were worthy of it!

TO THE AUTHOR OF

"ON THE BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES OF NATURE,"

*On hearing, that he is engaged upon another Work, to be entitled*

"MAN[b]."

"Man!" comprehensive Volume!—busy Man—
A world of warring passions, hopes and fears;
Good, evil—all within one little span!
Pride, meanness; wisdom, folly; smiles and tears;
Th' oppressor, the oppress'd; the coward, brave;
Fate's foot-ball from the cradle to the grave!

These records of thy studious days and eves,
Thy musings and experience, are to me
A moral, that this sure impression leaves;
Man never yet was happy—ne'er can be!
The fev'rish bliss, my Friend, that dreamers feign,
Binds him a prisoner faster to his chain.

The miser to his treasure, and the proud
To pride and its dominion;—to his gorge
The glutton;—and the low promiscuous crowd
To sordid sensualities, that forge
The unseen fetters, which so firmly bind,
Are all ignobly bound in body;—mind.

[b] Two volumes of this work have been lately published, under the title of "The Book of Human Character."

Though sorrow keeps most persons awake, it has never had that effect upon me:—the deeper the sorrow, the deeper the sleep. Heliodorus seems to have enjoyed the same luxury; for he often says, in his celebrated romance, "*Oppressed with sorrow, they fell asleep.*" In St. Luke, too, it is written—"When he rose up from prayer, and was come to

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He only is a free man, who, like thee,
Does stand aloof, and mark the wild uproar,
That shakes the depths of life's tempestuous sea;
And steers his fragile bark along the shore.
The swelling canvas and the prosp'rous gale
Herald the shipwreck's melancholy tale!

NATURE,—all beauteous NATURE!—thou hast sung
In prose poetic, through each various scene;
And when thy harp upon the willows hung,
She kept thy form erect, thy brow serene;
And breath'd upon thy soul; and peace was there:
The soft, still music of a mother's prayer.

She gave thee truth, humility, content;
A spirit to return for evil good;
A grateful heart for bliss denied, or sent;
And sweet companionship in solitude:
Candour, that wrong offence nor takes, nor gives;
A brother's boundless love for all that lives!

Pursue thy solemn theme. And when on MAN
The curtain thou hast dropp'd, return once more
To NATURE. She has BEAUTIES yet to scan,
New HARMONIES, SUBLIMITIES, in store!
She will repay thy love; and weave, and spread,
A garland—and a pillow—for thy head.

GEORGE DANIEL.

*September* 16, 1836.

his disciples, he *found them asleep, for sorrow.*" This is so true to Nature, that men are frequently known to sleep well, though doomed to execution in the morning: of which Charles the First and Louis XVIth were memorable examples.

Some persons are peculiarly unfortunate in their dreams; especially those, who believe in portents, ghosts, dragons, and enchantments.

> In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
> Or, shipwrecked, labour to some distant shore;
> Or in dark churches walk among the dead.
> They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

These lines carry us to the couch of the beautiful Carthaginian, when afflicted by the conduct of her cruel betrayer. There she dreams, that she is abandoned in solitude, going a long and tedious journey, with no attendants, in search of her Tyrians, in a desert country:—

> ———— Agit ipse furentem
> In somnis ferus Æneas; semperque relinqui
> Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
> Ire viam, et Tyrios desertâ quærere terrâ[a].

This were a picture worthy a Michael Angelo.

Petrarch was frequently visited by dreams. Sometimes Laura shields him from his rivals and enemies; sometimes they wander together on the banks of rivers, and through devious forests; at length she receives his dying breath; and, leading him by the hand to the judgment seat, pleadeth his cause.

The most voluminous writer[b], on this subject, in ancient times, was ARTEMIDORUS of EPHESUS, who lived in the reign of Antoninus Pius. ALEXANDER AB ALEXANDRO, too, relates many remarkable particulars, relative to the art, which JUNIANUS MAJUS of Naples pretended to possess. Sannazario was a

[a] Æn. iv. 465.

[b] Part of these observations appeared in a periodical publication, some years

pupil of his; and that poet declares, in respect to him, that he surpassed all the augurs of ancient Rome. But the most curious work on this subject is that, rendered into Latin from the Greek, (whence it had been translated from the Arabic), "*On the art of interpreting dreams*," according to the doctrine of the Indians, Persians, and Egyptians:—a book, which reminds me of a person, who many years ago published a work on dreams; all of which

——— Without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment.

He had published a treatise on the subject; and, to judge by his manner and conversation, he really believed what he wrote. Some of his rules, many years after, a water-doctor in the county of Monmouth did me the honour to select and recommend to my especial attention [a]. "Now," said I, to the village interpreter, "if you will construe the following dream, I shall be infinitely obliged to you. I thought I was standing on a precipice, overlooking the waterfall in the neighbourhood of Ffestiniog. The Irish Sea stretched itself to the west, and barren mountains to the east. The moon rising gloriously over Cader-Idris, I was struck with wonder and admiration, to see the transparent part of it separate from the dark part; one falling gradually towards the lake of Bala,

[a] "To dream, you *see* an angel is good; but if you dream, that you *converse* with one, it is evil.

"To dream you bathe in a clear fountain, denotes joy; but if in a muddy one, a false accusation.

"To dream you have a long, bushy, beard, proves you will, one day, be a lawyer, an orator, an ambassador, or a philosopher.

"To dream you have a black face, is a sure sign of living to a great age.

"To dream of being ridden by a night-mare indicates that you will be domineered over by a fool.

"To dream of seeing an execution signifies a clear conscience.

"To dream of gathering up silver denotes loss and deceit.

"To dream that we carry wood on our backs, denotes servitude, if we be rich; and honour if we be poor."

Such were some of the settled opinions of this eminent successor of the ancient Magi.

the other towards the Irish Sea. At length the bright part assumed a rising attitude, and remounted the meridian, while the dark part fell beyond the earth into space, and was seen no more. The disk now increased in brilliancy every moment, and rose higher and higher; when, obscuring the constellation of Orion, a multitude of smaller moons emanated from the larger one, like stars, till they became too small for the eye to discern." "It is of all dreams I have interpreted," answered the worthy disciple of Junianus Majus, with solemnity, "the most extraordinary—it is even sublime; —but I cannot choose to tell you what it means."

With this answer I was compelled to be satisfied. Sometime afterwards, however, he made bold to tell me, that I should lose all my children, one by one; and their mother with the last; with whom they would all ascend to heaven at the same moment. He carefully suppressed, however, all knowledge in respect to the hope I expressed, that I might be permitted to attend them. "All this," concluded he, "will happen to you in the course of two years." Five-and-twenty years, however, have passed over us since this awful prognostication; and, thank Heaven! we are all alive, and, as far as I can judge, likely to live. Some wise man, fully equal in point of ability, to my worthy friend alluded to, assured Voltaire, that he would die at the age of thirty-five; but that poet, critic, and historian, if I mistake not, reached the age of ninety-one!

Another night I dreamed, that I saw an eagle rise over a high mountain. It glideth beneath the clouds with horizontal, and, apparently, unmoving wings. It then soared into a dense, dark, mass. It rose above; and became a speck smaller than the wing of the smallest butterfly. Then it suddenly hid its head in the serene azure. All was vacuity. After a few minutes, the speck exhibited itself again, and became larger and larger every moment. It reached, at

length, the dark, dense, mass. Thunder then roared, and the lightning flashed. Down dropped the feathered monarch; and the air rung with the rejoicings of the ring-dove, the red-wing, and the black-cap, as they beheld the object of their fears fall lifeless at the foot of the rock from which he had ascended.

I often dream, that I am flying. A very agreeable sensation always accompanies this dream. Flying is no other than a species of swimming: swimming being in a dense medium what flying is in a thin one. Fins are wings, and wings are fins, working in different elements.

In one of the boxes at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row, London, two persons were observed rising gradually into a quarrel. "You are little better than a swindler," said one. Upon this the other left his seat, stood at the end of the table, and exclaimed—"Suppose me to be one;—as I am not!—which is the worse? To rob a man of his money, or to seduce his daughter, and then refuse to marry her?" Upon this the person, thus interrogated, rose in great fury. They closed; they separated; they closed again; they at length paused for breath: the blood rushed from the nose of the one and the ears of the other. They, at length, fell. Being assisted to rise, they again closed; and again separated; when he, who had accused the other of being little better than a swindler, retreated a few yards, ran up to his adversary, and giving him a violent blow on the temple, laid him speechless on the floor. The perpetrator instantly fled from the house; when a person, who had paid great attention to the combat, came deliberately up, accused me of the act he had seen committed by another, gave me in charge to the watchman, who bound my wrists, took me away, and led me to the guardian of the night; in standing before whom I awoke, and, to my inexpressible relief, found that the whole was no other than a dream.

One night I dreamed, that I heard the bell tolling, as they carried me to the church of St. Ismael's to be buried; clothed, as I thought, in a clergyman's surplice and a red scarf.

Shall I give you an account of some other dreams? I read an affirmative. One night I saw the Rev. Dr. * * *, then Mr. * * *, walking in a field near Mill-hill, in the parish of Hendon (many miles from the place, in which he resided). Presently I saw a tall gentleman, dressed in a cap and cloak, at a short distance below. In a moment the reverend pastor levelled his gun. The powder smoked at the touch-hole. I heard a shriek; and saw a small round spot in the temple of the person shot at. I then saw him bend forward and fall to the ground;—his head buckling under him as he fell. The pastor, dreamt of, had recently injured a friend of mine, and I had, therefore, thought a good deal of him.

When I was a boy, I had one dream, which haunted me very often. It gave me great pain, whenever it occurred; but I could never explain, nor even understand, or give even the smallest idea, in respect to it: yet whenever it returned, I knew it to be the same. I often dream, but do not remember what I have dreamed, until several hours after I awake; and sometimes even several days; when it is brought back to me by some unintelligible association of mind. I have dreamt of persons, too, I have neither seen, heard, nor thought of, even for so long a period as forty years: and Mr. Hope assures us [a], that he sometimes dreamt of having been in deep conversation with persons, who, on waking, he found had never lived.

Being a lover of astronomy, I sometimes dream of the stars. One night, I was conveyed to the planet, Venus; where I sat on a rock that sparkled like crystal; gazing on the sun with "undazzled eyes." The splendour of the scene surpassed what I can describe; but I cannot remember what I saw. I only recollect that I was ravished with admiring.

[a] Origin and Prospects of Man, v. i. p. 11.

A strange and wonderful sort of music, too, was heard; something like what a union would be between a flute and an Eolian harp. On looking up, I saw a figure of great beauty, with wings on his shoulders, light down on his feet, a white garment round his waist, and a coronet of purple on his head. He accosted me much after these words: "You have passed the gates of death; and are arrived at your first station. Here you will pass another stage of existence." Saying this, I thought he moved before, and I followed, "gliding without step." At length we arrived over a vale of great depth, down which he descended into the midst of a great multitude of beings, habited like himself, who were gliding and conversing with smiling countenances; breathing agreeable perfumes. And here my dream ended, to my great regret; leaving only its remembrance;—without point or moral. I had, the evening before, been reading to my children Milton's description of Raphael's descent into the garden of Eden.

Another night, I thought I was standing by the holly-branch, near what were once called the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields; when I saw a balloon fly off from one of the distant steeples. It rose with great rapidity, to a great height; and then descended a little. At length, moving horizontally, it opened, and a man on horseback issued out of it. "That's Lord Byron!" exclaimed several of the crowd. The horse and his rider then galloped down from the clouds with a wonderful celerity, and dashed headlong on the ground. The horse uttered a deep groan; but immediately rose again, and carried his rider over the fields and gardens, till they were lost to the sight. The day before this, news had arrived in London that Lord Byron was dead.

My dreams are, generally, agreeable; but, as I have before shown, I am now and then tortured with the night-mare. I was greatly afflicted with one some months ago. I thought I heard some one calling me, in a loud, yet mysterious, voice, three separate times. I awoke; a cold sweat ran through

my frame; but I soon became conscious, that what I had heard was in a dream; and in the morning, reflecting on the voice, I had heard, I remembered several analogous passages in the poets. Fletcher, for instance, (in his Faithful Shepherdess):

> And voices calling me in dead of night.

Milton, also:—

> And airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
> On sands and shores and desert wildernesses[a].

A short time after, I was afflicted by another dream. I was buried, methought, beneath a high mountain, with power to breathe; and that so loudly, that I thought people could hear me on the summit; and that I could, also, hear their voices come down through a narrow channel. I thought, too, that I distinctly heard the waves dash under me with a fury, not to be described; and that the entire mountain, and sea with it, were falling, every moment, lower and lower into the depth of space.

> It was not life; it was not death;
> But the drear agony between,
> When all is heard, and felt, and seen.

I will now give you the last of those dreams,—the produce of fifty years—that I think worth recording. Before I do so, however, I must put you in possession of a few preliminary circumstances. For, had not those circumstances occurred, I should, probably, never have had the dream.

That exquisite chapter, in which Gil Blas describes his imprisonment in the tower of Segovia, is to me the most delightful of all the scenes in that celebrated romance; and this the reason:—I have been myself in the condition of Gil Blas; viz.

[a] Marco Polo has a curious passage:—"Nam audiuntur ibi *voces* dæmonum qui solitarie incedentes *propriis* appellant *nominibus*, voces fingentes illorum quos comitari se putant, ut a recto itinere abductos in perniciem deducant."—*De Regionib. Orient.* i. c. 44.

in prison; and that, too, like him, for having served a royal person.

How often, during my enthraldom, have I exclaimed,—

> So were I out of prison and kept sheep,
> I should be happy as the day is long.

During the fervour of the proceedings against Queen Caroline, I entered warmly into her cause, and incurred some expenses in her majesty's behalf. These expenses, after her majesty's death, I was called upon to pay; and it not being convenient either for me or Lady Ann Hamilton to do this, her ladyship's attorney advanced the money; which I, expecting to receive again from the Queen's executors, engaged to repay. The executors, however, declined discharging any expenses, that could not be proved as having been incurred by her majesty's own positive orders; and Lady Ann Hamilton having gone to Paris, the solicitor handed my acceptance (over-due) to a stationer, (who afterwards committed suicide in the presence of his wife and children); and upon his affidavit I was thrown into prison[a].

There I remained in the midst of a multitude of persons for many weeks, pacing the pavement by day, and anxiously counting the hours by night: every now and then, but sometimes fruitlessly, endeavouring to soothe my anxiety by recalling the history of past ages; the poems I had read; the pictures I had contemplated; the music I had listened to;

[a] The history of this transaction, with many particulars relative to her late Majesty, QUEEN CAROLINE,—with the author's correspondence with Sir ROBERT GARDINER, Private Secretary to the King of Belgium (then PRINCE LEOPOLD); GEORGE CANNING, Esq. M.P.; W. WILBERFORCE, Esq. M. P.; GEORGE TIERNEY, Esq. M.P.; DR. LUSHINGTON, M.P.; SERJEANT WYLDE, M. P.; W. SMITH, Esq. M. P.; SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq. M. P.; JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, Esq. M.P.; CHARLES RANKEN, Esq. (Gray's Inn); Mr. Fyson; and Mr. Wilkinson: the DUCHESS OF SOMERSET; LADY ANNE HAMILTON; Mrs. MAXWELL; the DUKE OF SOMERSET; the DUKE OF HAMILTON; LORD ARCHIBALD HAMILTON; and LORD DENMAN;—will, in proper time, be sent to the British Museum.

the mountains I had climbed; the lakes and rivers I had crossed.

Sometimes I rose in the night, went to the bars, and, cold as it was, placed a small telescope through them, and got a sight of Jupiter's satellites; and you cannot imagine the consolation a glimpse of that planetary family administered to me. What pleasure, too, I had in gazing on the Pleiades, Aldebaran, and Orion!

Sometimes, however, the nights were so intense, that I was compelled to cover myself up, with the blankets entirely over my head; and then,—unable to sleep,—I lay, for hours, meditating on the gusts of wind, and the deep drifts of snow, that often rush down the valley where my family then was: or, taking a different turn, I seated myself, in imagination, upon one of the precipices, and beheld the lightning flash over the tops, or along the sides, of the mountains; now revealing all their grandeur; and now consigning them to a darkness more dense and terrific than before. Thus I endeavoured to charm away the hours; and am happy to say,—

> Hope did not quit me; as if still
> Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
>   Unmelted at the bottom lay;
> To shine again, when, all drunk up,
>   The bitterness should pass away[a].—*Moore.*

While I was, one day, sitting quietly on one of the benches, gazing on the turbulent scene before me, consisting of a mul-

[a] A few days after I had been placed in this jeopardy, I sent for a person, who had been, several years, in the practice of going of errands for me, and doing what are called odd jobs. I sent him to two or three places; and when he returned offered him half-a-crown for his services; when, to my great surprise, he refused to take one farthing! "No, Sir," said he, "I don't want it just now. You have been a kind master to me, and I don't want it. You must be in want of money, or you would not be in such a place as this. I have got fifteen shillings at home; and if they would be of any service, I'm sure you shall have them. Do you want them, Sir? Only speak the word, and I'll run for them in a minute." His name was SMITH. He is now dead; but I hope his name will live at least as long as mine.

titude of persons, most of whom were drinking, swearing, gambling, or quarrelling, three strangers (brothers), came into the ward; one carrying a small box, and the other two calmly inquiring for me. Never having seen either of them before, I felt some alarm. "Sir," said the tallest of them, "we have been a long time endeavouring to find you out; and at length we have done so. We knew, that you were acquainted with the judge of the Sheriff's Court, and we have, every now and then, inquired of him, in what part of the town you lived. He has always told us, that he did not know. But, yesterday, he sent us word, that he was sorry to inform us, you were in this prison."

What all this portended, I was at a loss to divine; so I sat still, without uttering a word; every now and then, letting the speaker know, by a motion of the head, that I listened attentively to what he was saying. When the tall brother had closed his speech, the second, who held the box, placed it on the table; and then addressed me after the following manner:—"Some time since, my brother read your book on the Harmonies of Nature, and was so excited by some of the passages, that he determined on attempting to climb Mont Blanc. He set off, therefore, almost immediately; travelled to Geneva, and thence to the valley of Chamouny, where he hired guides; and succeeded in reaching the summit of Mont Blanc; being the seventh person[a], who has ascended it; and a model of that mountain, and its environs, I have brought in this box."

Saying this, he opened the box, and placed the model on the table, before at least, twenty witnesses, who stood wondering by. It was a very complete one: and the observer had the whole region round about that remarkable eminence, as completely as if he hovered over it in a balloon. "Now," whispered the third brother, "what we want of you is this.

[a] Frederic Clissold, Esq.

My brother has written an account of his journey; and he wishes you to read it; and, if you find any errors, to correct them. There is the model, and here is the MS. If you will undertake to correct, my brother will be happy to reward you."

Hearing this, I was so charmed to find the object of my apprehensions turned into a matter of profit,—for I was reduced, by this arrest and imprisonment, not to my last guinea only, but (for a time) to my last shilling,—that I could scarcely contain my joy. I accepted the commission; executed what little I had to do; and received, at the conclusion, three times as much as my labour was worth [a].

But the dream!—While I was in this ill-fated place, I was visited by a nightmare of an extraordinary description. I fancied I had been to a large iron-furnace; and returning down part of the valley, called CWM-AVON, I perceived a large concourse of persons, dragging and otherwise tormenting a beautifully-formed woman, who was resisting, shrieking, lamenting, and tearing her hair, in a very violent manner. The sounds pierced me through and through! I ran up to these persons; and demanded to know what could induce them to treat so beautiful a woman in that unnatural manner. "She deserves it!" exclaimed they. "She deserves it! Good as we once thought her, she deserves it!" —"What, in the name of Heaven, has she done then?"— "Destroyed her five children, one after another! That's what she has done." At this moment, I turned my eyes towards the lady, and beheld, in the face and figure of the culprit, the best friend I had in the world;—my wife! The horror of that moment is not to be described. Yet I approached close to her; and, in a soothing manner, inquired how she could do so terrible an act. I had no feeling for

[a] The putting this into my hands must have been merely a friendly excuse to assist me in my distress; for there was little or nothing to do.

the children. They were in peace. All my anxiety centred in the mother. She, at first, turned from me, exclaiming, "I cannot look on you!" but, at length, tearing herself from the persons who held her, she came up to me, put her arms gently and affectionately round my neck, and whispered, in a tone more unearthly than I can describe,—"What could I do? In imprisoning you, they took away every thing we possessed. We had not a morsel to eat; and nothing to clothe ourselves with. Was it not right, then, to put the dear little things out of their misery at once? I'm sure it was; and God will forgive me for so doing." Saying this, she kissed me on the cheek, disengaged her hands and arms from my neck; and shrunk backwards, dead, at my feet!

I awoke at this moment. I found myself lying on my iron bedstead and straw mattress, stretched out like a man about to be put into his coffin; surrounded by five or six of my fellow-prisoners, who, having been awakened by my groans and cries, had started from their beds, and come to assist me, fancying me to be in the last agonies of death. I never experienced, nor could ever imagine, any thing so terrible; and though several years have passed since the dream occurred, so lasting an effect has it had upon me, that I can seldom remember it, but the tears start into my eyes.

Such was my dream! At the end of nine or ten weeks,—for since I have brought you to my prison, I am in hopes, you will be anxious to know how I got out of it,—the evening being cold, (a heavy snow, and a violent frost,) I was anticipating a very comfortless night, when casting my eyes down the ward, I saw a friend walking hastily up. "You shall stay no longer in this wretched place!" With that he took the "*red-seal*," out of his pocket, took me by the arm, and led me out of my prison. A better man does not exist:—his name, MILWARD.

This was the happiest moment, perhaps, of my existence!

I returned to my bed in gladness. But, the next day, going to the top of St. Paul's,—as I had frequently resolved on doing, during my incarceration, to take a view of the scene below,—I felt like a wounded bird, cast upon the desert, to get its living as well as it could. For my bread had been taken from me; the services, I had rendered, rewarded by injuries; and I had the cheerless, comfortless, heartless, world to begin over again! Then I almost lamented the prison, I had left:

"A wretch, half-wishing for his bonds again;"

for in a prison, if there be no other comfort, there is, at least, this; —exemption from fatigue without beneficial results: and had I not had a wife and children to protect and provide for, I cannot say to what distant region of the earth I might have attempted to steer;—any country, for a time, being better than that country, in which we can get no justice, but at a ruinous expense; and in which we have received bad words for good words, and injuries for benefits.

My dreams being told, I have nothing farther to say upon the subject; except that I believe, they are to be accounted for in no other way, than by considering them short, *sleeping*, mental derangements;—INSANITY a long *waking* one.

### THE INTELLECTUAL UNIVERSE;—THE MIND IN RUINS.

THE next great step into the intellectual regions will, perhaps, be made by those, who study the mind in its moments of irregularity and decay.

In the tragedy of Ernst von Houvald (*The Light Tower*), a person insane is exhibited, keeping watch upon the sea-shore, in every storm, in order that he may recover from the sea the lost object of his affections. His harp is heard amid the dashing of the waves, and the roaring of the tempests. At

length he throws his dead wife, who has been wrecked, and himself into the sea.

In the tragedy of Ethwald[a], Bertha,—insane,—answers to the question—"What is thy name, sweet lady?"—

I had a name, that kind friends call'd me by,
And, with a blessing, did the holy man
Bestow it on me. But I've wandered far,
Through woods and wilds, and strangely on my head
The numbing winds have beat, and I have lost it.
Be not offended with me.

There are few passages, even in Sophocles, more affecting than this.

The mind of man can only be perceived by the effects of its activity; as air is sensible to the touch only at the periods, in which it is in motion. Some men are insane upon one subject, and yet sensible on all others. The rapidity with which they associate is wonderful!

Spurzheim describes a curious phenomenon; viz. a man, who, being insane on one side, observed his insanity on the other. He says, also, that Gall attended a patient, who heard reproaches on his left side; and that he would turn his head to look at the persons; and that with his right side he commonly judged the madness of his left.

A short time since a person, named Knott, summoned a schoolmaster for having in his possession a weasel, which knew all his thoughts, and haunted him by a declaration of them, night and day. A gentleman, also, destroyed himself lately under the impression, that he was watched by a person, who sat on the roof of his house; and his fear at length became so great, that he could not be persuaded to examine whether his imagination were true or false. To escape from this fancied espionage, he rushed to the grave.

This circumstance brings to my mind the death of Gilbert, author of the Hurricane. His last words were, "I cannot

[a] By Miss Baillie.

govern myself!" an instance to prove, that genius and madness may exist, in the same person, side by side. "I knew him," says Dr. Southey; "and look back with melancholy pleasure to the hours, which I have passed in his society, when his mind was in ruins. His madness was of the most incomprehensible kind, as may be seen in the notes to the Hurricane: but the poem contains passages of exquisite beauty."

From the registers of the Bicêtre it appears, that the insane patients, confined there, consisted, almost entirely, of priests, artists, painters, sculptors, poets and musicians. There was not one instance of the disease in naturalists, physicians, geometricians, or chemists.

Insanity is far from being, always, a state of pain and misfortune. It is, sometimes, that of positive pleasure. Pinel assures us, that he has often stopped at the door of a patient, who, during his paroxysms, appeared to soar far above the mediocrity of intellect, which usually attended him: and Dr. Willis states, that one of his patients was accustomed to expect his paroxysms with impatience; since he enjoyed, in those moments, a high degree of pleasurable excitement. His mind, too, was of a much superior order, at those times, than when he had intervals of sanity. Could a mentally-disordered person write a history of his pains, pleasures, and thoughts, what a curious, yet awful, picture would be presented to the mind! And this reminds me of what the Princess Elizabeth wrote to the Countess of Suffolk, in regard to her father, George the Third. "If any thing can make us more easy under the calamity, which it has pleased Heaven to inflict upon us, it is the apparent happiness my revered father seems to feel. He considers himself no longer an inhabitant of this world; and often, when he has played one of his favourite tunes, observes, that he was very fond of it, when he was in the world."

Somewhere about six-and-twenty years ago, I saw, rambling

on the Brynn mountain, (in the district of Gower,) a tall figure, who, in one respect, resembled the unfortunate girl, so affectingly described by Bloomfield:—

> She pluck'd a tender twig from every bough,
> To whip the hovering demons from her brow.

The history of this unfortunate creature was this:—She lost her husband and her two sons at sea; they having sailed in the same ship. This dreadful occurrence having been abruptly communicated to her, she never enjoyed her senses afterwards. The present Marquess of Lansdown's sister,—Lady Mary Talbot,—having a seat in that neighbourhood, his lordship once gave her a crown; on which she made him a curtsy in a manner so dignified, that the Marquess is said to have declared, that he never saw any thing superior to it even at court.

The history of this unfortunate creature calls also to my recollection, that in the lunatic asylum at Toledo, our friend Philotus saw a female seated near a window, gazing on the sky. Her history was this. Having been to a village, near Murcia, to sell dates, on returning home, to her inexpressible horror, she saw the earth open, (an earthquake), and swallow up her cottage, husband and children. They sunk from her sight in a moment! From that time she was never known to speak; and her whole time was passed at the window of the asylum, with her eyes turned to the sky; from which position she was drawn,—sometimes by two or three men,—to her meals and her bed.

Female madness has been exquisitely personified by Shakspeare, Fletcher, Cowper, and Bloomfield. No poets have exceeded them. What a melancholy picture, too, is that of "*Silly Simon*," by that stern anatomist of all our British poets—Crabbe!

Zimmerman, in his treatise on Experience in Physic, re-

lates, that, when he visited all the great hospitals in France, he distinguished in them three kinds of insane persons. "The men," says he, "had become so from pride; the girls through love; and the women through jealousy." I alluded to this one day to a medical friend; who, in return, told me, that, in his opinion, insanity was a partial, and not a total, aberration of reason: and that there are as many mental causes for it, as there are passions. "The best remedy for all which," continued he, "is kind treatment, constant occupation in the way of exercise, and amusement, (which induce sleep); and, where possible, religious arguments and instruction. The last, however, is exceedingly difficult; for, for the most part, they turn a deaf ear to all arguments and representations of that nature."

It is related in the Memoirs of Baron de Grimm, that a person, in the lunatic asylum at Zurich, had only one happiness; and that consisted in ringing the bells of the church. Growing old, he was not allowed to fulfil this function any longer; and he was, in consequence, reduced to despair. But, at length, summoning resolution to appeal to the master of the works—"I come, sir," said he, "to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world, in which I could be useful; but they will allow me to do it no longer. Do me the favour, then, to cut off my head. I cannot do it myself; or I would spare you the trouble." Now I think this man was not so much insane as he, who takes pleasure in ravaging countries, sacking towns, and strewing fields with bleeding bodies.

Sir George Baker wrote a work on the influence of some of the passions on the mind and body, and on the diseases, to which those passions give rise. A counterpart of this picture is still wanting; viz.—that, which might describe the effect of bodily diseases on mental affections. I am not aware, that there is any adequate work in that department of physiology.

Treated with skill and feeling, nothing in medical science is reported to be dry or repulsive; every phenomenon having its interest and attraction. Can this be said of the practical superintendence of insane persons?

A rich, unfortunate, gentleman died lately in our neighbourhood. He was a martyr to that mental stillness, of which Dante complained in his youth; attended by an unconquerable despondence. He was enchained, as it were; and all his sensations became at last so exaggerated, that he was an exemplar of that species of melancholy, which Austin calls "the cream and quintessence of human adversity." He, nevertheless, derived great pleasure from music. One day, also, he would be seen working on the highway, like a labourer; another picking sticks along the hedge-rows; now he would be gathering leaves; now standing, with eyes fixed on a horse, a sheep, a cow, or a cloud; now gazing on the water, and now measuring a path. He had a fine collection of exotic plants. In a few weeks all would be cast on the dunghill, and succeeded by some of the most common of our own. Sometimes his house was all elegance; a year or two after, it would be all desolation; the walks covered with grass, the trees corroded by moss. With these exceptions, he had an elegant and enlightened mind; which was at times, however, so conscious of its irregularity, that he would weep from the dread of becoming insane.

Dodsley told Warton, with tears in his eyes, that, sitting by Pope's bed-side, a short time before his death, Pope inquired what great arm it was, he saw coming out of the wall. Pope, however, never laboured under the fear of insanity. Collins, too:—"What becomes of my poor dear Collins?" inquired Johnson, in a letter to Warton. "That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune; and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is more dreadful to consider, that understanding may make its appearance and depart; that it may blaze and expire." In

reference to himself, too—"When I survey my past life[a], I discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of mind; very near to madness; which I hope, HE, that made me, will suffer to extenuate many faults, and excuse many deficiencies." Johnson had a great dread of his mind falling into ruins. BRADLEY, too:—he, who discovered the apparent motion in the fixed stars, called the aberration; and the causes of several other phenomena;—he was placid, and indifferent to wealth, honours, and fame: yet, keeping his mind too much in a state of exertion, he became, during the latter part of his life, afflicted with an apprehension of losing some of his faculties. From that calamity, however, he had the good fortune to escape. SWIFT was not so fortunate. He greatly feared such a terrible visitation; and, as a relief for others, established an hospital for lunatics. Lord Byron, also, was greatly apprehensive of this calamity; and this fear he alludes to in one of his letters[b]. "I presume, that I shall be, in the end, if not earlier, like Swift,—dying at top! I confess, I do not contemplate this with so much horror, as he apparently did, some years before it happened."

Byron,—with all his advantages and qualifications,—was an unfortunate man! In the hands of a Fenelon, he had, perhaps, surpassed human nature; under the government of himself, and, for the most part, in association with men beneath him,—both in rank and capability—he united the strength and the imbecilities of boyhood, manhood, and age. Like an Arabian, endeavouring to leap from precipice to precipice, he leaped, as it were, into the gulf, instead of clearing the span. The greatest of his misfortunes seems to have been, that he associated with scarcely one mind, that was not inferior to his own.

Remove the force, that bends the sword, and it resumes

[a] Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, p. 155.

[b] Feb. 2, 1821.

its straightness, as if it never had been bent; and watch-springs, after the same manner, will resume their elasticity at the distance even of an hundred years. Would it were thus with the mind.—But it is not!

E'en as a broken mirror, which the glass
  In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one, that was,
  The same, and still the more, the more it breaks:
And thus the heart will do, which not forsakes,
  Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches;
  Yet withers on, till all without is cold,
Showing no visible sign;—for such things are untold.

Purcell was greatly pleased with setting mad songs to music; a circumstance accounted for[a] by the scope, which they afforded to his genius of expressing the strongest passions in their most unrestrained form.

Five or six days ago, walking near the new church in Woburn Square, we saw an elderly gentleman looking earnestly at the trees and shrubs. At length, turning round, and seeing us gaze rather earnestly at him—"Pray, sirs," said he, "will you be so *humane*, as to tell me really the truth? Am I in a state of real existence or not?"

"Certainly, sir;" answered the friend, with whom we were walking: "you assuredly are."

"I thank you, sir," returned the old gentleman with a slight bow. "I have been confined ever since I lost my Jane; and that is, now, I suppose, five years; and ever since, that is, *to-day*, now I walk out, nothing seems to me to be real. I feel as if I could not settle my mind as to the true existence of what I see. I thank you, sir; I will no longer intrude upon you."

Saying this, he walked slowly away; and then we perceived, that a person was engaged watching him, near the north end

[a] Hogarth's History of Music, p. 105.

of the square. Unfortunate man! thine intellectual life appears to come and go like night and day, summer and winter. There is nothing, I think, so wonderful in this disorder, as the lucid intervals and the quick returns.

In a small town, situate in one of the most beautiful valleys in Wales, lived a clergyman, possessed of a cultivated mind and taste; who declared to me, shortly after he had married me to a young lady,—parishioner of his,—that he had arrived at the summit of his hopes; and had not one single thing to wish for. I made no answer; but mentally exclaimed—"Then you soon will have!" Years have passed away since this confession. To-day something occurred to render us anxious; and we went into the nursery-plantation, in front of our house, and amused ourselves with looking at the myriads of spider's webs, that hung from branch to branch; and rescued a multitude of flies and bees, that had entangled themselves. On returning, we met a friend, just returned from the part of the world, where this clergyman lived; and he informed us, that he had lost his wife in child-bed; and that he was himself in a house for the confinement of lunatics! Let the good fortune of to-day be what it may, who can foretell the vicissitudes of the morrow?

Euripides described madness in a very masterly manner; and for this he is greatly celebrated by Longinus:—no poet, indeed, was ever more deeply skilled than Euripides, in the pathology of the soul. The madness of Medea is dreadful; that of Hercules awful; while the picture of Orestes,—begun by Æschylus, and finished by this poet,—is one of the most sublime, the imagination of a poet has ever figured to the mind. There is, I believe, nothing equal to it in the whole compass of human thought.

Shakspeare, too, has shown himself not only a master of the sublime; but, also, of the pathetic, in this most awful department of human ecstasy.

O let me not be mad; not mad;—sweet Heaven!

Thus Lear :—but in King John—

> My name is CONSTANCE ; I was Jeffrey's wife ;
> Young Arthur is my son ; and he is lost.
> I am not mad ;—*I wish to Heaven I were!*
> I am not mad ; too well, too well, I feel
> The different plagues of each calamity.

I quote these passages, not as illustrative of madness itself ; but of the horror, entertained for it, by some ; and the refuge, which it promises to the imagination of others.

The Romans,—heartless in most things,—esteemed insanity sacred ; the moderns,—humane in most things,—regard it, for the most part, with contempt.

> This, of all maladies, that man infest,
> Claims most compassion, and receives it least !

Nothing is yet known of the principle of mind. All is conjecture. All, therefore, man can do, is to study the capacities and modes of action, it exhibits in its shape of bodily combination. Esquirol, Pinel, and Haslam even assure us, that the mental functions may be a total wreck ; and yet the most profound medical practitioner would not be able to detect the slightest derangement of structure. From this, it is argued, —and with no small share of logical analogy,—that no evidence, in favour of the materiality of mind, can be drawn from pathology.

Whether the brain is an organ or an aggregate of organs, is of no importance to this inquiry ; the brain being only the (probable) *seat* of the mind ; and not, as some would insist, the *organ* of the mind. Neither the brain, nor the heart, nor the visual nerve, are sensible to the human touch ;—pain, therefore, does not arise from those organs, but from the parts which surround and protect them.

The EYE is guarded by a nerve, which covers all its exterior surfaces, and gives to them intensity of sensation. By this the nerve of sight is protected ; because, being itself in-

sensible, it has no power of guarding itself. The HEART, too, is insensible. It is, nevertheless, affected by every change, whether of the body or of the mind; being in perpetual sympathy with both. The BRAIN, also, may be touched:—nay a portion of it may even be separated from the rest—and yet the patient remain not only insensible to the loss, but unconscious of the wound. Anatomy, then, as before observed, affords no insight whatever,—at least at present,—in regard to the structure and functions of the mental faculties.

The mind is, doubtless, as distinct from the bodily organs, as are the exterior influences, which call them into action. The manner, in which sensation is propagated, and the mind influenced, is totally unknown. That the mind is influenced by what is taken into the bodily system can be, nevertheless, proved in a moment:—viz. by the admission of opium and brandy. The mind is shown by this to be married, as it were, to the body; and there, I believe, all real knowledge ceases.

Four or five years ago I called at a private asylum for lunatics. I was ushered into the drawing room, and drank tea with a large party of ladies and gentlemen; two of whom were highly educated. One said, that he had climbed Mount Teneriffe; and the other the Ghauts and several peaks among the Himalayahs. These might be mere boasts or fancies; but they distinctly showed, that they intimately understood Tasso and Ariosto; and one was even conversant with Dante. After tea, one of the ladies sang; another played; and all entered, occasionally, into animated discourse. The friend, whom I went to see, however, kept aloof; not being in good humour. As I was going away, the master of the establishment enquired how I had been entertained. "Never more agreeably," said I. "And yet," returned he, to my great surprise, "every one of those gentlemen and ladies,—except my own family,—are patients. This is the anniversary of my

marriage; and we invited them from their apartments to partake of our happiness."

In December 1828 I was present at the investigation of a question, relative to the sanity of a gentleman, (named Rothwell:) and I record it on account of the very extraordinary declaration of the patient. "I feel no hesitation in declaring, in the most solemn manner, my conviction, from the unerring light, which glows within me, as well as from concurrent circumstances of another description, that this person who is here in the form of my attendant, is no other than the *Divine Creator!*"

Last winter, a man was observed at two o'clock in the morning, groaning in the streets in a melancholy manner: and preaching under a lamp with a large cat under his arm; which he, every now and then, lifted over his head, while he offered up prayers. A policeman requested him to move on; but he refused. "What are you doing with that cat?" "This is not a cat; it is Jesus Christ. Do not molest it. I have been sent here by the Almighty to seek his Son. I have found him. Here he is; and, through my instrumentality, he will become an angel."

Bishop Watson observes, in a letter to Mr. Hayley[a], that disorders of the mind generally originate in a disordered body; and Dr. John Hunter and Mons. Mongelloz insist, that, strictly speaking, there are no hereditary maladies. That internal and external conformations are hereditary is, nevertheless, certain.

From the statements of M. Friedrich, it appears that the raving mad are more frequently cured than the melancholy mad; since to animate sensibility is less difficult than to moderate too great an irritability:—that raving madness is more prevalent in man, and moody melancholy in women:—and that the principle in both (in his opinion) is to be

[a] Oct. 18, 1797.

found less in the mind, than in a deranged bodily organization. When both suffer, however, from fixed ideas;—in men, derangements of the understanding are more frequent; in women, derangements of the imagination [a].

There are two remarkable things in insane persons. Those, they hated, they admire and regard:—those, they loved, they not only hate, but despise. They prefer also to be with those most, of whom they stand most in awe; a circumstance, which may, probably, be rightly ascribed to their being conscious of their condition; and from the pleasure, deriveable from the enjoyment of having a superior agent near them, who can protect them from themselves;—most insane persons being more fearful of themselves, than they are of other persons.

Dr. Abercrombie regards insanity and dreaming as having a remarkable affinity. Erroneous impressions in INSANITY he considers as "permanent, and affecting the conduct;" in DREAMING, "as transient and not affecting the conduct." In INSANITY, "the senses are alive to external impressions;" and "the motions of the body are under the influence of the will." In DREAMS, the senses are, in a great degree, "closed against external impressions;" and "the influence of the will upon the motions of the body is, in general, suspended."

The arguments, used in favour of this hypothesis, are exceedingly ingenious. We ought, however, to remember, that the author does not identify insanity with dreaming; he speaks merely of their affinity. To me, however, insanity appears to be rather an *intermediate state between wakefulness and dreaming*: a species of hallucination, as it were, disturbed by reality; and rendered observeable to others by the force of volition, and the power of impulse and action.

[a] In 1789, Black found in Bedlam—insane from grief and misfortune, 206; religion, 90; love, 74; jealousy, 6; fright, 51; study, 15; pride, 8; drunkenness, 58; child-birth, 79; constipation, 10; hereditary complaints, 115; contusions and broken bones, 12; venereal disease, 14; small pox, 7; retrocession of the itch, and healed ulcers, 5.—*Friedrich.*

The cure of insanity is beyond the province of my inquiry. It is sufficient for me to record, that the practice of insulating patients from relations and friends is recommended by Cullen, Willis, Pinel, Esquirol, and, indeed, I believe, by all the more eminent English, French, German, and Italian physicians. What Spanish ones have recommended, we have no opportunity of knowing; since, if I mistake not, no treatise of any authority has been, of late years, published in that language. I believe, however, that they have not yet reached the knowledge, that insanity is, in some cases, a bodily complaint; in others a mental one; in most, a disease both of the mind and of the body. But whether the mind operates on the body, in the first instance, or the body on the mind, is, in most cases, an exceedingly difficult problem to determine. It is here important, however, to remember, that an entire absence of phosphorus from the brain would, in the opinion of M. Couerbe, reduce us to the state of quadrupeds; and that a great excess of it engenders excitement, so violent, as to resemble madness; if it does not even engender madness itself.

We may now say a few words, in regard to law and responsibility. All crimes appear to me to arise from a constant, or a temporary, derangement of true reason. "Upon my honour," wrote D'Alembert, in reference to the making up the quarrel between Voltaire and Frederic the Great, "all men are mad; even those, esteemed the wisest amongst us." And this assertion, loose as it certainly is, will, doubtless, recall to many men's recollection, a declaration made, some years ago, by Lord Ellenborough (then Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench); and, the other day, by Dr. Haslam [a]; viz. that "no one is perfectly sane but the Deity." And of this, if sanity has any relation to reason and propriety, there can be no doubt with any *reasonable* being. And this ought ever to be considered, as an argument in law. To believe in

[a] July, 1832.

ghosts—that is, in spirits of persons dead—shows a derangement of the *judgment:* but it is no evidence, in regard to what the law would esteem *insanity.* Insanity, therefore, implies *quantity.* For if, with this belief, any one should be in the habit of acting on that belief, and of starting, and conversing, as if with a spirit, (as Tasso is stated to have done), the law would instantly allow him to be insane;—though, on all other points, he might be sufficiently reasonable. For the thought having been reduced to action, would show, that reason had,—not hypothetically, but physiologically,—left the judgment seat; and been "frightened from its propriety." Lord Chancellor Northington, indeed, held, that in all cases, where judgment is demanded, it is necessary to show, that *morbid delusion* prevailed during the act, of which the party is accused. If proved, he stands innocent; if not proved, guilty.

Our laws are not sufficiently precise in regard to cases of insanity, where property is involved; nor have legislators yet been so enlightened as to the nature of the disease, as to decree, that the "destitute insane" should be supported, *respectfully and agreeably*, at the public expense.

### THE GREAT CHANGE.

How beautiful and affecting are the following lines!

Years following years steal something every day:
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Bentham, (the Juris-consult), left his body to the surgeons. He was, in consequence, dissected according to his will. Sir Humphrey Davy, on the contrary, gave strict injunctions, that, in regard to him, no anatomical examination should take place. He had a dread of *post mortem* observances; for he considered it possible, that sensation might

remain in the animal fibre after the loss of irritability, and the power of giving proof to others of its existence.

A short time since we went to see an anatomical figure of a female, said to be (externally) modelled from the Venus de Medicis, by Signor Serantoni, of Florence. The exhibitor took off the skin; and we perceived veins, arteries, and nerves. Then he took off other coverings, and we beheld the auricles, the ventricles, the lungs, the liver, and the gall-bladder;—the stomach, the intestines, the kidneys, the spleen, the aorta, the vena cava, and the centre of the internal structure; including a full grown child in the womb. Then he unmasked the face, when we beheld the facial artery and vein, the frontal vein, the vena occipitalis, and vena and arteria temporalis profunda. The head was then taken to pieces, and we saw the cavity of the brain, the brain itself, and all the interior parts of the head.

A few days after, we saw Napoleon, "breathing," as it was called. He was represented lying on a couch, with one hand on his chest, and one finger in his coat between the button-holes. This figure was formed of sarcomax. As we approached, we perceived the chest heave. We were greatly startled at this at first; but, becoming reconciled to the delusion, we stood still, some time noting the undulation, consequent upon the breathing. We then touched the body; when, taking our fingers away, we saw that they had left indentations, which disappeared soon after, as if the substance, we had touched, were actual flesh. It was, indeed, in all external respects, a perfect emblem of breathing life. Where flesh should be it appeared to be flesh; where bone should be, bone; where cartilage, cartilage.

After our visitation, we discoursed upon the principles of human organisation. "No examination of the body," said Lucius, "can elucidate its origin. The anatomist, the physiologist, and the chemist, are equally at fault. Happy

will he be — but such an one, perhaps, will never exist—

> To be the first, that ever burst
> Into that silent sea [a]."

When I heard him say this, a translated passage [b] from Petrarch started into my mind:—" *Do not deceive thyself: obey Nature in all things; for, in disputing with her, we are overtaken by Time.*"

Animal substance can be supplied by vegetable matter, or by matter of its own nature only. Both animals and vegetables have the power of reproduction. How minerals are multiplied is still a secret.

The first idea of life is its being a principle of self-preservation; the next, that it is a principle of action. It exists in every part of an animal body. In death, the action of the capillary vessels is the first to fail; of the brain, the sensitive function is the first, the vital the last; and putrefaction comes on sooner in those, who have died suddenly, than in those, who have been exposed,—lingeringly,—to the stimulus of dying.

The stimulus of dying does not always conquer the faculties till the last moment: for in the last moments of some, the life not only of the affections, but of the understanding, exists complete and unimpaired.

And here we may be pardoned a few words, in respect to our bodily change. Our existence is dependent on a succession of changes. The body undergoes them perpetually. It is not the same body at forty it was at ten, twenty, or even thirty. Not a single particle of what constituted our frame at five exists, perhaps, at twenty: and, at death, the whole will, doubtless, enter into new combinations. Thus, also, is it with the mind. It is ever varying:—presenting a new phasis at every stage. Every thing we acquire, and every thing

[a] Coleridge. [b] By Sir Egerton Brydges.

we lose, by forgetfulness, dissolution of prejudices, or other operation, produce a change: every feeling and passion also; every important alteration in the exercise of the functions, (for sickness or for health), produce the same; and as to the changes in the different stages of infancy, youth, manhood, or age, who are so inconsiderate as not to acknowledge, the moment they are reminded of them?

I called, a short time since, at the house of a friend, now dead, to take a last look at a countenance, that had always smiled kindly upon me. I approached the door of his chamber; revolted; left the house, and returned home, without saying a word.

To gaze on the lifeless, and, perhaps, disfigured features of those we love, or esteem, is a tyranny! I chose to remember him as I had often seen him; with sprightly eyes, fascinating smile, unwrinkled brow, and "rosy-tinted" forehead. I chose to remember him in moments, when it appeared almost impossible, that he could ever lie in "cold obstruction."

Some years ago, he was lying on a sick bed, from which he expected never to rise. "My soul," said he, "seemeth as if it would, every moment, part from my body; and yet I feel as if I could never die. I scarcely recognise this tortured frame as belonging to me. I resemble a snake, casting its skin." "Why do philosophers," continued he, "countenance painters and sculptors in their exhibitions of this frail anatomy? Is not death the renewer of youth? He should, therefore, be exhibited as a Belvidere Apollo, beckoning us to follow; after having discharged his last arrow. Petrarch wisely called him *optima rerum*." "You will not die yet;" said I. "The average life of a poet is only fifty-seven; but that of a natural philosopher is seventy-five; that of painters and sculptors seventy:—I think, therefore, you have the chance of fifteen years." "I perceive, you think me solicitous of life," returned

he, "but you are mistaken. Petrarch was right: *mors optima rerum*[a]!"

Ten years have passed; and now his soul has forsaken its habitation; and the temple is returning to the dust, of which it was formed. "*Italia! Italia!*" He ceased to breathe, rather than ceased to live.

Love and Death are Nature's greatest ministers. The one calls us into existence; the other calls us from it. Happy are those, who arrive at the end of their journey with a serene countenance; calm and assured,

"That true existence has not yet begun."

Seneca was accustomed to say, that if every man would speak as he ought, he would confess, that many of the best things, he feared, were far better than those he prayed for: and this, assuredly, may be applied to death; since a just consideration, in respect to that, makes all the miseries of life comparatively easy. Are we not born in benevolence? Well, then, we shall die in benevolence. The same power sends us; the same power calls us away. Benevolence was before all worlds.

Nature makes a great effort, whenever she calls a being,—of whatever class,—into existence. Yet, scarcely has the beautiful flower, the finely organised insect, the sensitive fish, the warbling bird, the noble quadruped, and the paragon of Nature, MAN, been called into life, than, to all appearance—

"Nothing is left them but their bodies' length!"

This is, assuredly, one authentic testimony, that death is but the instrument of change, not only for man, but for the quadruped, the bird, the fish, the insect, and the flower. Change is, in fact, the never-ceasing law of the universe.

[a] Africa, lib. vi.

Here to begin, and here to finish? Never, be most heartily assured—

> Did heavenly providence intend
> So rare a fabric for so poor an end[a]?

It would, in fact, be little better than the exhibition of a mountain in labour!

It is certain, that men value existence more and more, the shorter and shorter the vista of life becomes; like the spells of a magician, which were once believed to increase, proportionately, as the circle narrowed. Thus sings Anacreon:—

> Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
> I'm sure I neither know nor care;
> But this I know, and this I feel,
> (As onward to the tomb I steal,)
> *That still as death approaches nearer,*
> *The joys of life are sweeter, dearer.*

I cannot say this myself. To me, death has long ceased to be a phantom of darkness, silence, decomposition, a heap of ashes, and a scene of destruction. The more frequently I gaze on its ensigns, and meditate on its germinating probabilities, the less offensive does its contemplation become; as the sting of a scorpion pierces less and less painfully, at every repetition. I gaze on a funeral, more like a child, than a man. The procession moves, and the bell tolls, more to please and delight, than to threaten and appal. I have tears, only, for those that survive. I can read the following lines, therefore, with something like satisfaction:—

> Time flies on eagle wings away;
> It will not for a moment stay:
> But, like a stream, glides on, glides on.
> It never turns its footsteps back,
> But sinks all ages in its track,
> And reigns and rules alone.
> The poor, the rich, alike pursues;
> The poor, the rich, alike subdues.

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[a] Quarles.

Death seldom strikes all the organs at once. They are generally attacked separately; and the lungs are the last to surrender their functions.

Death is so mild a friend, that he never gives a single pang; those contortions, which sometimes precede men's last moments, being pains only to the eye of observers. Muscular motion often survives sensation [a]. No one, in fact, has ever yet felt even the point of the finger of death. We quit the scene, as we entered it; compulsively and unconsciously.

"Ere we can feel, the friendly stroke is o'er [b]."

Life is but a small segment of an unlimited circle. To value it as a definitive circle is to be inordinately ignorant of moral mathematics.

Death is the paradise of the wretched;—their sorrow is augmented by seeing the words—"*the time is not yet come,*"—written perpetually on their walls. Had I not a thousand duties to fulfil, I, too, should accuse death of being a tardy friend. She, and those, whom I value more than life itself, would, perhaps, resemble Proserpine, in the vale of Enna:—

Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade her crook and bleating flock adieu;—

But, had I no children,—so little satisfaction can this world ever afford me; and so high a conception have I of a future one; that if I saw him at the door of my dwelling, I could,—I am almost certain,—follow the example of Abraham, when he saw the angels in the distance; rise from my seat, bow

[a] Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Roget are both of opinion, that, long before the commencement of the last scene, the power of feeling has wholly ceased, and the physical struggle is carried on by the vital powers alone, without any consciousness on the part of the patient: "whose death," says the latter, "may be said to precede, for some time, that of the body." See his noble work on Anim. and Veget. Physiology, ii. 624.

[b] Garth's Dispensary.

myself to the ground, hail him as a messenger and preceptor, and welcome him in.

Why, indeed, should we consider death an evil of such gigantic magnitude? Is it, indeed, a feeling implanted in our bosoms, by the unconquerable hand of Nature? or is it the more probable effect of early association, and of vitiated education? I am inclined to believe, that were we, when children, taught to consider death only as a cavern, through which the old and the young must necessarily pass, in their road to a happier region;—did we, in our manhood, consider death as the sister of sleep, and the mother of rest;—were the unfortunate to hail it as a sliding from tumult, and the old as a translation to another country, where their youth would be renewed, and rendered eternal:—were we, I say, in the different stages of our existence, thus to consider it, should we not hail this creator of terrors as a friend, rather than as an enemy? Yes, my friend, death is the guide, which, after hope has cheered the heart, and tranquillised the soul, will lead us from the limits of time to the vestibule of eternity.

This is a species of philosophy, however, of which we know but little. For, in the present state of opinion,

> The weariest and most loathsome life,
> That ache, age, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on Nature, were a paradise,
> To what we fear of death.

It is curious, that the only ancient gem extant, personifying death [a], represents him as an image dancing to the music of a flute: and when the poets would allegorise a child, dying in its bud, they fable [b] Aurora to steal it from the arms of its parents. "The gods," says Seneca, "conceal the happiness of death, in order to induce us to live:" and Juvenal [c]

[a] Mus. Flor., tom. i. tab. 91. [b] Meurs. de Funere, c. 7.
[c] Sat. x. v. 358.

directs us to pray for a mind, which considers death as a consummation most anxiously to be wished. "Were our eyes," said Madame de Staël, on the death of her father, "permitted to take a clear view of the opposite shore, who would remain on this desolate coast?"

Porphyry says of the Brachmans, that they looked for nothing so eagerly as this consummation; considering life in the light of a pilgrimage[a]:—and Herodotus[b] and Strabo[c] speak of nations, who mourned at the birth of an infant, and rejoiced at the prospect of death. Lucan informs us, that the Celts esteemed it a passage to long life; in consequence of which, they eagerly sought it in battle. Valerius Maximus even assures us, that the Gauls were so confident of immortality, that they not unfrequently lent money, to be paid *apud inferos*. In Greece death was certainly dreaded; but it was nevertheless always esteemed a fortunate event: hence that mother was called pre-eminently happy, who, having been drawn to the temple of Juno, by her two sons, prayed the goddess to reward them for that act of filial piety, and found, at the end of the sacrifice, that they had died in the temple, after falling into a soft and quiet slumber.

Diodorus relates, that when Dionysius the elder took Rheggio, he resolved to make an example of the governor, for having defended the city with great pertinacity. Previous to the punishment, he designed for him,—desirous of aggravating

[a] It is proper for a woman, after her husband's death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse. Every woman, who thus burns herself, shall remain in paradise with her husband three score and fifty lacks of years by destiny. *Code of Gentoo Laws*, p. 286, 4to.

[b] Lib. v. c. 4; also Pomp. Mela, lib. ii. c. i. The Gades of Spain sang hymns in honour of Death, and erected altars to old age. Philost. in Vit. Apollon. Numa forbade all mourning for infants. Plut.

[c] Lib. ii. The black Jezides, a species of half Mussulmen and half Christians, in the same manner. Many Christians believe, that heaven gives an early death to its favourites: and the joy that ought to engage the mind, in death, was typified by the Grecian fable of the "swan."

his sufferings,—he told him, that he had, on the yesterday, put his son and his kindred to death. The tyrant was, however, much disappointed: for the governor, whose name was Phyton, so far from exhibiting any affliction on that account, exclaimed, "then they are by one day happier than myself."

The Thracians rejoiced at a burial, which they esteemed a road to beatitude; and therefore indulged in all manner of sports and pleasures. In Ireland a death is still said to be a source of joy and amusement; while the natives of Congo esteem it a transition from toil to rest; from anxiety to happiness. The Wahabee Arabs regard it impious to mourn for the dead; "that is," say they, "for those, who are with Mahomet in Paradise." The Javanese make several feasts upon the decease of their friends and relatives. One of those banquets is upon the day of the decease; another on the third day; then on the seventh; a fourth on the fortieth day; a fifth on the hundreth; and the last on the thousandth. This custom is almost universal in Java[a]. The Banyans of Hindostan have a similar practice[b]. They have also a maxim, that it is better to sit still than to walk; better to sleep than to wake; better to die than to sleep. In the province of Biscay, too, great rejoicings are made at the death of persons, who die before the age of maturity. They are taken uncovered to the grave; white roses are put upon their heads; there is a band of music; and the attendants signify their joy, at what they call the happiness of innocence.

Oh weep not for him;—'tis unkindness to weep;
The weary, weak frame hath but fallen asleep:
No more of fatigue or endurance it knows;
O weep not—oh break not—its gentle repose.—*Neele.*

Cyrus, on the bed of death, desired the Persians to rejoice

[a] Raffles' History of Java, vol. i. p. 327, 4to.
[b] Ovington's Voyage to Surat, p. 340.

at his funeral; and not to lament, as if he were really dead. And Dr. Hunter, a few moments before his decease, said to a friend, who attended him, "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and how pleasant a thing it is to die!" Tasso, too, when informed by his friend and physician, Rinaldini, that he had no hopes of his recovery, gratefully exclaimed, "Oh God! I thank thee, that thou art pleased to bring me safe into port, after so long a storm."

Walking, some time since, in the church-yard of old St. Pancras, to muse among the tombs and monuments, I saw the countenance of one, engraved upon his stone. On looking at the inscription, I found it to be that of TIBERIUS CAVALLO, author of many treatises on magnetism, aerostation, electricity, the nature and properties of air, and other subjects of natural philosophy. He was born in Naples, (1749); and died in London (1809). I never saw this excellent man but once:—but that was a highly interesting once. "Sir," said he, at parting, "remember what a man, near sixty, tells you. The world,—se ipso,—has little or nothing to chain the sojourn of men. The sooner most of them are out of it the better. *We all came into it for something: we shall all go out of it for more.*"

Men creep insensibly into age; and in the progress of transition become familiarized with its aspects and inconveniences. But death, for the most part, is as much a stranger to age, as it is to youth. In fact, it is of no more use for an old man to think of death, than a young one:—for death answers no premature questions. Both, therefore, ought to live in a manner, that he may be greeted with hospitality, whenever he does come. Disease, injuries, and misfortunes, however, diminish the fear of death by gradations, insensible to him, who, unconscious of the mind's hope, merely beholds the body verging to its last ebb.

Some esteem death a leap in the dark;—others as having

no real essence, being the mere privation of earthly life:—some as a season, in which all of life and of magnificence fade away:—and others as the commencement of that existence, in which, by intuition, we shall acquire a knowledge of all beautiful things. It is early association, that hides the advantages of death. For glorious, doubtless, are the secrets, we shall hear; and the scenes that we shall witness; when death has shut the gates of life, and opened the portals of eternity. If this is credulity, it is a credulity far more valuable, I think, than all that *some* men might esteem the truth.

### FUTURITY.

Some time since, being at the British Museum, I accidentally saw, lying before me, a disputation between the body and the soul, in French, (of the 13th century), beginning thus:

Si come ieo ieu en mon lit,
Oz la voiz dun esprit
Ky fuist dampne[a].

On returning home my eyes were attracted by a balloon, which glided over the fields and came down, with those, who had sailed under it, within three fields of my house. The gas had begun to escape, and the aeronauts thought proper to descend.

I never see a balloon, with aeronauts, but my mind pictures the removal of Seth, the flight of Elijah, and the transfiguration of Christ. I then meditate on the escape of the soul; and sometimes terminate my contemplations with the flight (downward) of Raphael between worlds and worlds; or the flight (upward) of Satan,

Through the dark realms of Chaos and old Night.

[a] Arundell MSS., No. 288.

Lorenzo de Medici said to the excellent Abbot Mariano[a], "He is dead to this life, who has no hopes of another." And I think he, in a great part, is so. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves, however, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, which first induced Lord Byron to imagine, that our pretensions to immortality might be overrated. With the Eternal Being, as nothing is small, nothing is great. Rousseau was, therefore, doubtless, in the right, when he asserted[b], that the superficial pretenders to wisdom, in prolonging our views to the end of this life, and no farther, have done a permanent injury to mankind. "We are born with the desire and means of improving ourselves," said Pascal; "and this is a proof of the change to which we are destined."

A calm and steady purpose, on which to fix the intellectual eye, is necessary to a victory over sorrow; as, in the midst of torment, there is always relief from bodily exercise. Plunged in action, we feel as if we had neither power nor time to die. Then again come sorrow and pain. Death looks us in the face;—hope quickens;—

> ———————— The triumph and the trance begin,
> And all the phœnix spirit burns within[c].

When a subject is doubtful, it is, for the most part, wise to incline towards that, which is the least difficult to imagine. Some painters can delineate small portraits with great success, but not large ones. In the same manner, some minds can expand to certain points; at which they feel compelled to stop. No conception farther! They perceive one miracle, as it were, but cannot imagine two. They exist. What is that but a miracle? at least a mystery. Stretch the point farther,

[a] Valori in Vitâ, p. 48. Roscoe, ii. 158. 4to.

[b] Emilius, v. i. 99.

[c] Campbell.

and suppose a second shade of existence;—they are all disbelief and confusion!

Some deny the future state of the soul, because they cannot imagine its existence separate from the body. To these we may safely reply, by asking the question (with Cicero)—"Can you imagine what it is when united *to* the body?"

Where the uninstructed eye contemplates annihilation, the chemist recognises nothing more than decomposition, unity with other substances, or changes of the same materials into other forms. Annihilation (in the material world) is never once dreamt of. Why should it be, then, in the spiritual? We may as well imagine that silex and alkali cease to exist, because they are so often converted into glass.

Went, a few days since, to the funeral of a neighbour. On returning, my imagination dwelt upon Andrea Sollinus' and Del Piombo's pictures of the raising of Lazarus. In that of Sollinus, Lazarus is coming out of the vault. In that of Del Piombo, he gazes steadfastly on his Recaller, earnestly listens to his words; and while endeavouring to disengage himself from the bandages, in which he has been buried, he seems all anxiety to throw himself at his Restorer's feet.

Pope said to Spence, a short time previous to his death, "I am so certain of the soul's immortality, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were, by inspiration." CÆSAR, however, had the hardihood to deny all belief in a future state; and that, too, in full senate [a]; while (like NAPOLEON) [b] the perpetuity of a name, in the memory of man, was the only immortality of which he was solicitous. The opinions of such men on such a subject, however, are of no more value, than those of women and children on military tactics.

[a] See a remarkable passage in Sallust. "De pœna," &c. *De Bell. Cat.*

[b] Bourrienne, v. i. p. 284.

That the dead shall rise and live again is, nevertheless, "a matter of faith;" entirely beyond the discovery of human reason. The subject, indeed, reminds me of a dark and cloudy night, illumined only by a few flashes of lightning: but we can scarcely fail to acknowledge, that a belief in a future operates like the compass under the eye of a pilot, guiding his vessel in a mist over the breakers of an agitated ocean. Without that compass whither will he steer?

That many remarkable men, however, have doubted the existence of a deity is certain[a]; and that whole nations have had no ideas in respect to one, is, we are told, not to be denied[b]. It may, however, reasonably, I think, be questioned; and I wish the circumstance of an eminent astronomer's having had no ideas in respect to one could be doubted too[c].

[a] Some have been accused falsely. PROTAGORAS, for instance, was said to have doubted the evidence of a Deity; and DIAGORAS to have utterly denied it. This, however, is nothing better than assumption. Protagoras merely doubted the existence of such demi-gods as Vulcan and Pan; and Diagoras merely denied such deities as Jupiter, Mars, and Apollo.

[b] Vid. Martinière, p. 201. 322. Lery, p. 174. 545. Ovington, p. 489. 606. Roe apud Thevenot, p. 2.

[c] During the heat of the French Revolution, LA LANDE kept quietly to his astronomical studies; and when one of his friends congratulated him on his having escaped the fate of Bailly, Lavoisier, and other illustrious men, he smilingly exclaimed, "*I may thank my stars for that!*" He made a great mistake, however, afterwards; for he adopted a system of atheism, and not only adopted, but publicly wrote in its favour. On this, Napoleon sent a letter to the Institute, declaring that La Lande had fallen into a state of dotage, and would, therefore, be permitted to publish no more. La Lande was present at the reading of this letter. He sate for a moment silent and confused: at length he rose up, and bowing lowly and solemnly to the members, answered with a loud voice—"His Majesty shall be strictly obeyed!"

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be—a fool *!

Pope, Epist. ii. v. 30.

Nume non v' è ? de' fiumi i puri argenti,
L' aer che spiri, il suolo ove risiedi,
Le piante, i fior, l' erbe, l' arene, e i venti,
Tutti parlan di DIO ; per tutto vedi
Del grand' esser di Lui segni eloquenti :
CREDILO, STOLTO, A LOR, SE A TE, NOL CREDI[a].

Horace[b], Virgil[c], Persius[d], Seneca[e], and the older Pliny[f], afford passages, implying or asserting, that death ends us; and others might be cited from Sophocles and Euripides. Some dread nothing so much as annihilation: ages of pain being preferable to the horror of having their frames struck from the volume of existence. Others, on the other hand, rather than be unequal to their wishes, "care not to be at all:" death to them being a panacea for all evils. What they wish, they think; ever inclined to adopt a paraphrase from a Russian poet.

The spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive;
And gay bridal garments
Of splendour shall give.

But man's chilling winter
Is darkness, and dim;
For no second spring-tide
E'er dawns upon him.

The gloom of his evening
Time dissipates never;
His soul, when departed,
Is vanished for ever[g].

What can I say? That, after traversing the universe in my imagination, and the visible phenomena of this world in particular, every analogy, from the material to the mental, proves, to my conviction, as clearly as any diagram in geometry,

[a] Cotta.

[b] Jam nox te premet, fabulæque Manes, &c.

[c] Somnus, in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem.

[d] Cinis et Manes et fabula fies. [e] Post mortem nihil est.

[f] Hist. Nat. vii. c. 55.

[g] Karamsin—"Autumn!"—Bowring.

that our state of imperfection is a consequence of our being in a state of progression; that our present frame is not essential to our existence; and that a future state is absolutely necessary to the justification of Providence.

We may, nevertheless, feel happy in either contemplation: Happy in thinking of the oblivion and never-ending peace of annihilation; still more happy in the hope of the beautiful sphere of activity, presented to our imagination, in the enjoyment of a future state. We can, however, no more imagine our end, than we can our beginning: a sacred spirit breathes within!

> Thy form shall change; thy spirit, too, shall change;
> But thou shalt never cease to be.

Some time since, I was invited by a gentleman, residing in Bond Street, to inhale nitrous oxide. I refused; but since I have learned what effects it had upon Sir H. Davy[a], I shall take an opportunity of inhaling it.

Mind is an integral part of the universe;—perhaps the most essential part. That it exists is even more certain, than that what we call matter exists. It is more wonderful in its construction and operations; and therefore more difficult to analyse and compress. As nitrous oxide differs from atmo-

[a] "Thrilling from the chest to the extremities," says he, "I felt a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasurable in every kind; my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified; I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensation increased, I lost all connection with external things; trains of vivid, visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner, as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly-connected and newly-modified ideas. 'Nothing,' exclaimed I, on being awakened by Dr. Kinglake from the trance, 'exists, but thoughts;—the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains.'"

John Hunter and Sir Humphrey Davy were of opinion, that electricity entered into the composition of all substances. Electricity is not life, according to their conceptions; yet they thought that a subtle substance, of a powerfully mobile nature, pervaded every thing, and is, in fact, the life of the world.

spheric air only in the proportion of its ingredients[a], who can say what effect a total absence of nitrogen may have at the changing period of death? If nitrous oxide can induce a new spirit of existence, as it were, even in the present stage of existence; what may be supposed to be the power of oxygen, unmingled with any thing of a deteriorating quality? All things in Nature whisper the secret—"you shall never die: but you shall often be changed." Cicero, however[b], seems to have thought, that the best of men only were destined for immortality. Here we have the first idea, if I mistake not, of the ELECT: which carries my mind to the closet of Massillon, exciting my wonder,—superior as he was to Bourdaloue, and even to Bossuet,—that so excellent a man should reason eloquently on the surprising doctrine, that the saved are few!

On finishing these observations, I took a walk over the mountain to the north, and caught myself, after a while, gliding (in imagination) on the bosom of Ullswater, looking on the white clouds and blue expanse, reflected in its depth, enjoying the air, the warmth and the alternate coolness; reading Horace, and listening at the same time to the flute of a friend, sitting at the lower end of the boat. Nothing convinces me more of the divinity of the soul, as it were, than the proud faculty of imagination; for it almost enables us to create even *ex nihilo*.

I was, a short time since, at a coffee-house (in Bath) when a gentleman, near seventy, made the following remark: "I do not see so much benevolence in the creation as you do. The chief, that I recognise, are skill and power. Nature makes beautiful objects, apparently only to destroy them; and those,

[a] Atmospheric air is composed of twenty-seven parts of oxygen and seventy-three of nitrogen; nitrous oxide, of thirty-seven parts of oxygen and sixty-seven of nitrogen:—that is, ten parts more of oxygen, and six less of nitrogen.

[b] De Amic. 4. De Off. 3. De Nat. Deor. i. 17. Tusc. Quæst. i. 11.

who are called virtuous, only to permit them to be miserable." "I am glad you put in the word *apparently*," said a gentleman, that sate opposite. "If things began, and terminated, only as we see, I might, perhaps, judge of them as you do. We see the outsides of things only. We know no more of fixed results than we do of original causes. Wait, and be modest."

Whether EVIL exists, I cannot presume to determine; but that PAIN exists is certain. Wherefore—who shall explain? The utmost of man's mind has not been able to throw even one ray of light upon it. We ought, however, to have an expectation, that all pain, and what otherwise we call evil, tend to the common good in the universal system of things. Man, however, is ever willing and ambitious of complaint.

Suppose some god should say,—"Die when thou wilt,
Mortal, expect another life on earth;
And for that life make choice of all creation,
What thou wilt be;—dog, sheep, goat, man, or horse?
For live again thou must;—it is thy fate:
Choose only in what form;—in that thou'rt free:"
So help me, Crato, I would fainly answer,
"Let me be all things,—any thing,—but man."

*Menander—Cumberland.*

The days and hours of most men resemble the fragments of a ship, floating on the sea after a storm. Let us then enter a little farther into the subject of those hopes, which are so finely exemplified, among other analogies, in the rise and decay of the year; and which so loudly proclaim the truth of that system, which teaches, in strong and indubitable language, the certainty of future life, in the renovation and immortality of the pious and the just.

This great and elevated truth is taught us in language impossible to be misconstrued. The generation of animals; the propagation of vegetables; the formation of shells; the

reproduction of insects and fishes; the gradations of bodies; the effects, resulting from the laws of motion and attraction, elasticity and repulsion; the vastness of space; the almost infinite divisibility of matter; the constant connexion between cause and consequence;—these, and a thousand other wonders, supersede all idea of annihilation; and teach the grand, the useful, the consolatory truth, that not only spirit is immortal, but that matter is eternal also. Mind, therefore, has a permanent interest in matter; and matter a permanent interest in mind.

But, admirable as are all the works of Nature, in combination or in detail; beautiful as are the woods, streams, vales, and valleys; sublime as are the rocks, the mountains, and the ocean; and wonderful and various, as are all their respective inhabitants; how far inferior are they, individually or collectively, to that grand masterpiece of Nature,—MAN!

Shall a being, of such capacities for reasoning, be merely a being of yesterday and to-day? Shall the merest lump of uninformed clay exist from the beginning, and continue to eternity; and MAN, the powerful agent in the hands of the Eternal, and in whom appear to be contracted and concentrated all the perfections of the world,—shall he cease to live at the moment, in which he begins to know the value of existence? Is this the end for which we were designed? Are the pains and the penalties of existence created, for a no more elevated sphere than this? Where, then, are the uses of those finer operations of the mind, which so highly dignify our being? Why were all those capacities implanted in our nature, if we are not, in reality, heirs to immortality? If not immortal, how profound the fall of human intellect! The power of knowing the present, and of reasoning on the past, were but worthless qualities, if they are to be chained to this body, and but formed for this existence.

But it is impossible, that a Being, so infinite in power and intelligence, should make man so miserably incomplete. Horrible, indeed, were it, if such were the prospect of human destiny! Can the Creator of intellect be a countenancer of injustice? Yet, if there be no future existence, when the lamp of life glimmers on the grave, where shall the good man look for consolation? No reparation may he have received for the many injuries and misfortunes he has endured. Where, then, would be the justice of heaven, were his soul to die with his body? And whither must have flown all our ideas of infinite power, and of infinite excellence? Without immortality, age has no futurity, on which to build its hope and confidence; for it is the idea of immortality, which apologises for our sorrows, and renders the condition of humanity in the smallest degree intelligible. To be born is assuredly a high privilege; and yet many men there are, who would say of life what Regnard said of a journey into Lapland:— "I would not but have made it for all the gold in the world; but which, for all the gold in the world, I would not make again."

Not only may we,

> ——————— hesitate to live,
> To feel what dotage and decay can give;

but, were it not for an elevated idea of immortality, who would not rather be a plant, a fossil, or a mineral, than be dignified with the form and the feelings of a man? Living only in the hope of dying, the charm of immortality constitutes the greatest portion of our happiness. Being a subject, over which the soul never desires to slumber, to doubt it were to possess the credulity of an atheist. To disbelieve in the eternity of the soul were almost equivalent to the assertion, that we are afraid to meet it; as much as the denial of a God is the frequent result of having previously

wished it. For it is the plague and pleasure of our nature to believe the thing we wish.

> ETERNITY!—thou dark, mysterious sea,—
> All that is past, and all that is to be,
> Ages and worlds, are present still to thee!

"That the soul is immortal," said Mr. Fox, a short time previous to his death, "I am convinced! The existence of a Deity is a proof, that spirit exists; why not therefore the mind of man? And if such an essence as the soul exists, by its nature it may exist for ever. I should have believed in the immortality of the soul, though Christianity had never existed. But how it acts, as separated from the body, is beyond my capacity of judgment[a]." How many statesmen are there, at the age of eighty, who would not barter

[a] Bishop Watson appears to me to have gone rather too far: "As a Christian, I have no doubt of a future state; as a Deist, I have little expectation."—*Letter X*. Again:—"I have no hope of a future state, except that which is grounded on Christianity." This was, also, the opinion of Priestley *, as it had been that of Jeremy Taylor †, and Bishop Sherlock ‡.

Perhaps the reader may have no objection to read what Paley and Abercrombie have written:—

If one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of every thing that is religious. The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.—*Paley.*

Philosophy fails of its noblest object, if it does not lead us to God; and whatever may be its pretensions, that is unworthy of the name of science, which professes to trace the sequences of nature, and yet fails to discover, as if marked by a sunbeam, the mighty hand which arranged them all; which fails to bow in humble adoration before the power and wisdom, the harmony and beauty, which pervade all the works of Him who is eternal.—*Abercrombie.*

A future state is, I think, a necessary adjunct to the perfection of the Deity. Christians feel that Christianity makes "assurance doubly sure;" but, as Mr. Fox said—"I should have believed in it, had Christianity never existed."

* Introd. Essay to Hartley, p. xxiii.
† Doctrine of Original Sin, p. 24.
‡ Discourses, v. ii. 85; iv. 79.

all their acquired dignities and wealth, for the privilege of escaping a conviction of that beautiful and yet awful truth!

The petals of some flowers fall, as soon as they expand; the ephemeron, after three years of preparation, is produced, grows, extends its members to maturity, lays its eggs, propagates, and dies. But the soul—the standard of man, and to increase the perfection of which almost every thing seems to combine—lives to eternity:—that eternity, which Boethius defines a perfect possession of an interminable existence; and which Censorinus calls an infinite duration: but which, strictly and plainly, means an endless possession of a perpetual present.

Empedocles placed the seat of the soul in the blood; and the Stoics in the heart. But Galen conceived, that[a] every member of the body had its separate soul. Some Indians[b], indeed, believed that every man has two souls; a good and a bad one:—but Archelous, and probably Anaxagoras, whose pupil he was, taught, that the capacities of the soul vary in men, according to the structure of their bodies. The ancient Etrurians seem to have inclined, in some measure, to the Indian sect; since they formed Janus—a god entirely unknown to the Greeks,—with two faces: indicating, that he could look backward into the old world, and forward into the new one.

Alcmeon[c] esteemed the soul to be a portion of the divinity. The fable of Saturn implied as much:—for since the name of Saturn meant "first intellect[d]," every intellect returning into itself, we may recognise great beauty in the idea of Saturn's eating his own offspring. This doctrine, though it originated with Plato, is entirely inconsistent with that of the

[a] Plut. in Plac. Philosoph., vol. iv. c. 5. [b] Danish Lett. part ii. p. 23.

[c] Cic. de Natura Deor., lib. i. c. 10.

[d] Remarks on Plato, Taylor; Cratylus, p. 26.

Alexandrian Platonists[a]; most of whom testified, that the soul is united to the body for its punishment; and that the body is the soul's sepulchre. Some, among whom we may class Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, believed, that the connexion of the soul with the body was supported by a fine material vehicle, which separated at the period of death[b]. Others have supposed, that the soul is a light substance in the shape of the body in all its parts, but of a nature so elastic and aerial, as to be insensible of touch; bearing the same relation to the frame, that music does to an instrument, or perfume to the solid substance of a flower:—and that it is elicited from the body, at the time of death, in the same manner, as vapour is called from the earth; only of such lightness, as to be intangible, invisible, and of such a penetrating nature, as to pass freely through all substances.

That the soul is immortal was believed by the Chaldeans, and Egyptians[c]; the Celts[d]; the Scythians[e]; the ancient

[a] The earlier Platonists even believed, that there was a deity, superior to the architect of the earth.

[b] Augustin* says, the soul is like to the deity, immortal and indissoluble. The human structure was divided into the body, the mind, and the soul, by the Stoics, the Pythagoreans, and the Platonists; by Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen and Ignatius†. "In this light," says Augustin‡, "man may be esteemed a symbol of the Trinity." Ganganelli, something after the same manner, draws an analogy by observing, that natural philosophy denotes our bodies; mathematics express our reason; and theology the soul. Hugh Victor seems to have thought that the soul of man was originally of the nature of Angels§; and Leibnitz accounts for the communication between the soul and body, by supposing a pre-established harmony: so that they do not act physically upon each other; but essentially with each other:—the latter being always disposed to act, when the former wills.

[c] Herod. lib. ii. c. 123. [d] Strabo and Valer. Maximus.

[e] Pomp. Mela, lib. ii. c. i.

* De Quant. Anim., cap. ii. Sallust, speaking of the soul in reference to the body, says, "*unum cum deis, alterum cum belluis commune est.*"

† Nemesus de Naturâ Hominis, cap. i.

‡ Tractat. de Symbolo. Aquinas takes up the same, or nearly the same idea.

§ In Lib. de Interpret. de Imag. et Simil. Dei, lib. ii c. 2.

Lydians; the Druids[a]; the Mandingoes of Africa[b]: the Caribees[c]; the Buddhists of Ceylon[d]; the Mexicans[e]; the Japanese[f]; and indeed by almost all nations[g]. The natives of the Friendly Islands believe the Deity to be a female, residing among the stars; and the soul to be a divinity residing invisibly in the body. The Galla of Abyssinia believe in a future state; but not in future punishments. The Sadducees among the Jews, however, disbelieved the resurrection of the dead[h]. That other sects have, also, believed the soul to die with the body, cannot be denied. But this, as Burnet has said before[i], proves nothing to the general reasoning:—nor would it, were any traveller able to prove, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that a whole nation, consisting of ten millions of inhabitants, entertained the same belief. The world contains nine hundred and seventy-one millions of souls;—six and a half millions of whom are Jews; one hundred and fifty millions are Mahometans; one hundred and seventy-five and a half millions are Christians; and six hundred and forty millions are Pagans. They harmonize scarcely in any thing; and yet they all agree in this: that, let the Deity assume what shape he will; and let the soul be of whatever nature it may; yet that a Deity exists; and that the soul lives after the present state of imperfect existence.

Some of the Asiatic philosophers imagined souls to descend even into vegetables and minerals[k]. The Tartars[l] had once a

[a] Ammian. Marcellin. xv. c. 9. [b] Park's Travels, p. 408.

[c] Sir Wm. Young's Voy. to the West Indies.

[d] Cordiner's Ceylon, p. 14[illegible]. [e] Clavigero, b. vi. sect. i.

[f] Raynal, vol. i. p. 133.

[g] Cic. Tusc. Quæst., lib. iii. Senec. Ep. 18. Ælian says, that in his time none of the barbarians were Atheists. Var. Hist. lib. ii. c. 31. Simplicius, however, in his commentaries on Epictetus, p. 20[illegible], says, the Acrothoitæ were Atheists. He alludes to two other nations; but he does not name them.

[h] Acts xviii. 8; Mark xii. 18. [i] De Statu Mortuorum, cap. ii.

[k] Dubistan, Asiat. Miscel. 95.

[l] Vide Marco Polo, b. ii. ch. xxvi. Also Hist. Gén. des Huns, tom. iii. p. 223.

similar belief: and the Pharisees, who were fatalists,—contradicting their own doctrine by acknowledging the free-agency of man,—believed, that the soul emigrated into other bodies; the good into men, and the bad into beasts[a]. The Essenes believed in predestination; leaving man no immediate power over his own actions. They conceded the immortality of the soul[b]; but not the resurrection of the body[c]. The good, they conceived, were translated to the Fortunate Islands; the bad into subterranean caverns and passages. The natives of Great Benin have, as may be easily imagined, very imperfect ideas relative to the soul; but they also believe in its future existence. For when a European enquired of one of them, why he paid respect to his shadow, the negro answered by demanding, if it were possible, that he could be so ignorant, as not to know, that the shadow was a man's witness; who would hereafter bear testimony, not only of his virtues, but of his crimes and defects.

The Indians imagined, that when the soul departed from the body, it returned to God its parent. Zeno and Zoroaster maintained the same opinion: and when Plotinus was dying, he said to a friend, who attended him, "The divine principle, which has animated me, is now about to return, and to unite itself to the divine Spirit, which animates the universe." The Egyptians[d], on the contrary, believed that the soul passed into

[a] Josephus, vol. i. c. 8. Acts, c. xxiii. 6.

[b] Pomponatius of Mantua gained some reputation at Padua and Bologna, between the years 1490 and 1510, by writing a book entitled *De Immortalitate Animi*; in which he maintained the soul's immortality; though he denied the possibility of proving it by philosophical reasoning. Palerius of Veroli, also, wrote a poem on the same subject. But he was condemned to be burnt, for having spoken in favour of the Lutherans, and against the Inquisition.

[c] Christians believe, that the body will regenerate, as well as the soul. This was the belief, also, of the most ancient of the Arabic writers.—"I know, that my Redeemer liveth; and that he shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy the body, yet *in my flesh* shall I see God." Job. c. xix., v. 25, 26.

[d] Herod. lib. ii. c. 123.

quadrupeds, birds, and fishes; and that, after a certain era, it again animated the body of a man[a]. This doctrine was introduced into Greece by Pherecydes[b]; and into Italy by Pythagoras.

The Soofees of Caubul are said to see and admire the Deity in every thing. Every object but him, they say, is illusion; every object being but a portion of his essence, which assumes an infinite variety of shapes; the soul forming an entire union with his substance[c]. Cicero, who in another place[d] discourses so admirably on immortality, believed, too, that the souls of good men were of divine extraction[e], and that at the period of death they became an essential part of the divine nature.

There is a sect among the Mahometans, called the Zindikites, who believe neither in the providence of the sovereign power, nor in the immortality of the soul. But the four elements they believe to be the four essences, constituting the Deity:—and that all things being compounded of them, all things are portions of the Deity himself. Spinoza, however, taught that God was neither infinite, intelligent, nor perfect; he being but the natural virtue, or faculty, diffused in all

[a] The natives of New Caledonia (if I recollect rightly), believe, that the souls of men can come back in human shape at their own pleasure; and they also believe, that when any one dies, their priests can blow the soul into one of his relatives; and that such soul will animate the body of the first child, that is afterwards born in the family.

[b] Cic. Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. c. 16; and yet Cicero says, in another place, that the doctrine was delivered by tradition from all antiquity.

[c] Elphinstone, p. 208, 4to. [d] Somn. Scip.

[e] Castos animos, puros, integros, incorruptos, bonis etiam studiis atque artibus expolitos, leni quodam ac facili lapsu ad Deos, id est, ad Naturam sui similem pervolare.—Fragment Consolat. ex Lactantio.—"Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto the God, who gave it."—Ecclesiast. c. xii. v. 7. The Vedant of the Bramins inculcates the belief, that the soul of man after death shall be absorbed in the supreme, and be subject neither to "birth, nor death, reduction, or augmentation."—Raymohun Roy.

creatures: That nothing is spiritual: that matter only exists, and its modifications; that all ideas, abstract and general, are material; that matter is the only Deity[a]. From this it would appear, that Spinoza's ignorance was far worse than that of the Saxon noble of whom Edwin, King of Northumberland, enquired the Nature of the soul, without any of its humility:—"Sire," returned the noble, "the more we reflect on its nature, the less are we able to explain its essence. We may compare it to the bird, which flew in at one of the windows, where your Majesty so lately dined, and immediately flew out at another. While it remained in the room we knew something about it; but when it flew away, we knew not whence it came, nor whither it went. Thus, while the soul animates the body, we may know some of its properties; but when it separates itself from the body, as we know not whence it came, so we know not whither it has flown[b]."

The inhabitants of New Zealand believe, that on the third day after interment, the heart separates from the body; and that a divinity, whom they call *Ea-tooa*, hovers over the grave, takes the heart, and carries it into the clouds[c]. The Persians are said to leave one part of their graves open, from a belief, that the dead will be re-animated, and visited by angels, who will judge them, and appropriate their future state. Some Tartar tribes bury the best horse with a person deceased, in order that he may use him in the other world: and the Laplanders place a purse of money in the coffins of their friends, that the defunct may pay the porter at the gate of Paradise: while the Hindoo wife believes, that if she sacrifice herself on the funeral pile of her husband, she will enjoy with him eternal felicity.

[a] Lubin of Westerstede contended for the existence of two co-eternal principles, God and nothing; the former the good, and the latter the evil principle of the universe. Vide his "Phosphorus, de Prima Causa et Natura Mali."

[b] Rapin, vol. i. b. iii. p. 70. From Bede, lib. ii. c. 13.

[c] Collins's New South Wales, p. 524.

The natives of the Tonga Islands imagine, that the lower orders of society have no souls; or, that if they have one, it dissolves with the body; but that those of a higher rank go to Bolotoo[a], the residence of the gods. They believe, also, that the soul, during life, is not a distinct essence from the body, but the ethereal part of it; which part exists after death in Bolotoo in the form and likeness of the body. In Taheite the islanders believe, that the spirit of man is eaten by a bird, in passing through which it becomes purified; after which it rises to the rank of a deity.—There is a tribe, on the contrary, on the Gold Coast of Guinea[b], who adopt the doctrine of the metempsychosis so far as to believe, that, when they die, they will be changed into white men; and one reason why the Mahometans abhor, that their portraits should be taken, arises out of another branch of the same creed, viz., that, when they die, their souls will animate the picture; and thus be debarred from entering the paradise of Mahomet.

A Japan inscription[c] illustrates the soul in the following manner:—"Look at mankind. If you contemplate its state when living, its existence is no more than that of an herb, which shoots up on the face of the earth. Concerning the soul, it is like dew, which hangs on the points of grass." The substance of the priest's exhortation[d] to the soul of a person deceased is, that it should be conscious of being the work of the creator of the universe; and after leaving its earthly dwelling, that it should speed its way to the source whence it issued."

The natives of Ternate, one of the Molucca Islands, exhibit little show of religion; and no one is allowed to speak upon it to a stranger. But they have temples: and the priests go,

[a] Mariner's Tonga Islands, vol. ii.

[b] Bosman, p. 131.

[c] Raffles' Java, Appendix, p. ccxxiii.

[d] Ibid. vol. i. p. 321.

at stated periods, with an assemblage of persons; when they silently point to an inscription on a pyramid, which embraces nearly the whole system of ethics. "MORTALS!—ADORE YOUR GOD:—LOVE YOUR BRETHREN:—AND STUDY TO BE USEFUL TO YOUR COUNTRY[a]." Few volumes of theology, even though they

[a] May I take the liberty, my Lelius, of informing you in what manner I once attempted to be of service to my country? It may be seen in the letter, which, soon after his first prorogation of the Parliament, I presumed to write to

HIS MAJESTY, KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

SIR,

ON the day, on which your Majesty prorogued the Parliament, you passed along Portland-place, and, I being on the pavement with my family, your Majesty was pleased to return our bows of reverence, with as much condescension as if your Majesty had known us, and as if we had been the highest ornaments of your court. This condescension argued, in our estimation, a prosperous and happy reign: for kings are happy or otherwise, according to the happiness or misery of their subjects.

Your Majesty's predecessor presided over his people in splendour and peace. His regency, perhaps, will be distinguished from all preceding reigns, as the most glorious:—may your Majesty's be recognised, in after times, as the most happy!

To insure this transcendant result, your Majesty has little more than to will it. The age is open to new views of society; and though military glory has exhausted itself, civil glory has still triumphs to obtain. All that has, hitherto, been done, are but the beginnings of things. The world is growing more discriminating every day. The mask of bigotry has fallen; and that of hypocrisy is about to fall also.—A grand and glorious horizon has opened before your Majesty in every direction; your name will be heard in every region of the earth; may your virtues be celebrated wherever it shall be heard.

Continue, Sire, to mingle with your people. See with your own eyes; and hear with your own ears. Trust the evidence of none. A man, casually met in the avenues of St. James's, may answer your Majesty's inquiries with more truth, than your Majesty might be able, otherwise, to hear in years.

contain three thousand pages, are more comprehensive, in point of morality, than these three sentences.

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As your Majesty has passed much of your time in comparative seclusion, you have had leisure to reflect on the evils of the past; and the world assures itself, that your Majesty has every desire to establish a glorious and lasting name. Be the POOR the foundation, on which to build the basis of your MONUMENT. Who is more worthy of admiration?—who more distinguished in the history of his country?—who more entitled to the veneration of mankind,—than PIASTUS, king of Poland, called (in derision) by the nobles, "KING OF THE PEASANTS?"

The poor of your Majesty's empire have long been in mental misery and in bodily distress. The value of their hands have been taken from them, as it were; and no equivalent has yet been presented to them. They thirst for labour and cannot obtain it; or, when they do obtain it, cannot subsist, unless charity extends its hand also. This is a condition of things, that may, one day, bring on a fearful reaction; for honest men will not consent to live on the pity and mercy of others, whose lands they till, and whose luxuries they supply.

The poor are not only the subjects of your Majesty, but of the constitution; and feeling the honour, those distinctions confer upon them, they feel, that they enjoy,—as their *birth-right*—a claim to live by the labour of their own hands. Not only to live; but, in despite of the neglect and ingratitude of the heartless men, who live by the efforts of their industry—to live with tranquillity; and taste, in common with their more elevated fellow-creatures, the blessings of life.

Let me presume, Sire, therefore, to entreat your Majesty to take the POOR under your most gracious and especial protection; and, as one means of alleviation, let me, humbly and with great reverence, entreat your Majesty to propose to your privy-council, that a law may be recommended to Parliament, enacting, that NO MAN, or WOMAN, *who can procure certificates of good conduct through life, from the majority of their fellow-parishioners, shall be* COMPELLED *to work for their subsistence, after they shall have completed the age of "Three-score years and ten."* Let all old persons rest before they die!

The inducements to virtue will thus be multiplied, a thousand-fold;

Many philosophers in Japan imagine, that an universal soul pervades the whole of Nature; animating all things; and

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and youth and manhood will look forward to age with a smile of hope, security, and serenity; and not, as they do now, with apprehension and despair.

The rich can, amply, afford this from the stores, with which Providence has blessed them; which were never given to be hoarded or wasted in selfish apathy; but to be communicated with an open, cheerful, and conciliating hand.

May peace, health, happiness, and true glory, be the distinguishing characteristics of your Majesty's reign! We have had WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, WILLIAM the RED, and WILLIAM the DELIVERER. We hope, that your Majesty will be known to the present, and all future ages, as WILLIAM the GOOD.

Will your Majesty permit me to add, that almost the only law of CONSTANTINE, usually called the GREAT, that has outlived the memory of that emperor, (in the hearts of mankind,) is that, which he caused to be inscribed upon marble; and which had for its basis of immortality an enactment, *that all children, whose parents could not afford to educate them, should be educated at the expense and charge of the public!* This was in a comparatively barbarous age. It is now many centuries since this enactment was promulgated; yet so little has the happiness of mankind been the object of legislation, that wise and good men are even now fated to lament, that the science of legislation is not only young, but still in its cradle.

I have the honour to remain,
Your Majesty's
Most devoted subject and servant,
*———*

*July* 26, 1830.

This letter, I have good reason to believe, never reached his Majesty's hands. But after a while, the heartless scheme of plundering the poor of their birthright, and rendering them wretched, was introduced into parliament, and—wonderful to relate!—passed into a law.

Oh, wherefore breathe we in a Christian land?

reassuming souls, quitting the body, in the same manner as the ocean resumes its waters, and light resumes its particles.

From that moment, the rich and poor ceased to be of the same family.

Grotius, Puffendorff, Hale, Locke, and Blackstone assert, that those, who are truly unable to provide for themselves, have as much right to bread, as those that prepare the feast. The last of those writers states the law of Nature and the laws of England truly: "The law not only regards life and member, and protects every man in the enjoyment of them; but, also, furnishes him with every thing necessary for their support. For there is no man so indigent or wretched, but he may demand a supply, sufficient for all the necessaries of life, from the more opulent part of the community, by means of the several statutes enacted for the relief of the poor;—a humane provision, dictated by the principles of society."

Such *was* the LAW of this LAND; such *is* the LAW of CHRISTIANITY; and such *is* the LAW of NATURE.

The consequences of this unworthy act are well set down in the resolutions, passed at the vestry, held at the village of CLYDACH, in the county of Glamorgan*; and that village being, I believe, the first that indulged its indignation, at the insolence and atrocity † of this act; let it ever be honoured;—let it be visited by travellers with respect;—let it be celebrated throughout the land!

"That the Poor Law Amendment Act, as it is called, is in principle a refinement of tyranny; in its operation it will be oppressive and cruel, producing starvation, suicide, and infanticide, and causing misery to an incalculable degree to the poor and working classes; and in its effects it will create inveterate hatred in the poor and working classes towards the Government and the higher classes who authorise and support them, and will ultimately fill the country with thieves, robbers, and assassins, by furnishing an apology, if no justification, for crime, insubordination, and insurrection.

"That we detest and abhor the idea of saving money from the suffering of our fellow men, of our relations, of our neighbours, of our friends, and perhaps of ourselves in time to come.

"That we do not believe that the act, made in the 43d of Elizabeth ‡, does require any material alteration; but we believe that it is the most just and

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* Sept. 1, 1836.

† This word is strong: but I will not alter it. For though I am entirely assured, that the great majority, who voted for this bill, did so from not having duly considered it; I am equally assured, that *some* did so out of a selfish regard to what they considered their interest; and *others* from a fixed detestation of the lower classes of society.

‡ Hence called "Good Queen Bess."

Others believe, that the soul, at the time of the body's death, retains complete possession of all its powers; but has no faculty to exert any of them, till it forms a re-union with another vehicle.

From a passage in Aristotle it would seem, that some of the Egyptian philosophers had notions similar to those of the Japanese; though other writers doubt even whether they believed in the eternity of the soul at all. It is, however, universally acknowledged, that the hieroglyphic, denoting the soul, was a chrysalis; and though it is certain, that the future butterfly lies with all its parts folded up in the caterpillar; yet the circumstance of the Egyptians having adopted that emblem is a sufficient proof, that they considered the soul, as undergoing frequent, if not continual changes. The Greeks, in the same manner, described it under the form of a beautiful female, ornamented with the wings of a butterfly[a].

At Rome, there is a curious basso relievo[b], in which Psyche,

humane act, that any Legislature ever enacted; and that it does, in the best and most effectual manner, provide against the abuse of itself, by giving to the rate-payers (who must know the circumstances of applicants for relief) the power over their own moneys, subject only to a certain extent to the authority of the magistrates, who are also rate-payers; so that if there be any abuse, it is much more likely to be in favour of the rate-payer than in that of the receiver; and if the abuse should sometimes happen to be in favour of the recipient, the rate-payers have the power to prevent it as soon as discovered.

"That rather than send any of our deserving poor into any union workhouse (as it is called, but more properly denominated prison for the punishment of the poor, contrary to the law of God and of nature), we would enter into a union to support them by subscription."

[a] Among the numerous gems, cameos, and intaglios, illustrative of the fable of Cupid and Psyche, there is a gem (*beryl*), in which Psyche holds a lotos flower in one hand; while she is lifting the robe from her bosom with the other. In a second (*lapis lazuli*), Cupid is treading on one end of his bow, striving to catch a butterfly;—in another, Venus appears anxious to burn a butterfly, which flutters in the air;—and in a fourth (*hyacinth*), Cupid is chained with a butterfly to a pillar.

[b] A good representation of this may be seen in *Statue del Museo Pio Clementino,* tom. iv. pl. 34. In the British Museum is a bas-relief, represent-

held by Mercury, is standing over a dead child; while Prometheus is in the act of reanimating a girl, by touching her head with the point of his rod.

The mind exists in the body, even after the body is itself insensible. Plymley assures us, that Du Gard, surgeon of the infirmary at Shrewsbury, found a patient, who had injured his spinal nerve, not only to live some days, but to preserve his senses entire; although his body had lost all sensation. In pithing animals death is so instantaneous, that the animal makes neither a struggle, nor a movement. The comparative anatomist introduces the instrument into the cavity of the skull, and divides the medullary substance above the origin of the branch of nerves, which supply the diaphragm. How the mind may be affected, in instances of this kind, it is not easy—perhaps it is impossible—to trace.

That spirit may exist without matter is almost as certain, as that matter may exist without spirit, after it has been once created. We lose our legs and our arms; yet the mind is as perfect as before. Thus is it with our intelligence. We may lose our memory, our powers of discrimination, and, in fact, labour under the most abject mental imbecility, yet the vigour of the body remain firm and unimpaired.

That the soul can exist without visible matter, the soul, by its own properties, has the power to convince us, in the same manner, as the eye has the power of estimating the height, width, and colour of the body. The soul tells this great secret by its dread of annihilation; by its conscious superiority over the body; its vast powers of acquiring knowledge; its love of justice and honour, and every nobler virtue; its ardent desire of perfection; its persuasion, that matter exists not for itself; and by that restless activity, which is

ing the figure of Cupid pressing Psyche, in the shape of a butterfly, to his bosom. There is a sarcophagus, too, on which are represented several analogous figures.

continually pointing at something beyond the limit of its fortune. For as planets gravitate by a secret impulse to each other; reasoning by analogy, which, in a case like this, is, I think, an unerring guide, so does the soul gravitate towards a union with something, partaking of a divine quality:—for, as Hemsterhuis would say, a single aspiration of the soul, towards something nobler and far better than itself, forms greater ground for a conviction of its immortality, than the clearest mathematical demonstration. The hope of immortality seems, indeed, to be almost a reminiscence of heaven. We see nothing in Nature superior to MAN; and nothing in man superior to the MIND; which glances over the universe, as it were, by magic, and plans in moments what the body executes in years. Indeed the mind of man surpasses every object, we discern in Nature: and more difficult was it to form, than even the sun itself! It is no wonder, therefore, that the secret of its elements should still baffle the ingenuity and research of the best metaphysicians. From Aristotle, down to Locke and Berkeley, Reid, and Stewart;—all is conjecture!

Is it not natural to conclude that that, which is the most excellent in quality, and which is the longest in arriving at maturity, should, also, when it has arrived at perfection, be of the longest continuance? Is it consistent with common sense, that matter should have a longer life than spirit, which gives activity to matter? If we possess two substances, one of which give us more pleasure in the possession than the other, do we not prefer the one, which is the more excellent, to that which is less so? If we possess a diamond in a casket, shall we keep the casket, and throw away the diamond? And shall not the Deity reward himself by preserving that portion of his works, which most partakes of his own essence? Would he not, were he to act contrary to this rule, be committing a kind of suicide on his own excellence? Can

eternal wisdom act without a definite and honourable purpose? No!—The consciousness of a truth like this is the stamen of immortality. Shall St. Peter's live, and Angelo, its architect, cease to live?—As well may we suppose, that there are no natural causes for attraction; or that the universe would be capable of organic harmony, if the architect, who created it, and who alone is capable of turning space into infinity, and time into eternity, no longer consented to exist. Yes, my friend, St. Peter's still remains unmoved, it is true, while Angelo is reported to be dead. BUT TO THE WORLD ONLY IS HE DEAD. Angelo,—the great, the sublime Angelo,—will continue to exist, when St. Peter's has mouldered away, like the dust of its own monuments. In prosperity, my Lelius, let this reflection chide the spirit of presumption;—in adversity, permit it to check every feeling of impatience, by acting as a nepenthe to a wounded spirit.

In fact, to many men life is as a dream so perturbed, that immortality is absolutely necessary to the consummation of that justice, of which men have so great a love and admiration. And shall men love justice more than the Eternal? Marcus Aurelius Antoninus said of the soul, that it was a *God in exile*. Shall a being, so capable of association with the Divinity, sink into nothing? We esteem it a misfortune to have lost an excellent friend; yet every thing passes away; and you, my Lelius, in health and in the bloom of your life, will soon follow. But the grave has an illumination even more transcendant than that of the sun itself. That luminary, too, presents an analogy to our reasoning. It shines upon a wilderness with the same pleasure, that it shines upon the vales of Italy, or the plains of Greece: and in the same moment, that it presents to our vision the magnificence of evening, to that of others it exhibits all the glories of morning.

Atheists are the vainest and most arrogant of men!—for,

imagining the arguments, they employ, to be the most perfect of demonstrations,

——— In quick and premature decay,
They breathe the fragrance of their minds away.

It is curious to observe, how incredulous some men are in some things; and how extravagantly—nay, how miraculously,—credulous they are in others! Some turn atheists from wantonness; but perhaps the greater number, because life and Nature are two enigmas, they are utterly unable to solve. When they witness a tragedy, however, they are content to defer all opinion in respect to its propriety, till the action is turned, the plot unravelled, and the whole concluded. Wise men have the same respect for the Deity, that atheists have for poets. As to their opinion of death,—like many philosophists of old,—atheists, for the most part, live in the perpetual dread of that, which they are continually teaching other persons not to fear.

Ariosto has a beautiful allusion:—

L' arbor, ch' al tempo rio foglio non perde,
Mostra, ch' à primavera era ancor verde.
*Orl. Fur.* c. xli. 1, 2.

One of the most distinguishing parts of an atheist's character is conceit. Wearing the "semblance, not the substance" of reason, he resembles those fruits, which the gardener instructs to assume the figures of animals, by merely placing them in moulds of clay, at the time of growing. Atheists, in consequence, can no more be reasoned out of their mental importance, than hideous women can be talked out of their beauty. A fit of illness, however, works strange wonders!

——— O the good gods,
How blind is pride! What eagles we are still
In matters, that belong to other men;
What beetles in our own!

Inoculated with arrogance, the atheist sees every object superficially:—bewildered, the present is all pain;—the past was all calamity;—the future all despair. A solitary being in this wilderness of beauty, he sits, like the Titans of Hesiod, in melancholy state, lost to every comfort! His thoughts resemble those of the misanthrope, who amused the hours of his disgust in studying the anatomical mechanism of hornets' stings. For while the Mahometan turns to the south in the moments of prayer, the Christian to the east, the Ethiopian to the north, and the Japanese to the west; the Atheist turns to no part of the compass—seeing that he never prays, and has no God to pray to. In life, where is his hope? In misfortune, where is his consolation? In the hour of death, where is his cynosure? In ancient times the amethyst was supposed to be an antidote to inebriation; but to an atheistical soberness of heart, there is no resource from mental ruin.

We cannot conceive what is infinitely great, nor what is infinitely small; and yet atheists will, in solemn complacency, contemplate their own wisdom; and though they will acknowledge, that serpents may exist in the centre of large trees, and toads in the cavities of flints, yet, because they cannot penetrate a few secrets, they will not stoop to the belief, that there are more than they are themselves masters of. They do not remember, that, in calculating the orbit of comets, mathematicians infer the invisible progress from the visible ones. They forget that, for four thousand years, the simple overflowing of the Nile constituted a problem;—they forget how many centuries were required to unfold the causes of eclipses; the phenomenon of the rainbow; the fluctuation of the tides; the circulation of the blood; the propagation of sounds; and the nature of vision. Atheists, in fact, resemble those persons, who, in going the journey from London to Aberdeen, find themselves benighted

at York, sleep there, and die. Their reasoning, as La Harpe has observed in his eulogium of Fénélon, "tears from misery its consolation; from virtue its immortality; freezes the bosoms of the good; and renders justice only to the wicked, whom it annihilates."

Can the grasshopper measure the mountain, on which it forms its nest? Can the beaver weigh the waters of the river, by the side of which she builds her edifice? Can the lion burst the barrier, which separates his strength from the intellect of his keeper? Can the starling understand, that the fruit, which it names, is the fruit on which it feeds? Neither can the whale acquire the sagacity of the seal; the cassowary the docility and imitative faculty of the bullfinch; the caterpillar, the art or the industry of an ant; nor the fern, or the sycamore, form one graduated notion of the exquisite sensibility of the mimosa. Ye atheists!—see ye not how much more strong is the eagle, than the dove;—how much more provident is the beaver, than the mule;—how much more sagacious is the bee, than the moth?—All these ye have the power to see. But can ye reduce a globule of water to a smaller volume by compression? Can ye weave even so much as a spider's web? Will your chemical art convert the nectar of a flower into virgin honey? Can ye fructify a palm-tree? Or can ye give perfume to the nectarium of a citron? Content yourselves, then, in the poverty of your intellect. Nature, so far from admitting you to her council, has scarcely permitted you to place one footstep on her threshold. Perish, then, the system, founded on ignorance, on superficial acquirements, or on an addiction to one science, which,—precluding the observance of that harmony, which subsists in them all,—staggers belief; because, able to trace no farther, it fancies it has arrived at the limit of the chain. The molehill, to an ant, is almost as great a mountain, as the highest summit of Peru.

Atheists, in fact, resemble the geographers of antiquity,

who, when they had delineated all the countries, known to them, stated, on the margin of their maps, "all beyond this are dry deserts, frozen seas, and impassable mountains." And yet, many of these men, though they doubt of all the obvious impresses, daily and hourly before them, derive some hope to their fortunes from the art, relating to the discovery of an universal dissolvent, an universal medicine, and an universal ferment, which shall increase seeds, germs, and embryos, to infinite fecundity! If we lead a blind man into a field, and inquire of him, whether he sees the sun, does he not answer "No?" But if we lead an Atheist, as blind in mind, as the other is in vision, and inquire of him, whether he believes there is a God, he answers "No!" "And why?" "Because he is no where to be seen." Does the blind man argue, that, because he cannot see the sun, therefore, there is none? A husbandman, ploughing in a valley, sees nothing before him, but the hills, which screen his hut and oxen from the storm at one season of the year, and from the heat of the sun, at another. The shepherd, on the other hand, mounts the spiracles of rocks, and beholds a boundless horizon before him: a city at his feet; an island in an arm of the sea; and beyond, a vast expanse of ocean, studded with ships, extending farther than his eye can reach. Has not the shepherd a contempt for the husbandman, when he hears him doubt the existence of a ship, because he has never seen one? When he doubts, whether a river exists larger than his rivulet? And above all, when he doubts the existence of a sea, more extended than that part of the heaven, which covers the concave of his native valley? The Atheist is the husbandman; the man of science is the shepherd.

Existence of a God!—It is more evident to the senses, than Atheists can perceive. It forms, as it were, a circle; every part of which is evident to those, who occupy the centre.

Doubt, on the other hand, is a pyramid; imposing in form, but susceptible of being seen only from angle to angle. When an Atheist doubts, he is satisfied. When a man of science doubts, he analyses:—analysis opens light; light produces conviction: from that conviction springs neither hatred, nor fear, nor despair; but admiration, pregnant with love and awful delight. This is the bird, as it were,

——— That on yon blooming spray
Warbles at eve, when all the woods are still.

"The soul immortal?"—Aye! as long-lived as the sun! When a bough of a shrub is cut off, will not the shrub throw out shoots in its place? When the claw of a shell-fish has been injured, or broken, will it not be renewed? When a worm is divided, will not its parts reunite? And shall not the soul? "The soul!--where does it exist? Anatomists cannot discover, either its form, or its habitation." Neither can they behold the fluid of the magnet[a]. Is there not a

[a] *Perhaps the time may come when this fluid may be rendered visible.*

The above remark was printed in 1819. In 1834 I presumed to send the following remarks to the *Literary Gazette.*

ON THE TRUE MAGNETIC FLUID.

All writers—at least, all to whom I have had an opportunity of referring, are unanimous in stating, that Gilbert, of Colchester, was greatly indebted to Barlowe for the materials that constitute his work *De Magnete.* They have done this, I believe, on the supposition that Gilbert's work was not published till 1628. Nothing in bibliography, however, can be more certain, than that it was published in 1600; that is, *sixteen years* before the first edition of Barlowe's "Magnetical Advertisement*." Wood† was the parent of this injustice.

Barlowe's *Navigator's Supply,* indeed, appeared in 1597—that is, three years previous to Gilbert's treatise *De Magnete.* Feeling an interest, however, in this subject, I read both; when, to my surprise, I found that Barlowe's work related almost entirely to the mariner's compass; whereas Gilbert treated the

* A.D. 1616.

† He says that Barlowe preceded Gilbert nearly twenty years.—*Vide Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii.

power, which can change an acorn into an oak? a caterpillar into a butterfly? and an animal into dust?—If there exists a

subject of magnetism in all its then known relations; and so original is this treatise, that Lord Bacon was induced to cite its author as affording one of the earliest examples of treating natural subjects on the basis of experimental inquiry*.

Dalton having, as it is supposed†, confirmed the law of definite proportions, it may be concluded that the atmospheres of the separate globes consist of *indivisible* atoms.

*Electric* fluids are confined to the surface of bodies; *magnetical* ones, however, penetrate and pervade the whole of each atom of the mass. The electric fluid being confined to externals has, in consequence, a continued tendency to escape; but the other, occupying all parts, internal as well as external, never forsakes the body to which it is attached; and therefore all bodies are found, on close analysis, to be, in a greater or a less proportion, susceptible of magnetism.

Molecules at one time form parts of a solid; at others they become ingredients of a solid. There is no mineral but has, at one time, formed part of a fluidical or semi-fluidical mass. When this mass assumed the form of a solid (after the same manner, but by the influence of an agent different from that which converts water into ice), it enveloped some substance which had no power to escape, and which forms no real part of the mineral.

This substance may, in reality, consist of *two*; the one *magnetic* and the other *electric*. When these two fluids are in a positive state of union, they are inert; when separate, active; and this action arises out of an innate propensity in both to unite. When these two are united, they, as in cases of chemical affinity, produce a third, different from either of the constituents in a separate state; and this, in my opinion, is the *true magnetic fluid*.

Holding, therefore, that the magnetic fluid is the result of a union between a strictly magnetic particle and one strictly electrical; and knowing the tendency of the one to secrete, and the other to escape, it struck me, some years ago, as being very possible that the one, which has a tendency to escape, might one day be elicited, and rendered *visible to the human eye*. And this probability I ventured to state in a note to a passage in my work on the "Beauties and Sublimities of Nature."

When I spoke of this conception, however, it was called a very romantic idea. As critics, however, are not always very profound persons, and as they are, also, sometimes rather defective in scientific acquirement, their observations passed unheeded,—*tela sine ictibus*. I was not, however, entirely satisfied with

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* Bacon's words are very precise:—"Nuper Gilbertum nostratem, cum natura magnetis laboriosissime et magnâ judicii firmitudine et constantia, necnon experimentorum magno comitatu et ferè agmine, perscrutatus esset, statim novæ in philosophia naturali sectæ imminere cœpisse," &c.—*Opuscula*, Opera, tom. v. p. 113, 4to.

† We must always *suppose*, where absolute proofs are impossible.

power, capable of effecting these and similar changes, it can, assuredly, with as little difficulty as any of the minor operations of chemistry, reconvert that dust,—if dust it ever has been,—into an essence, which we, in utter ignorance of its nature, designate spirit.

We know nothing, by ocular demonstration, of the soul's flight. Neither do we know the uses or the means, employed by Nature, in many of her operations. We do not know the uses of the nipple or the dream of a man; we are at a loss for the uses of the zebra and the camelopard; of the hunch of the dromedary; and of the enormous excrescences of the hornbill and the toucan. We are ignorant of the uses of zircon and glucine, two of the simple earths; we are ignorant of the process by which the diamond is crystallised; and we are equally ignorant of the end, for which insects undergo their respective changes. Yet we know, that all these things are. Let the good man, then, calculate on the power and justice of the ETERNAL; who, in time most fitting for the purpose, will not only elicit the soul from the body; but convert its present anxious condition into a sabbath of eternal rest.

Feigned is the pleasure, that appears,
And false the triumph of our eyes;
Our draughts of joy are dashed with tears,
Our joys imperfect end in sighs.
From *Stobæus*—*Bland.*

For my own part, I regard death in the same manner, as I do those waters, which flow for many leagues under the earth, and then suddenly burst forth into open day, to fertilise all the land.

the truth of my prediction, and had almost given it up, when, to my great satisfaction, I learned that FARADAY, *seven years after I had predicted it, obtained this very magnetical-electric visibility by means of an electro-magnet;* and *that* NOBILI *and* ANTINORI, *soon after, had done the same from induction by a natural one.*
*July* 20, 1834.

To feel thus is to feel assured of immortality;—the best consolation of the wretched; the best hope for the unrestrained majesty of a rich and magnificent mind. To feel thus is comparatively to be advanced a thousand steps towards perfection; and as this feeling is almost as innate, in our vocabulary of enjoyments, as those arising from love, and all the more estimable passions and affections, virtue becomes more agreeable to us; the past more capable of understanding; the present more endurable; and the future more pregnant with hope and admiration.

The hope of immortality, indeed, gives an interest and an importance to the creation, which, without it, would lose more than half of its embellishments; leaving the present a dreary and unhallowed waste. Death, on the other hand, presenting to our acceptance oblivion for the past, and a beautiful perspective for the future, may be truly styled the *Nightingale flower* of existence. When, therefore, he arrives before our gates, may we, in the soundness of our reason, hail the sacredness of his coming, as a weary pilgrim hails the sun's "blushing orb" behind the temple of Jerusalem. Let us then, Lelius, endeavour to divest ourselves of that ignorant and unmanly fear, which afflicts the imaginations of most so powerfully; and, throwing off the trammels of association, accustom ourselves to regard him as an instrument of emancipation from a frail and anxious being; and, also, as an instrument of translation to a perpetual state of pure, active, and divine enjoyment.

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